Service Songs

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SERVICE SONGS

for Young People's Societies Sunday Schools, *and* Church Prayer Meetings

✠ ✠ ✠

WILLIAM SHAW
JOHN R. CLEMENTS
Compilers

Introduction by
REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D. D.

✠ ✠ ✠

Prices: Full cloth board covers, 20 cents each in quantities by express at purchaser's expense. Single copies, 25 cents, postpaid

UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
BOSTON CHICAGO

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Introduction

A MODERN hymn-book for young people's meetings should contain a judicious and sufficient selection of undying, standard hymns of the church, without which no collection of sacred music for young or old can be complete, together with more modern hymns that appeal to the livelier religious emotions of youth. But all should be hymns and tunes of real merit, that fit the varied needs and moods of devotion, service, prayer and praise, patriotism, and fellowship.

SERVICE SONGS is such a collection, and I believe that it is fitted, in an unusual degree, to meet the real wants of those for whom it is intended.

A guaranty of this is furnished also by the fact that it is compiled by two of the best-known and best-loved of Christian Endeavorers, one of whom has written more popular gospel hymns of genuine worth than any other living person with one exception, while the other for more than a quarter of a century has studied in little meetings and in great conventions in all parts of the land the real needs of young people in their service of song.

I commend the book heartily to all.

Francis E. Clark.

Freiburg im Baden, Germany.

Service Songs.

No. 1. Service is Our Watchword.

Wm. Shaw and Jno. R. Clements.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Serv - ice is our watch - word, Serv - ice for our King;
2. Serv - ice in the home - land Wher - e'er sounds the call;
3. Serv - ice o'er the o - cean, Serv - ing not for gain;

Serv - ice, fruit - ful serv - ice, Dai - ly ours to bring.
Sac - ri - fi - cial serv - ice Reach - ing un - to all;
Meet - ing ev - 'ry du - ty, Be it toil or pain;

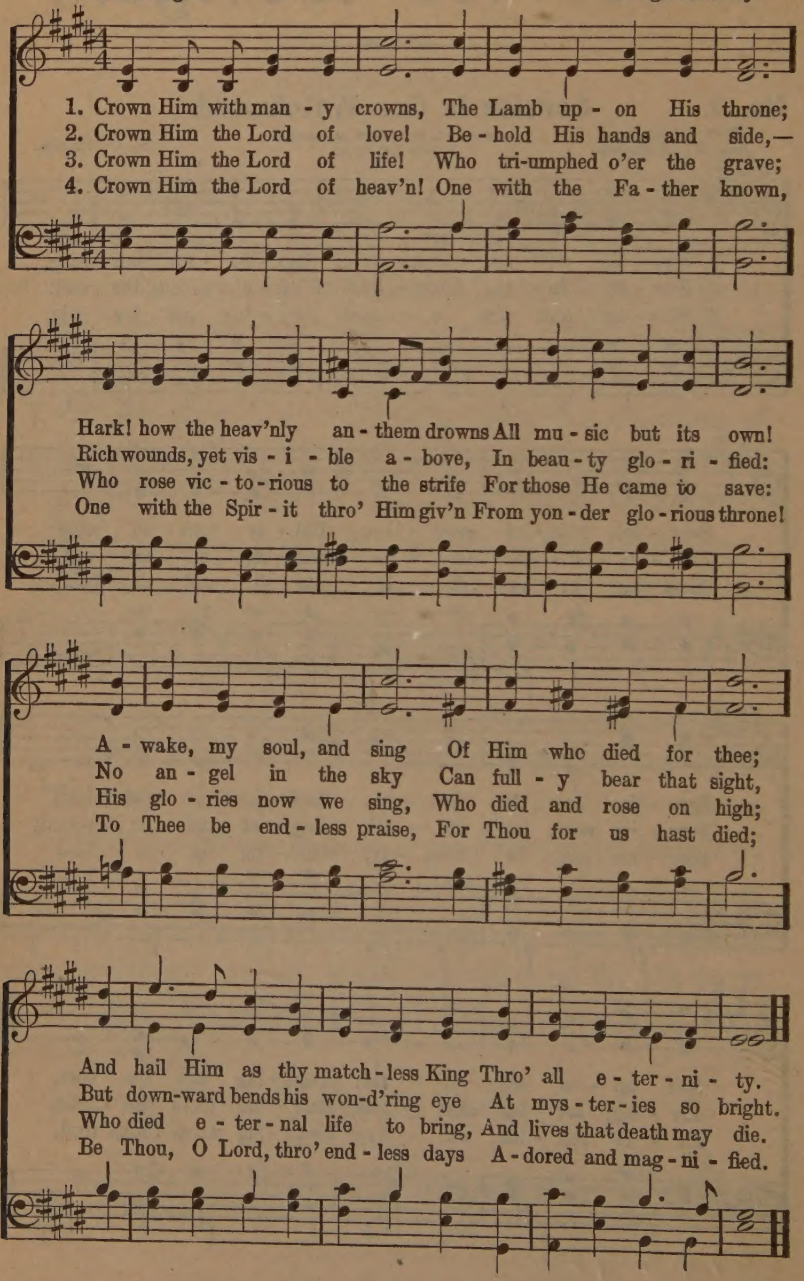
Serv - ice for the need - y, Serv - ice for the lost;
Serv - ice pure, ex - alt - ed; Loy - al and un - priced;
Serv - ice that is Christ - ly, Giv - ing up to God

Self up - on the al - tar; Count - ing not the cost.
Liv - ing, lov - ing chan - nels, Bear - ing forth the Christ.
Ev - 'ry self - ish mo - tive; Tread - ing where Christ trod.

783.952
Sh28s

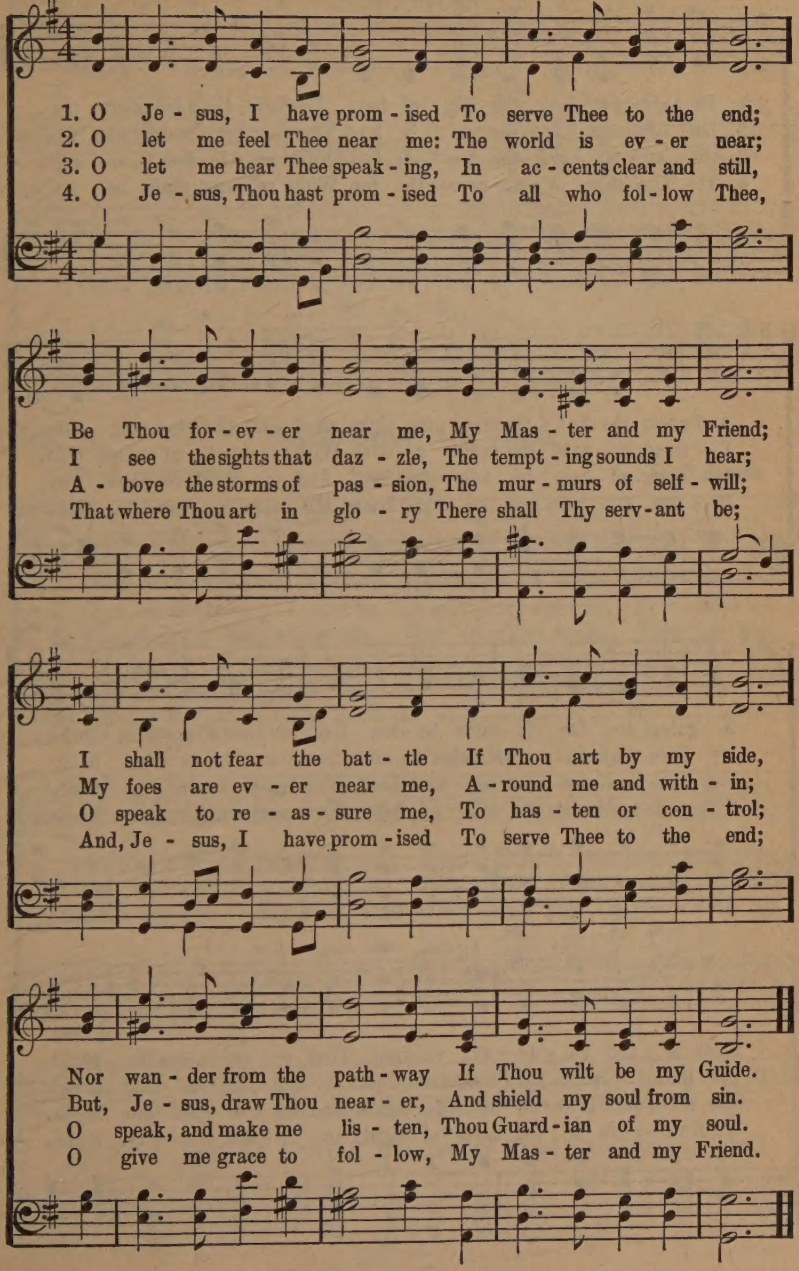
No. 2. Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. **George J. Elvey.**



No. 3. O Jesus, I Have Promised.

John E. Bode. Arthur H. Mann.



No. 4. Faith is the Victory.

Rev. John H. Yates.

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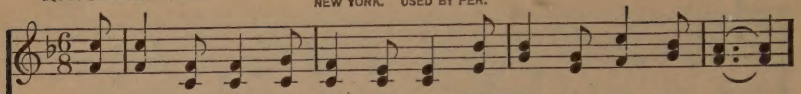
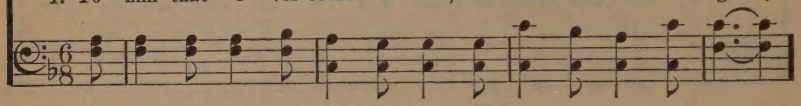
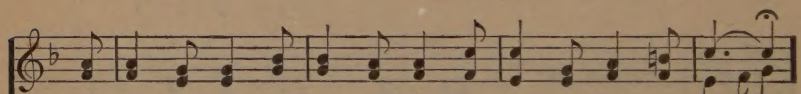
Ira D. Sankey.



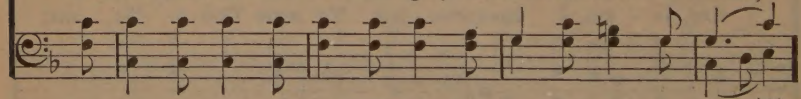
1. En-camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tians sol - diers, rise,
2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;
3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
4. To him that o - ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n;



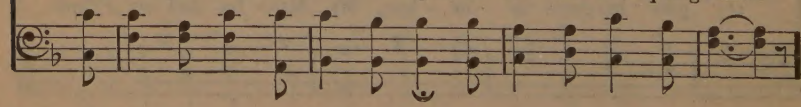
And press the bat - tle ere the night shall veil the glow - ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray;
Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in Heav'n;



A - gainst the foe in vales be - low, Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;



Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
The earth shall trem - ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' con - q'ring name.



Faith is the Victory.

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is Faith is

Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver-comes the world.

No. 5. More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis - per Thy praise; This be the

pray'r I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be:
part - ing cry, My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ to Thee! More love to Thee! More love to thee!

No. 6. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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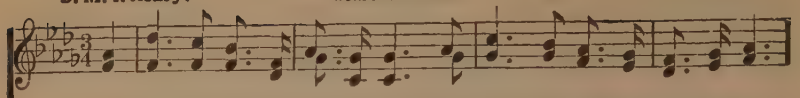
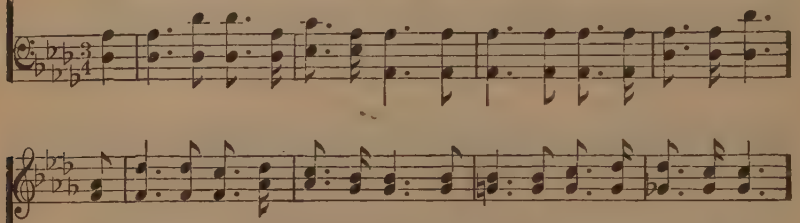
WORDS AND MUSIC.

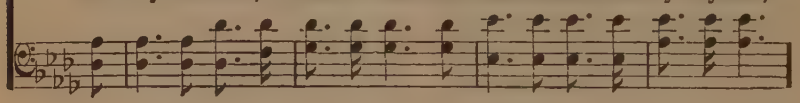
E. O. Excell.



1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,



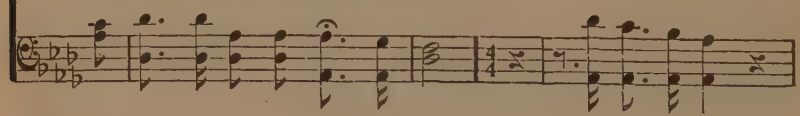
But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up-hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,



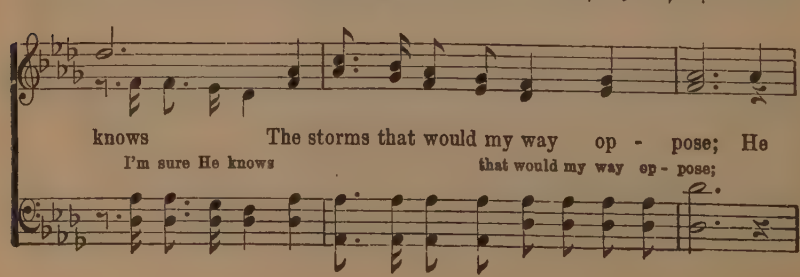
REFRAIN.

And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
Up-hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

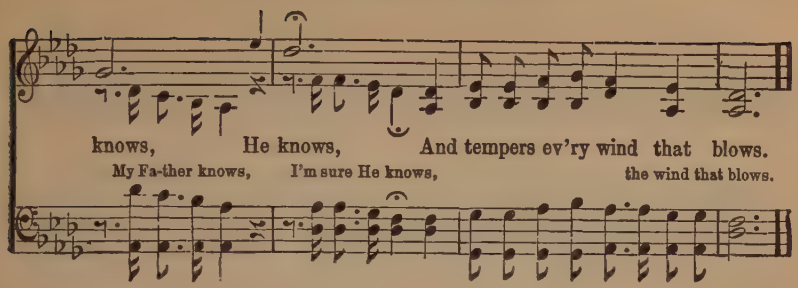
He knows, He
My Fa-ther knows.



knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;

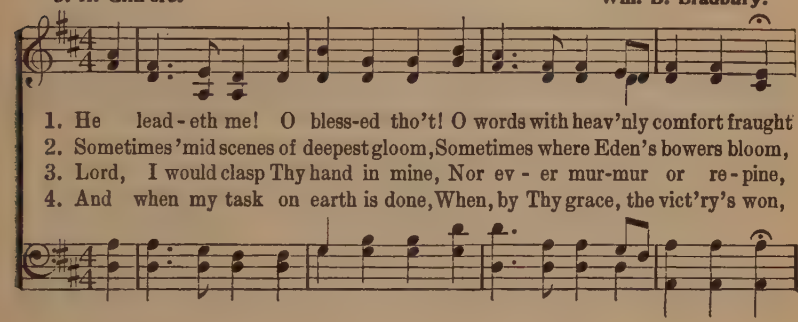


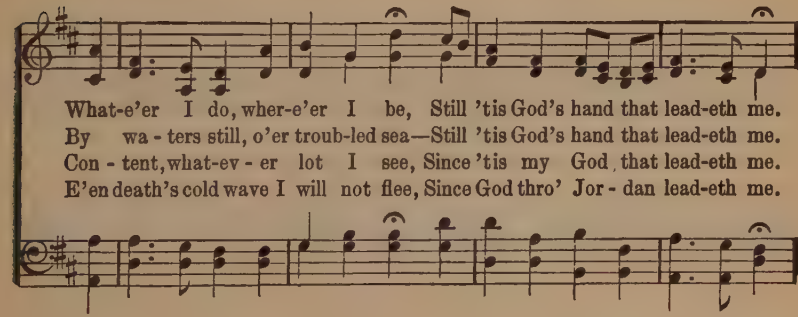
My Father Knows.

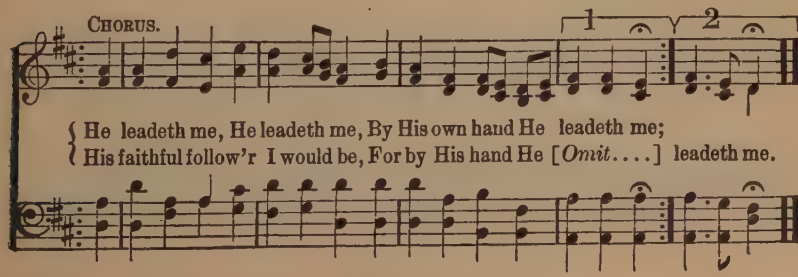


No. 7. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.







No. 8. O Savior, Precious Savior.

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Frances R. Havergal. J. H. Burke.

1. O Sav - ior, pre - cious Sav - ior, Whom, yet un - seen, we love;
2. O bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won-drous - ly hast wrought,
3. In Thee all full - ness dwell - eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine;
4. Oh, grant the con - sum - ma - tion, Of this our song, a - bove,

O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove.
Thy-self the rev - e - la - tion, Of love be - yond our thought.
The glo - ry that ex - cel - leth, O Son of God, is Thine.
In end - less a - do - ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love.

CHORUS.

We wor - ship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee a - lone we sing!

We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our Sav - ior, Lord and King.

No. 9. Where do You Stand To-night?

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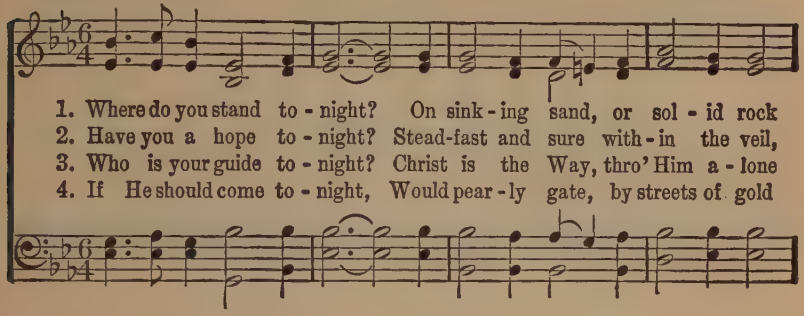
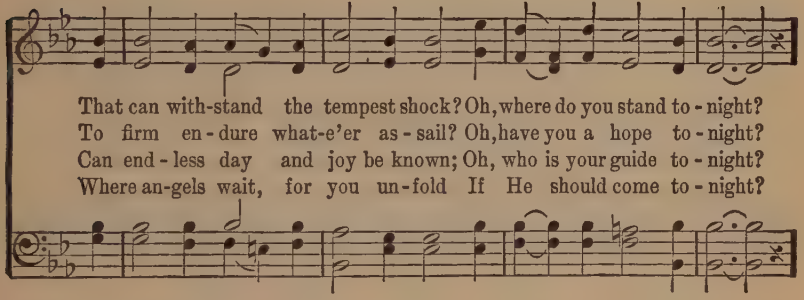
John R. Clements. Geo. C. Stebbins.

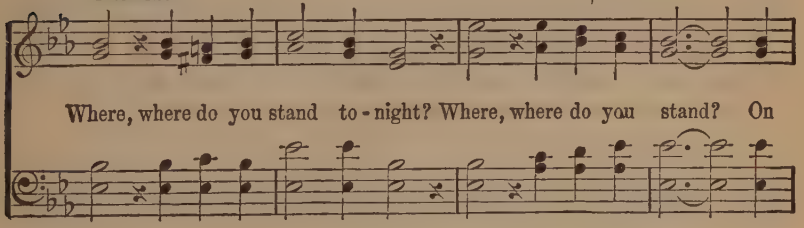


1. Where do you stand to - night? On sink - ing sand, or sol - id rock
2. Have you a hope to - night? Stead-fast and sure with - in the veil,
3. Who is your guide to - night? Christ is the Way, thro' Him a - lone
4. If He should come to - night, Would pear - ly gate, by streets of gold

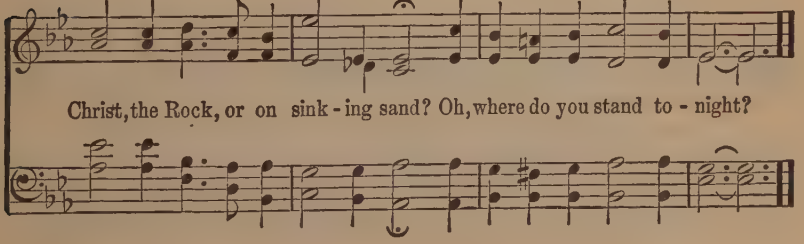


That can with-stand the tempest shock? Oh, where do you stand to - night?
To firm en - dure what-e'er as - sail? Oh, have you a hope to - night?
Can end - less day and joy be known; Oh, who is your guide to - night?
Where an-gels wait, for you un-fold If He should come to - night?

CHORUS.



Where, where do you stand to - night? Where, where do you stand? On



Christ, the Rock, or on sink - ing sand? Oh, where do you stand to - night?

No. 10. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S.–*I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*

FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

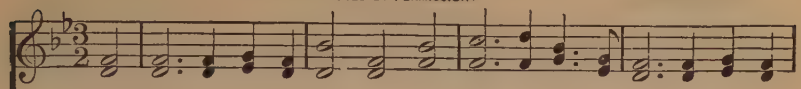
Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.

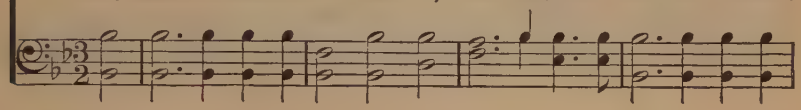
I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

No. 11. One More Day's Work for Jesus.

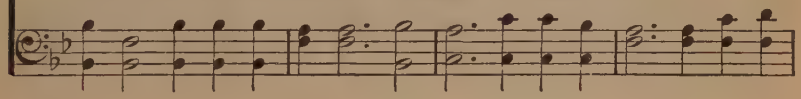
Anna B. Warner. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.



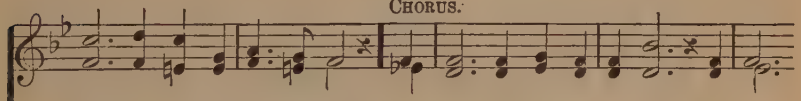
1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; Oh, yes, a wear-y day; But heav'n shines
4. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je-sus' feet! There toil seems



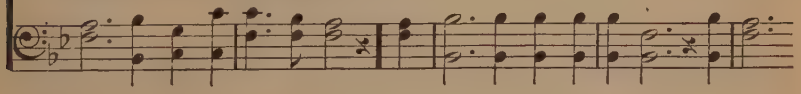
near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes - ter - day to me; His love and
sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's flock enter in! How it did
clear - er, And rest comes near-er, At each step of the way; And, Christ in
pleas-ure, My wants are treas-ure, And pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I

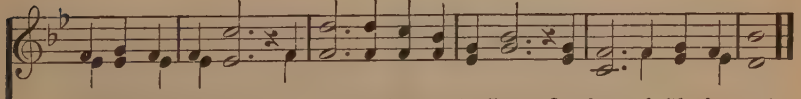


CHORUS.

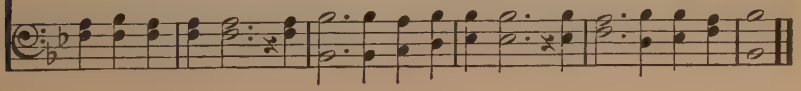


light Fill all my soul to-night.
shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Je-sus, One more
all, Be - fore His face I fall.
may, I'll serve an-oth - er day.





day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me!



No. 12. I Steal Away to Thee.

Julia Sterling.

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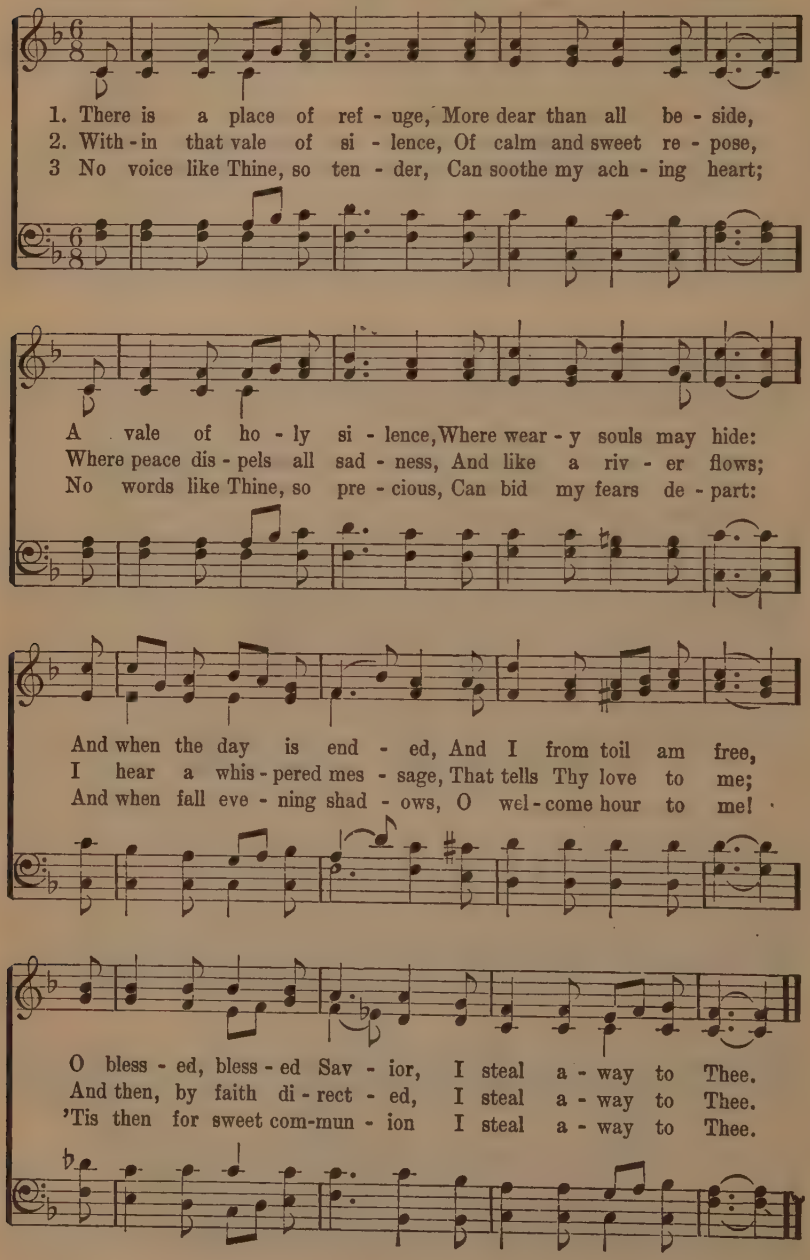
H. P. Danks.



No. 13. How Can I Keep From Singing?

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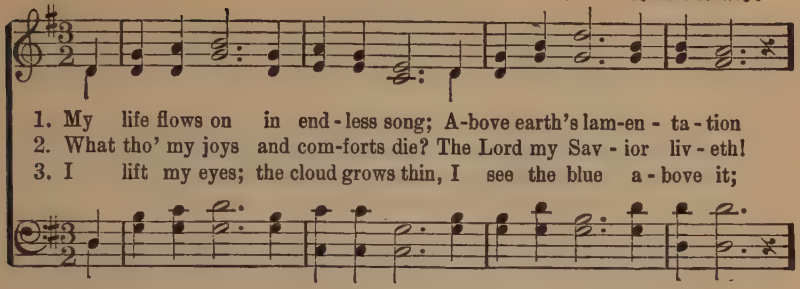
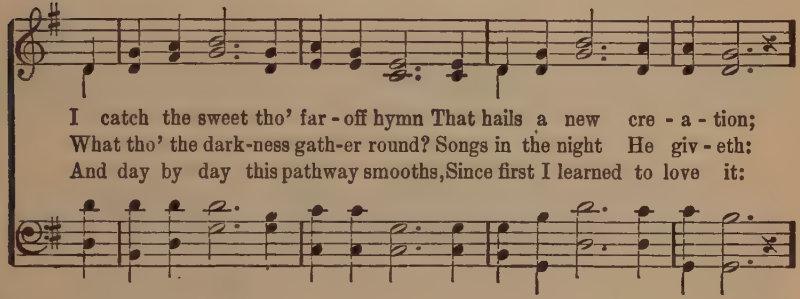
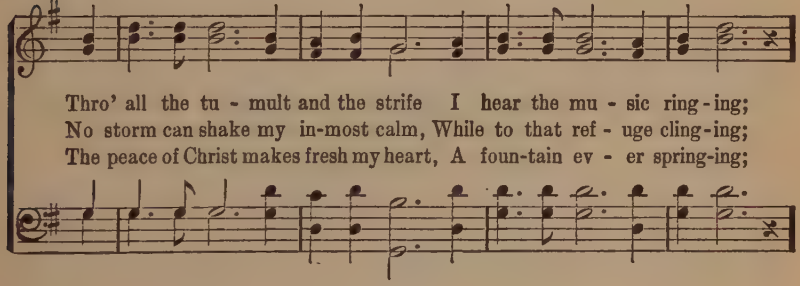
R. L. Robert Lowry.



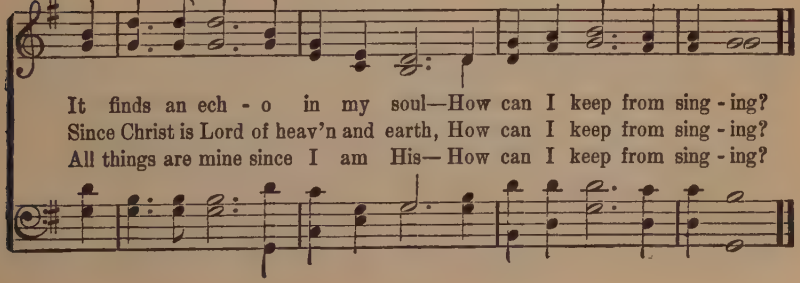
1. My life flows on in end - less song; A-bove earth's lam-en - ta - tion
2. What tho' my joys and com-forts die? The Lord my Sav - ior liv - eth!
3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin, I see the blue a - bove it;



I catch the sweet tho' far - off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;
What tho' the dark-ness gath-er round? Songs in the night He giv - eth:
And day by day this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it:



Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu - sic ring - ing;
No storm can shake my in-most calm, While to that ref - uge cling - ing;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A foun-tain ev - er spring-ing;



It finds an ech - o in my soul—How can I keep from sing - ing?
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing - ing?
All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from sing - ing?

No. 14. I am Thine, O Lord.

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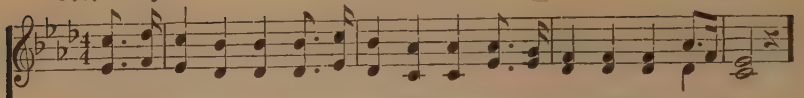
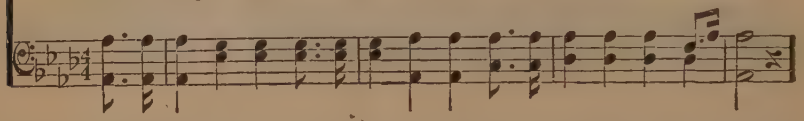
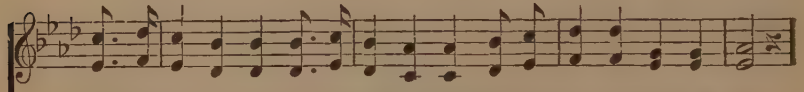
F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

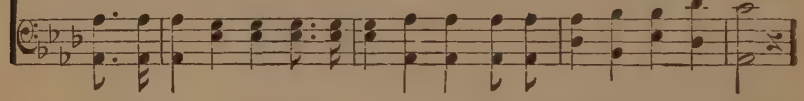


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar - row sea,





But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



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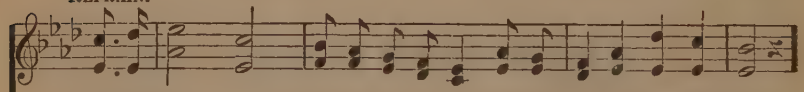
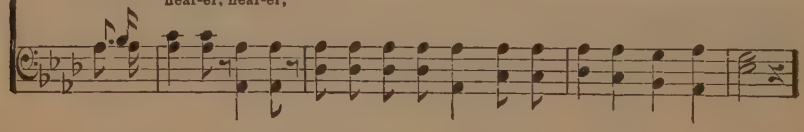
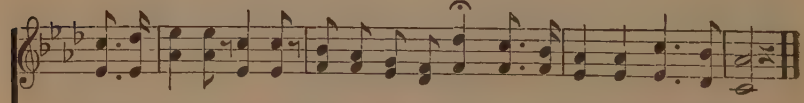
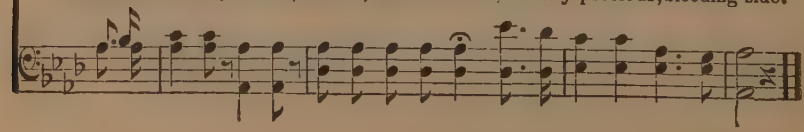


Draw we near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,





Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

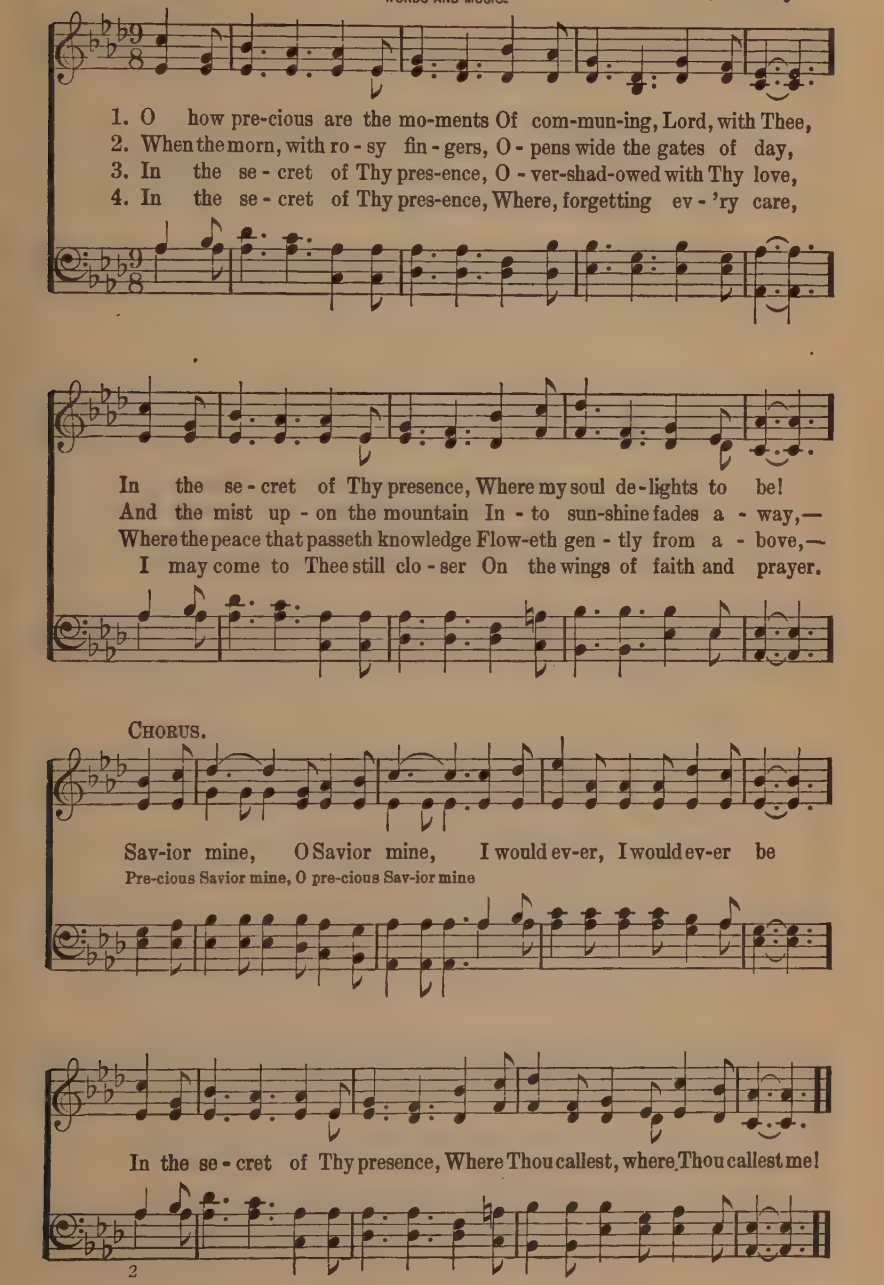


No. 15. Where Thou Callest Me.

James Apple.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.

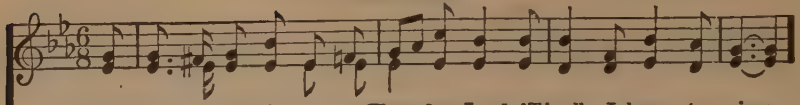


No. 16. Entire Consecration.

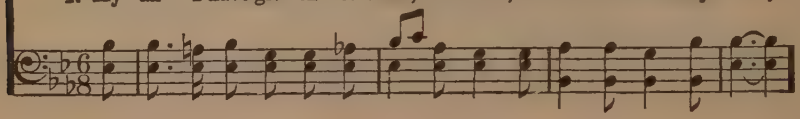
C. M. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

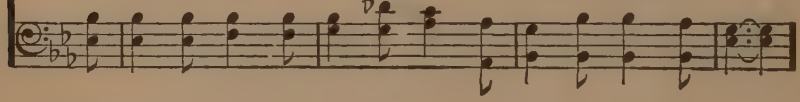
Chas. M. Davis.



1. My life I have giv - en to Thee, dear Lord, 'T is all I have to give;
2. My heart I have giv - en to Thee, dear Lord, Its love so pure and true;
3. My soul I have giv - en to Thee, dear Lord, The purchase of Thy blood;
4. My all I have giv - en to Thee, dear Lord, I wait and hum - bly bow;



A liv - ing sac - ri - fice for Thee, The while I have to live.
I'll not with - hold Thine own from Thee, Now take and make it new.
O wash it now from ev - 'ry stain With-in the crim-son flood.
I will not let Thee go a - way Ex - cept Thou bless me now.



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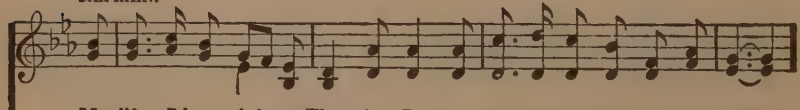
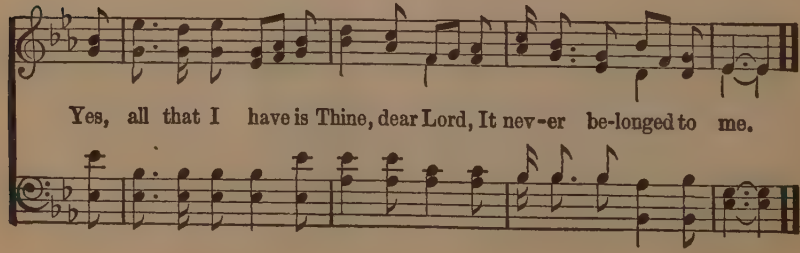


My life I have giv'n to Thee, dear Lord, I long to live on - ly for Thee;

Yes, all that I have is Thine, dear Lord, It nev - er be-longed to me.



No. 17. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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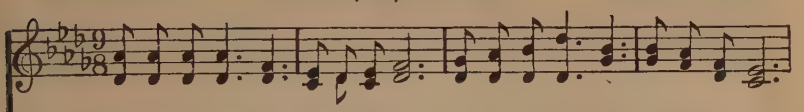
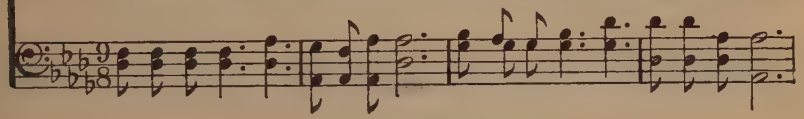
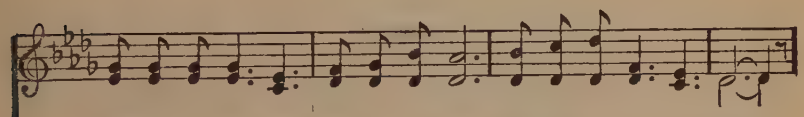
Chas. H. Gabriel.

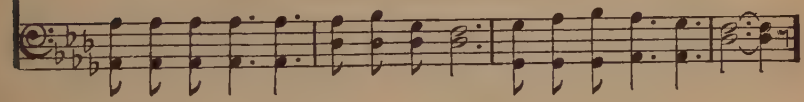


1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

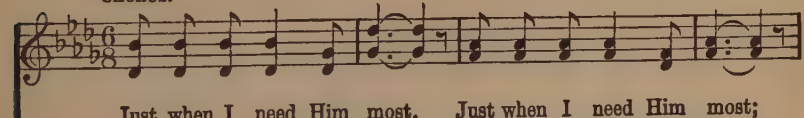




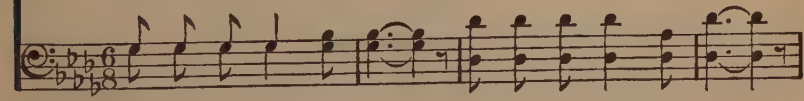
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

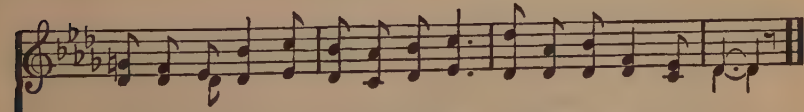


CHORUS.

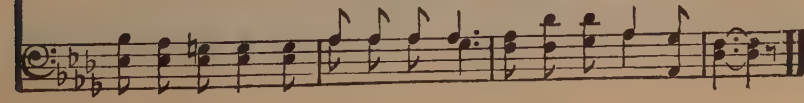


Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;





Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



No. 18. If the Savior Journey With Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE.

D. B. Purinton. (DUET AND CHORUS.) W. H. Doane.

Gently.

1. If the Sav - ior jour-ney with me, If He be my constant stay,
2. If the Sav - ior jour-ney with me, If He be my faith-ful Friend,
3. If the Sav - ior jour-ney with me, If He keep me at His side,

If His presence guide and keep me, Thro' the dark as thro' the day; I will
If He nev - er cease to love me, Love and keep me to the end; I will
If He shield me from the dangers That a-long my path may hide; I will

fear no harm, dread no fierce alarm; He for me the path of peace is seek-ing,
seek His face, I will plead His grace, Trust my life to Him who ev - er liv - eth,
nev - er stray from the per-fect way, Till at last I stand with-in the por - tal

rit.

And the voice of love is speaking, While He safe - ly guards me all the way.
Give my all to Him who giv - eth, Love divine, that naught can e'er transcend.
Of the dwelling place im-mor-tal, Where the blest of God shall e'er a - bide.

CHORUS.

If the Sav - ior jour-ney with me, If His guid-ing hand He give me,

If the Savior Journey With Me.

rit.

If His lov - ing heart re-ceive me, I will love and trust Him all the way.

No. 19. Only a Step.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W. H. Doane.

1. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy sin con-
2. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lov-ing-ly now He's
3. On-ly a step to Je-sus! A step from sin to grace; What has thy heart de-
4. On-ly a step to Je-sus! O why not come and say, "Glad-ly to Thee my

CHORUS.

fess - ing, To Him, thy Sav - ior, bow.
wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
cid - ed—The moments fly a - pace?
Sav - ior, I give my-self a - way."?

On-ly a step, on-ly a step;

Come, He waits for thee; Come, and thy sin con-fess-ing, Thou shalt receive a

bless - ing; Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

No. 20. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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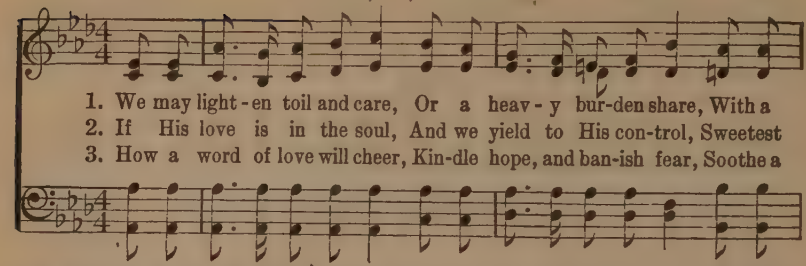
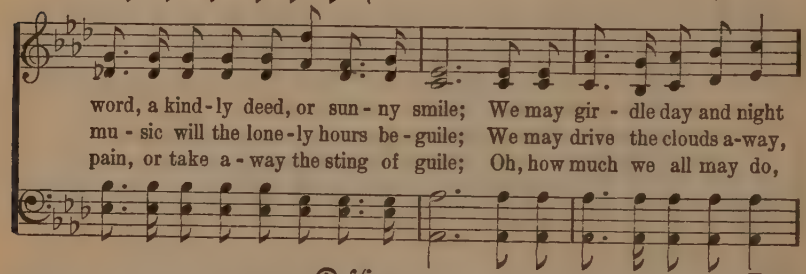
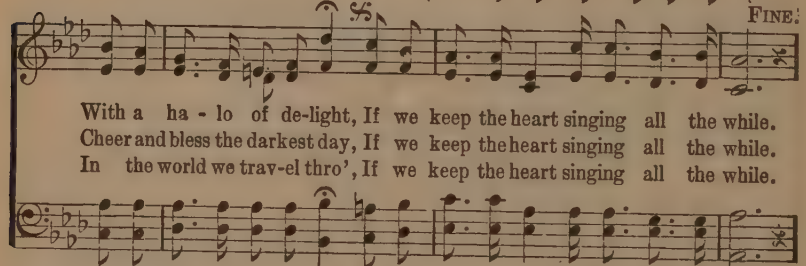
Chas. H. Gabriel.



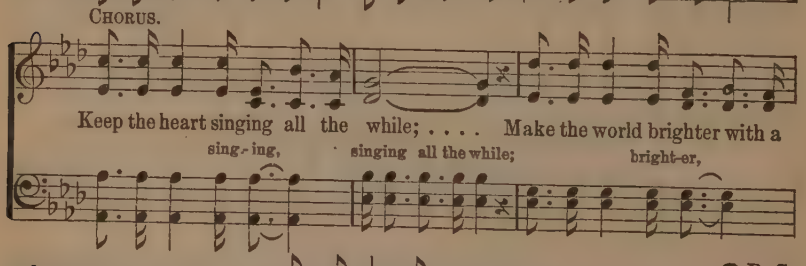
1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a



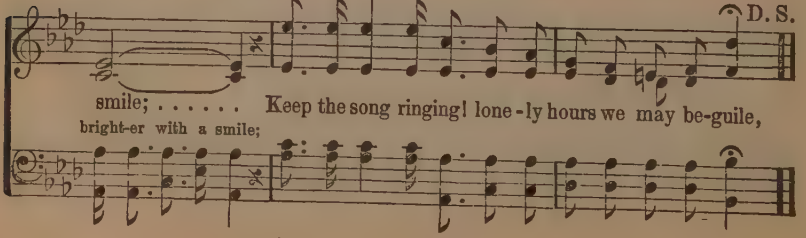
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,



With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.



Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . . Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,



smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
bright-er with a smile;

No. 21. * Only Remembered.

Bonar. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL. Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. Fad-ing a-way like the stars of the morn-ing, Los-ing their light in the glo-ri-ous sun; So let me steal a-way gen-tly and lov-ing-ly,
2. So let my name and my place be for-got-ten, On-ly my life-race be lov-ing-ly run; So let me pass a-way peace-ful-ly, si-lent-ly,
3. So in the har-vest if oth-ers may gath-er Sheaves from the fields that in spring I have sown; Who ploughed or sowed matters not to the reap-er,

CHORUS.

On-ly re-mem-bered by what I have done. On-ly re-mem-bered, On-ly re-mem-bered, On-ly re-mem-bered as the years roll on; On-ly re-mem-bered, for-ev-er remembered, On-ly remembered by what I have done.

On-ly remembered,

On-ly re-mem-bered,

f *rit.*

* While visiting the late Ira D. Sankey, "A sweet singer in Israel," a few days before his death, he repeated to me the words of this beautiful hymn. —E. O. E.

No. 22. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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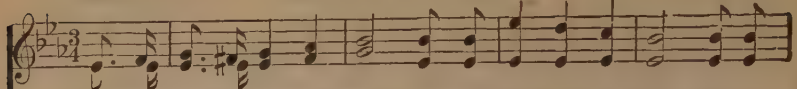
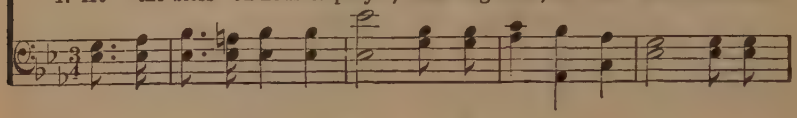
USED. BY PER. OF W. H. DOANE.

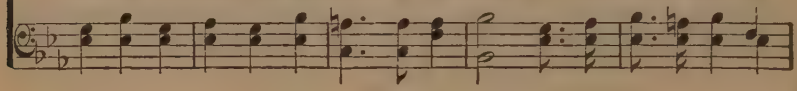
W. H. Doane.



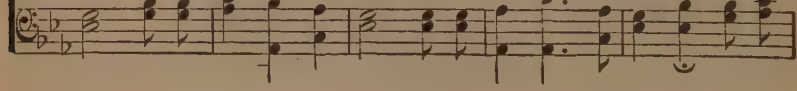
1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the tempt - ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of pray'r, trust - ing Him, we be - lieve That the



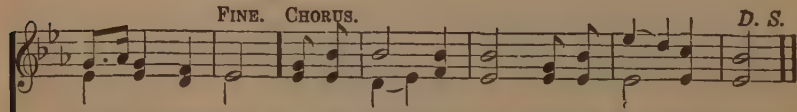
gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa - thiz - ing
bless - ing we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full - ness of this



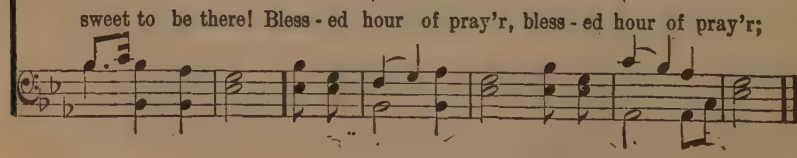
faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
heart He re - moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how



FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

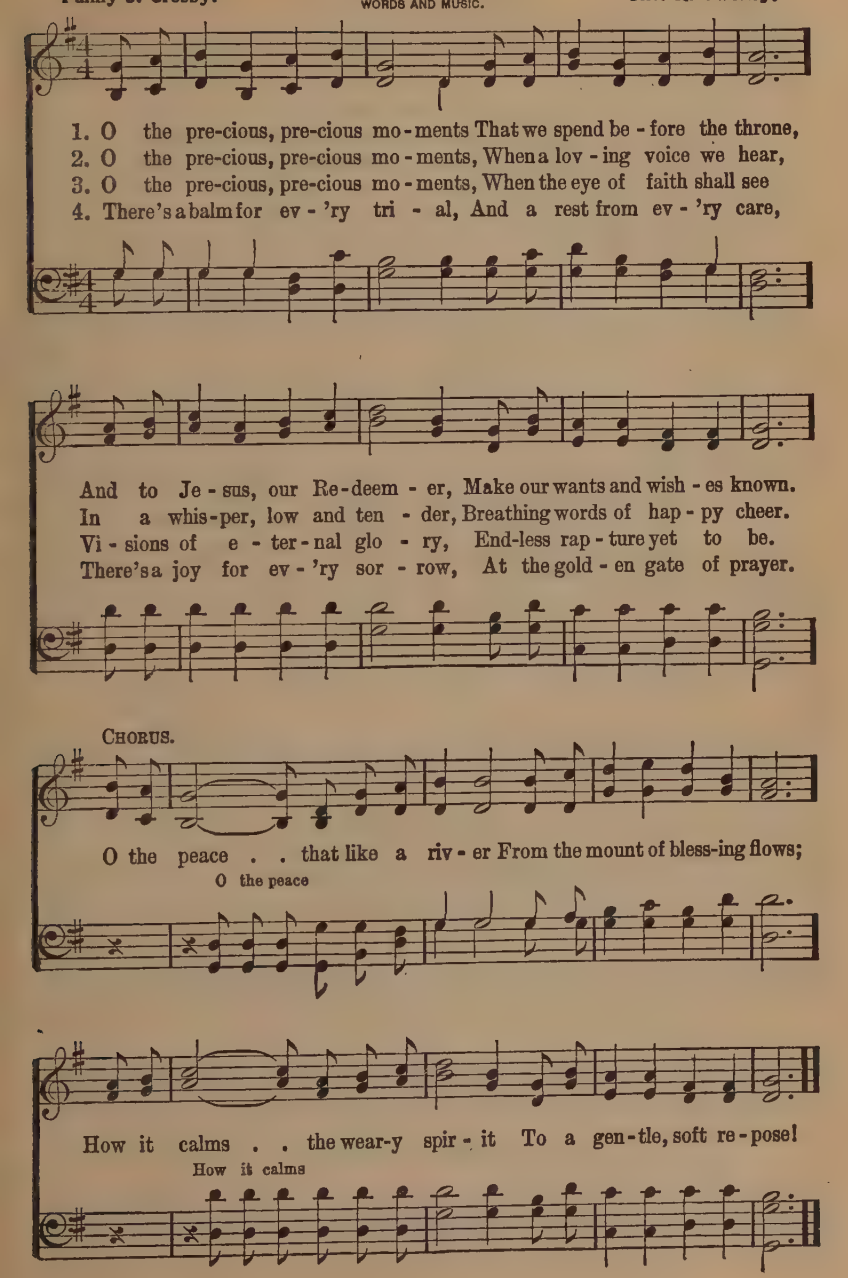


sweet to be there! Bless - ed hour of pray'r, bless - ed hour of pray'r;



No. 23. Precious Moments.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 24. I Will Not Forget Thee.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Nothing can molest or
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,

turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shin-ing one e-ter-nal day. I . . . . will not for-
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove.
"Enter, faith-ful serv-ant, welcome home at last."

I will not for-get thee,

get thee or leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I . .

I will nev-er leave thee;

I will not for-

rit.

. . . will not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.

get thee, for-get

No. 25. Do You Know the Song?

A. P. Cobb.

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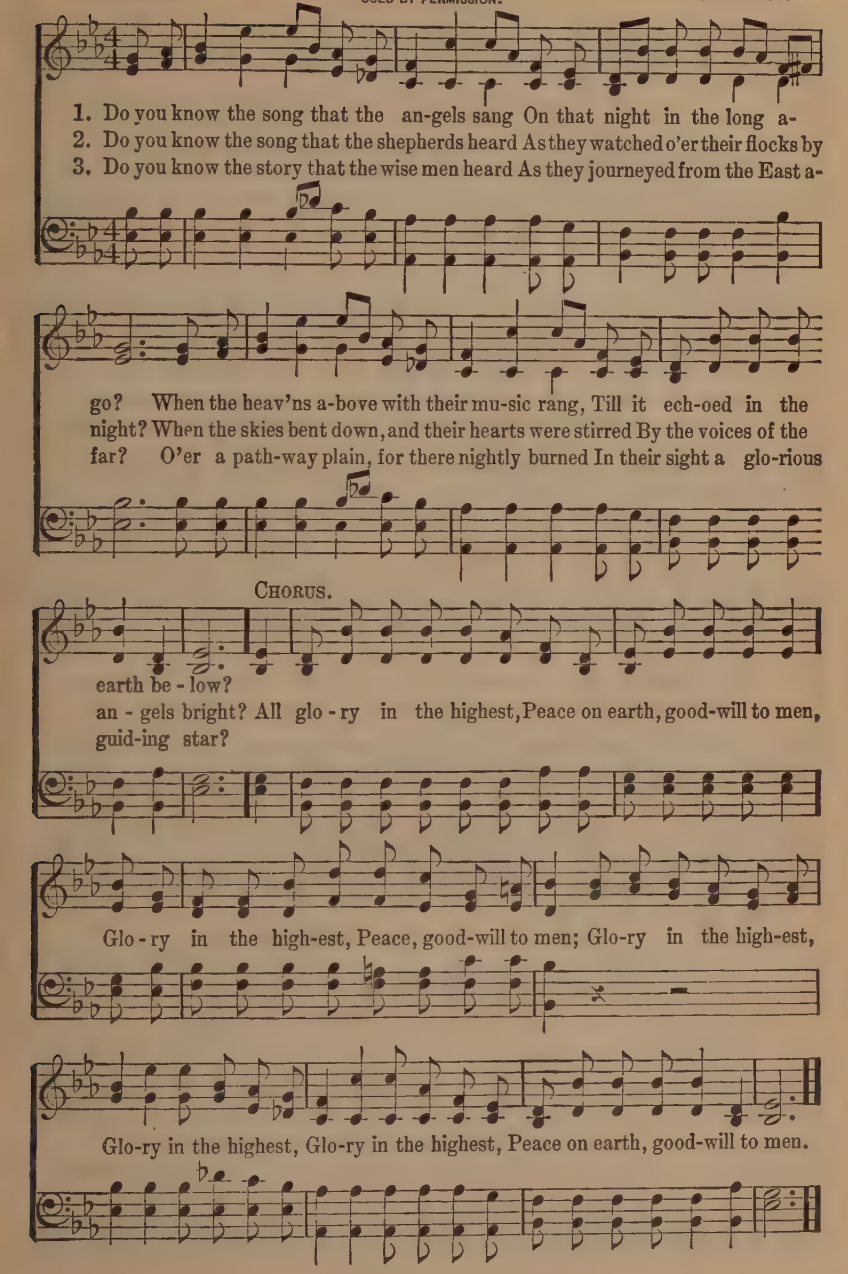
J. H. Fillmore.



No. 26. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

The way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

leads home, leads home;

No. 27. Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 AND 1909, BY BY F. G. FISCHER.
WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

Legato.

1. Failing in strength when oppresst by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

Wait - ing for some one to banish my woes, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;

rit.

He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows—'t is Je - sus.

No. 28. Saved by Grace.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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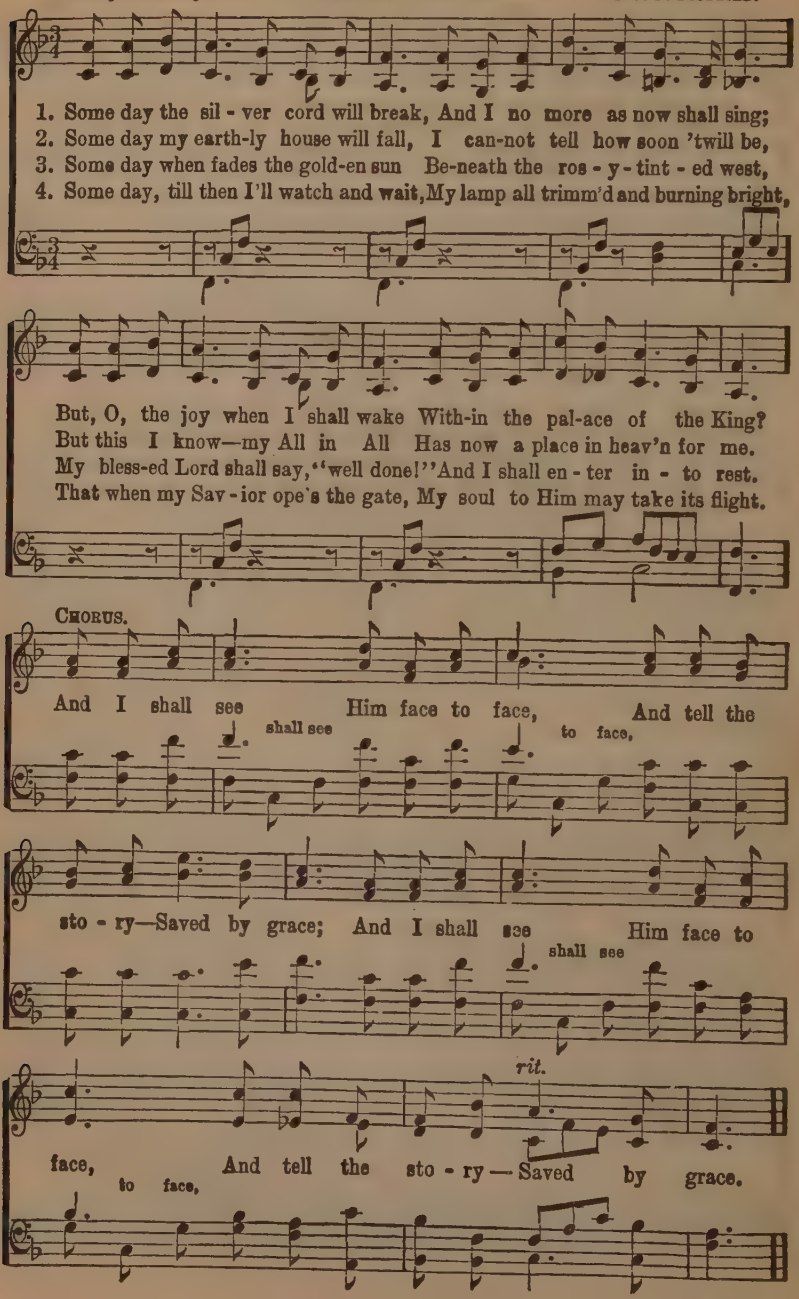
NEW YORK. USED BY PER

Geo. C. Stebbins.



No. 29. But For a Moment.

Jno. R. Clements.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. "But for a mo-ment" this weight of af-flic-tion; "But for a
2. "But for a mo-ment" this bond of re-strain-ing; "But for a
3. "But for a mo-ment" this day of a-lone-ness; "But for a

mo-ment" this darkness, this gloom; Then the bright to-mor-row, Then
mo-ment" this tri-al, this care; Then the glad a-wak-ing, Then
mo-ment" this pa-thos, this blight; Then the morn of glo-ry, Then,

no more sin or sor-row; Morn-ing of bliss be-yond the
Heaven's glo-ry break-ing; Dawn-ing of life be-yond com-
then the new, new, sto-ry; Heav-en, and joy with-out a

tomb, Morn-ing of bliss be-yond the tomb.
pare, Dawn-ing of life be-yond com-pare.
night, Heav-en, and joy with-out a night.

No. 30. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus,—My vis - ion so
2. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, For oft - en I
3. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, Still clos - er and

oft - en is dim; To look on His face and be filled with His grace,
fol - low a - far; His voice I would hear sounding close to my ear
clos - er each day; Till clasp - ing His hand I shall en - ter the land

CHORUS.

I want to live clos-er to Him.
To tell what His prom-is - es are. Clos - er to Je-sus, clos - er to
Where I shall be near Him for aye.

Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be: To look on His

face and be filled with His grace, I want to live clos-er to Him.

No. 31. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread;
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land,

But on-ly that my soul may feed Up-on the liv-ing bread.
That Je-sus guides my falt'ring steps, As joy-ful-ly I go.
If I may on-ly feel the touch Of His own lov-ing hand.

'Tis bet-ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side,—
And tho' I may not see His face, My faith is strong and clear,
And tho' I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,

FINE.

I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
That in each hour of sore dis-tress My Sav-ior will be near.
My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

D. S.—*My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

His love . . can nev-er fail, His love . . can nev-er fail;
His love can nev-er fail. His love can nev-er fail;

No. 32. It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford.

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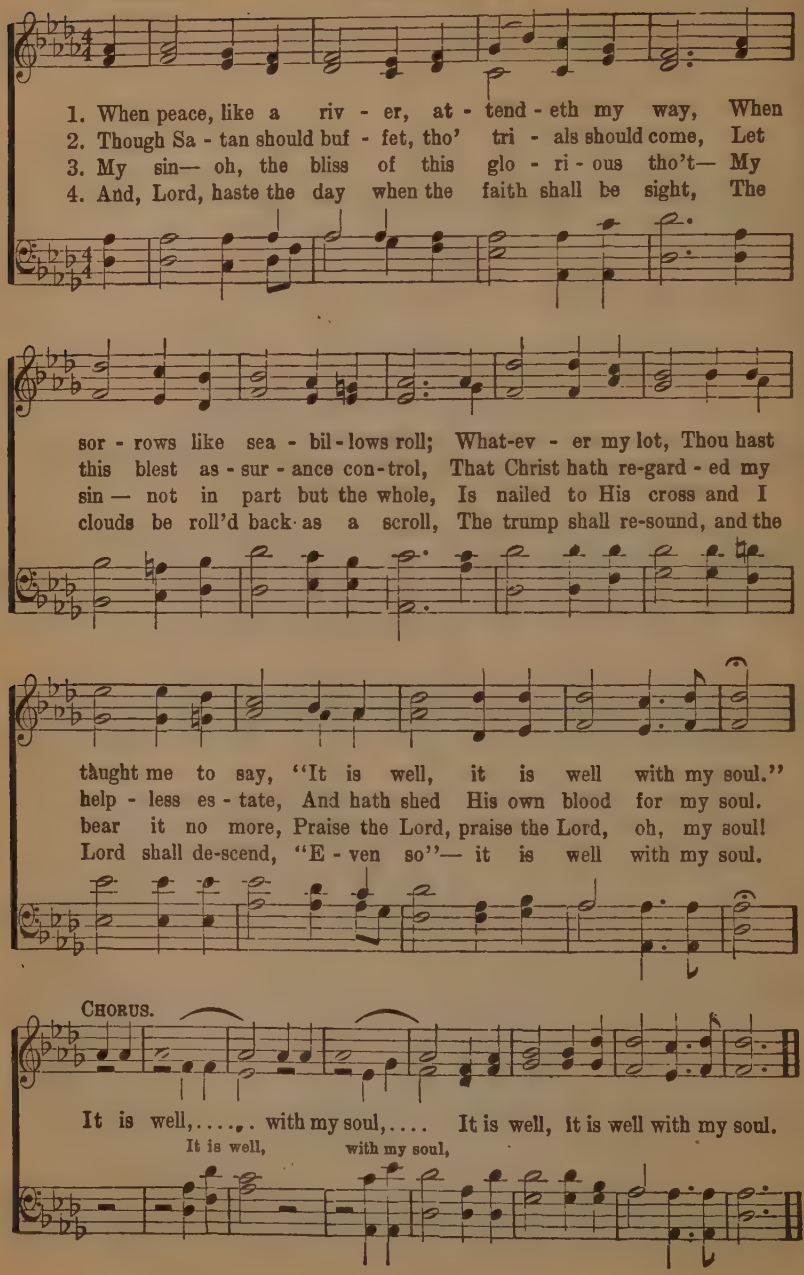
USED BY PER.

P. P. Bliss.



No. 33. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'Maley Cluff.

COPYRIGHT 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
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NEW YORK, OWNERS. RENEWAL.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo-
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav-

ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to

CHORUS.

f

o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
brightness, Dear friend could I see you re-ceiv - ing one too!
glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

p *f* *pp rall.*

praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

No. 34. That's Enough for Me.

W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I do not ful - ly com - pre-hend The mer - cy shown to me;
2. So dark it was be - fore He came, And set my soul a - glow;
3. I do not know how it was done, How He has made me whole;
4. I do not ask to know the way He did His work of grace,

I on - ly know a Gra-cious Friend Has bro't my blindness to an end,
He kin-dled there a sa - cred flame, And tho' I scarce-ly knew His name,
I on - ly know the night is gone And day e - ter - nal has be-gun
So long as He has sent the ray, By which my spir - it can sur-vey

And now, thro' Him, I see, And now, thro' Him, I see.
He loves me—this I know, He loves me— this I know.
With - in my cloud - ed soul, With - in my cloud - ed soul.
The beau - ty of His face, The beau - ty of His face.

CHORUS.

So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me;

So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me.

No. 35.

Labor On.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

Spirited.

1. In the har - vest-field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe, and the reap-ers few, And the Mas-ter's voice bids the work-ers true
2. Crowd the gar - ner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad and the heart be light, Fill the pre-cious hours ere the shades of night
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the time seems long, and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His chosen shared,
4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each who has toiled and strove; When the Master's voice, in His words of love,

CHORUS.

Heed the call that He gives to - day.
Take the place of the gold - en day. La - bor on, la - bor
Drives the gloom from the dark-est day.
Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La - bor on,

on, Keep the bright re - ward in view, For the Mas-ter has said,
la - bor on,

He will strength re - new, La - bor on till the close of day.

No. 36. He Never Forgets His Own.

Anon.

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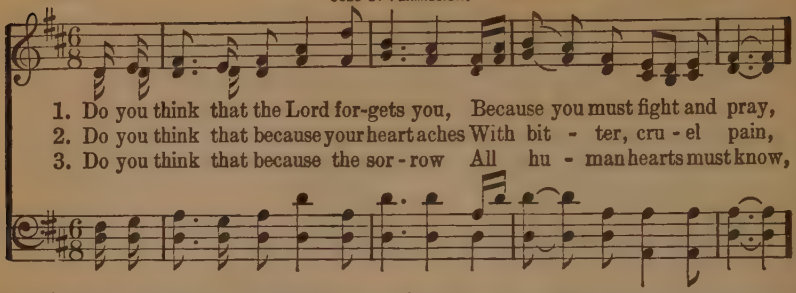
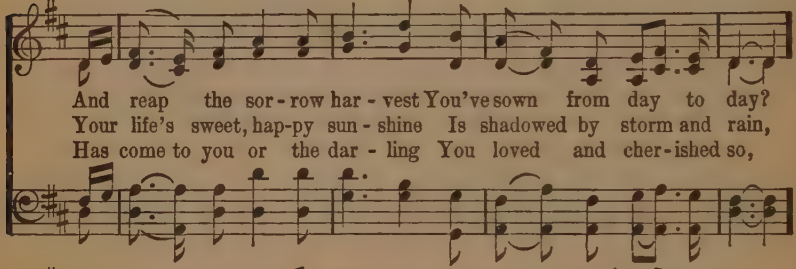
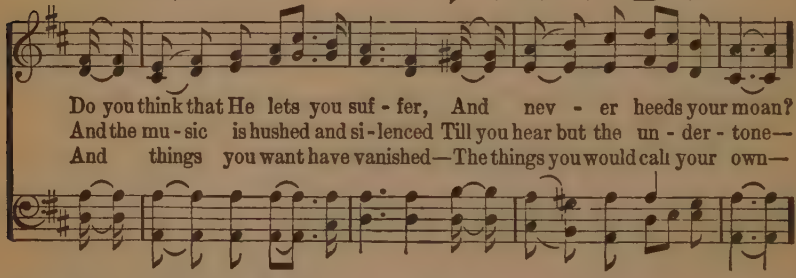
Mrs. F. H. Jacobs.



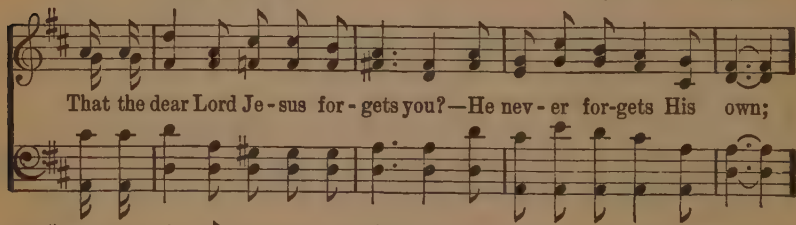
1. Do you think that the Lord for-gets you, Because you must fight and pray,
2. Do you think that because your heart aches With bit - ter, cru - el pain,
3. Do you think that because the sor - row All hu - man hearts must know,



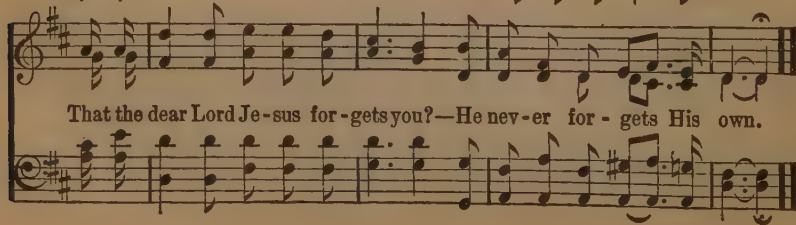
And reap the sor - row har - vest You've sown from day to day?
Your life's sweet, hap-py sun - shine Is shadowed by storm and rain,
Has come to you or the dar - ling You loved and cher - ished so,



Do you think that He lets you suf - fer, And nev - er heeds your moan?
And the mu - sic is hushed and si - lenced Till you hear but the un - der - tone—
And things you want have vanished—The things you would call your own—



That the dear Lord Je - sus for - gets you?—He nev - er for-gets His own;



That the dear Lord Je - sus for - gets you?—He nev - er for - gets His own.

No. 37. Do the Next Thing.

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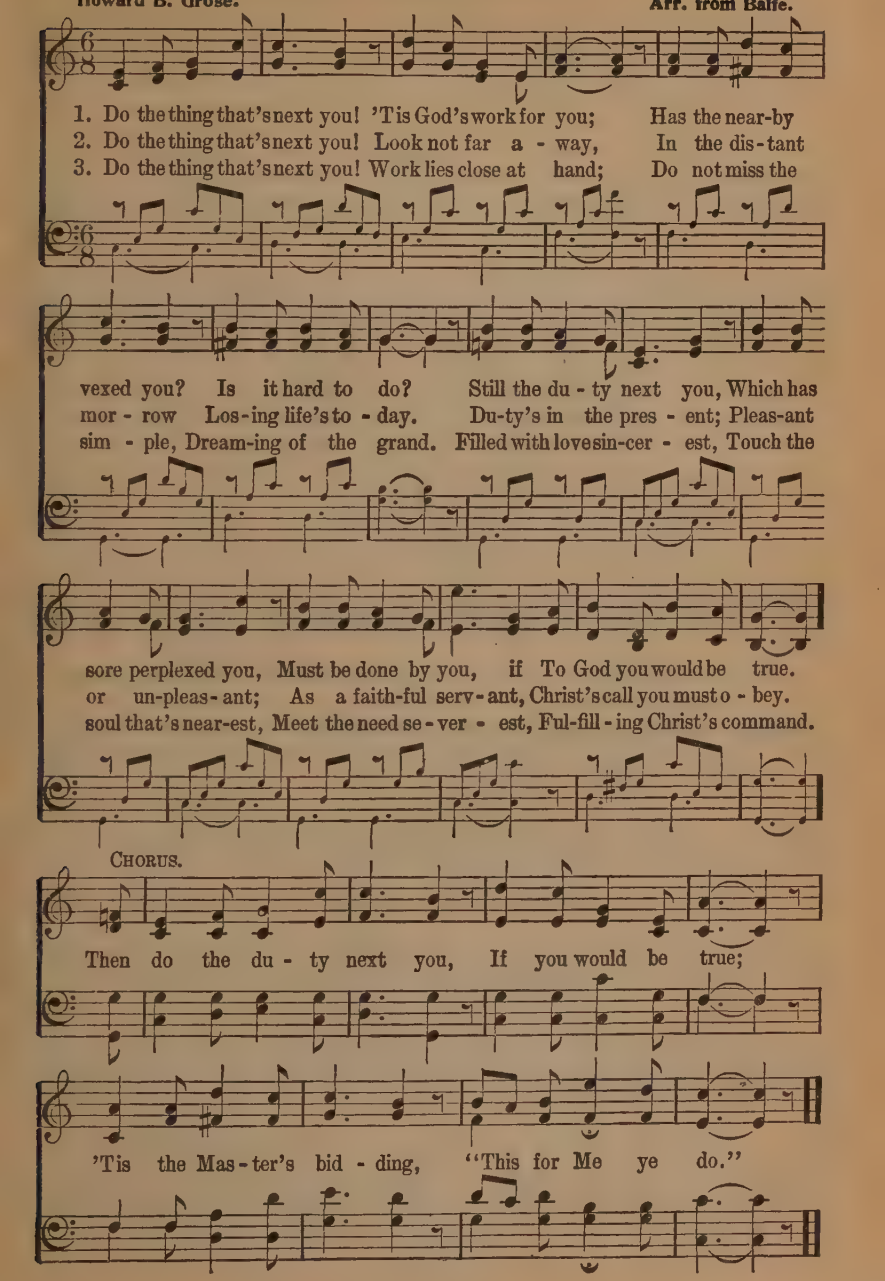
Howard B. Grose. Arr. from Balfe.



No. 38. The Home of Endless Years.

John R. Clements.

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John R. Sweney.

1. Tho' bur - dens heav - y we here must bear, And the eyes are made
2. With toil - some ef - fort in faith we sow, Tho' no har - vest our
3. We'll la - bor on with a smile and song, And we'll give to the

dim with tears, There'll be naught of sor - row "o - ver there" In the
vi - sion cheers; We will not lose heart, 'twill all be plain, In the
winds our fears, For the day of tri - als can't be long, Soon the

CHORUS.

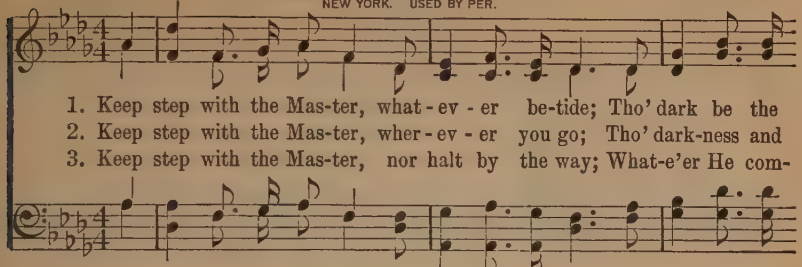
"home of the end - less years." In the bet - ter land, In that sun - ny land,

In that E - den land, safe by and by; In that bet - ter land,

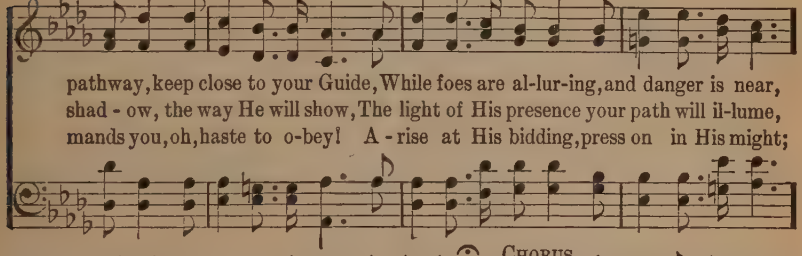
In that sun - ny land, In that E - den land, safe by and by.

No. 39. Keep Step With the Master.

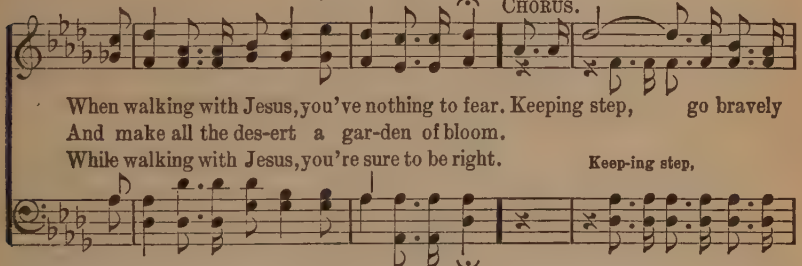
Ida S. Taylor. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. NEW YORK. USED BY PER. W. A. Ogden.



1. Keep step with the Mas-ter, what-ev-er be-tide; Tho' dark be the
2. Keep step with the Mas-ter, wher-ev-er you go; Tho' dark-ness and
3. Keep step with the Mas-ter, nor halt by the way; What-e'er He com-



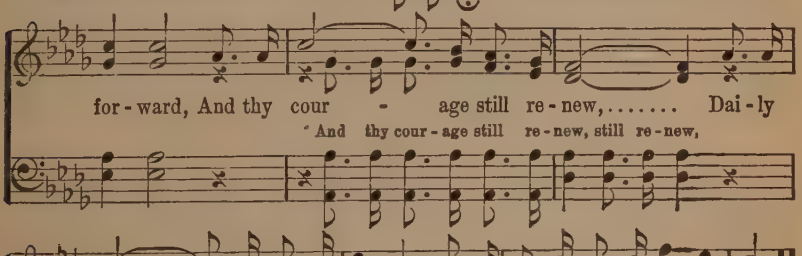
pathway, keep close to your Guide, While foes are al-lur-ing, and danger is near,
shad-ow, the way He will show, The light of His presence your path will il-lume,
mands you, oh, haste to o-bey! A-rise at His bidding, press on in His might;



CHORUS.

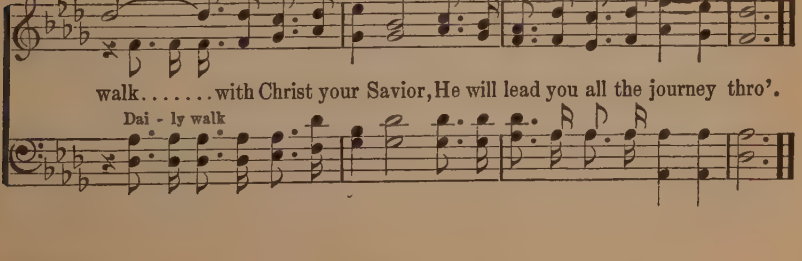
When walking with Jesus, you've nothing to fear. Keeping step, go bravely
And make all the des-ert a gar-den of bloom.
While walking with Jesus, you're sure to be right.

Keep-ing step,



for-ward, And thy cour - age still re-new, ... Dai-ly

And thy cour-age still re-new, still re-new,



walk..... with Christ your Savior, He will lead you all the journey thro'.

Dai-ly walk

No. 40. More Like the Master.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly pray'r, More strength to
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow, More of His

meek-ness, more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age
car-ry cross-es I must bear; More earn-est ef-fort to bring His
love to oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in

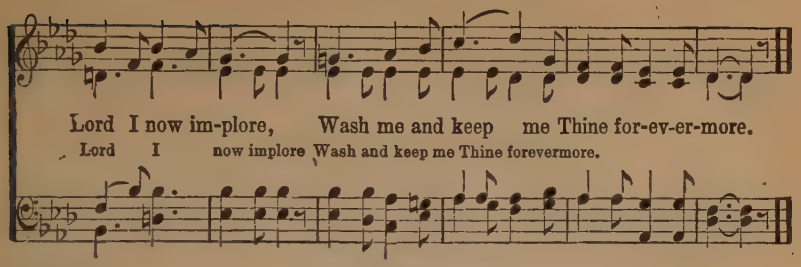
to be true, More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do.
king-dom in, More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win.
Gal-i-lee, More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart ..... I would be Thine a-lone;..... Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O

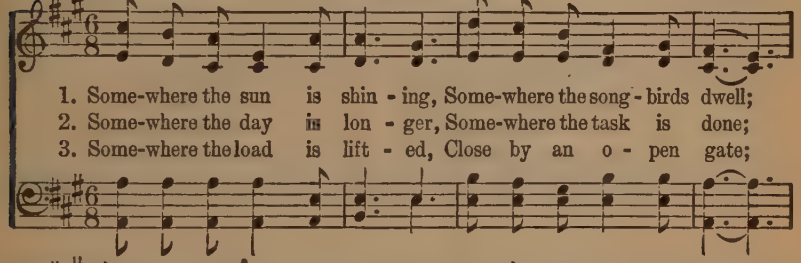
heart .... and make it all Thine own;... Purge me from sin,.... O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev-'ry sin, O

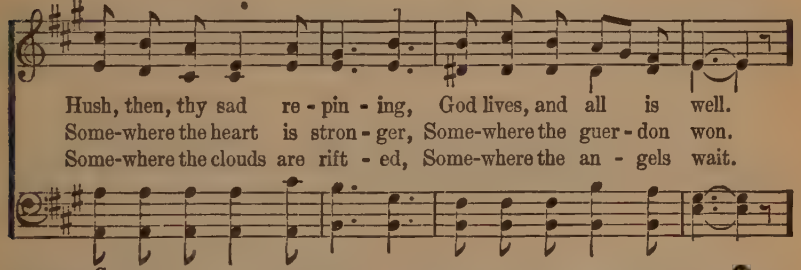
More Like the Master.

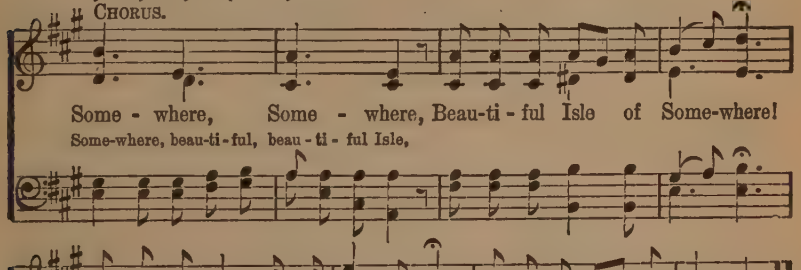


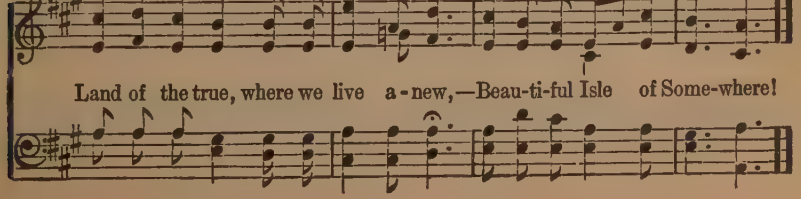
No. 41. Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S Fearis.









No. 42. Never Give Up.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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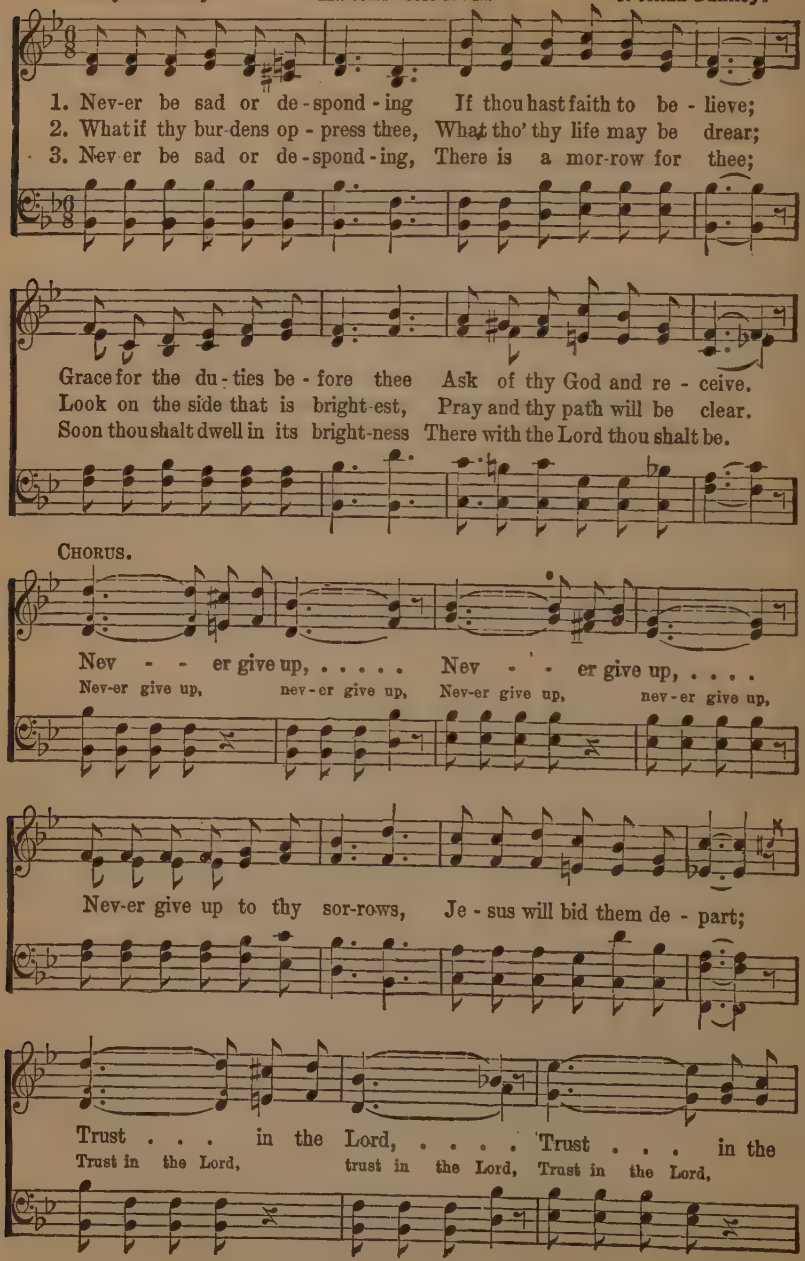
I. Allan Sankey.



Never Give Up.

Lord, . . Sing when your trials are greatest, Trust in the Lord and take heart.
trust in the Lord,

No. 43. Christ Arose.

R. L.

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Robert Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vainly they watch His bed— Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Vain-ly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je-sus, my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a-way—

CHORUS.

Je-sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a-rose, With a mighty triumph o'er His
He a-rose,

foes; He arose a Victor from the dark domain, And He lives for-ev-er with His
He a-rose;

saints to reign: He a-rose! He a-rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ arose!
He a-rose! He a-rose!

No. 44. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

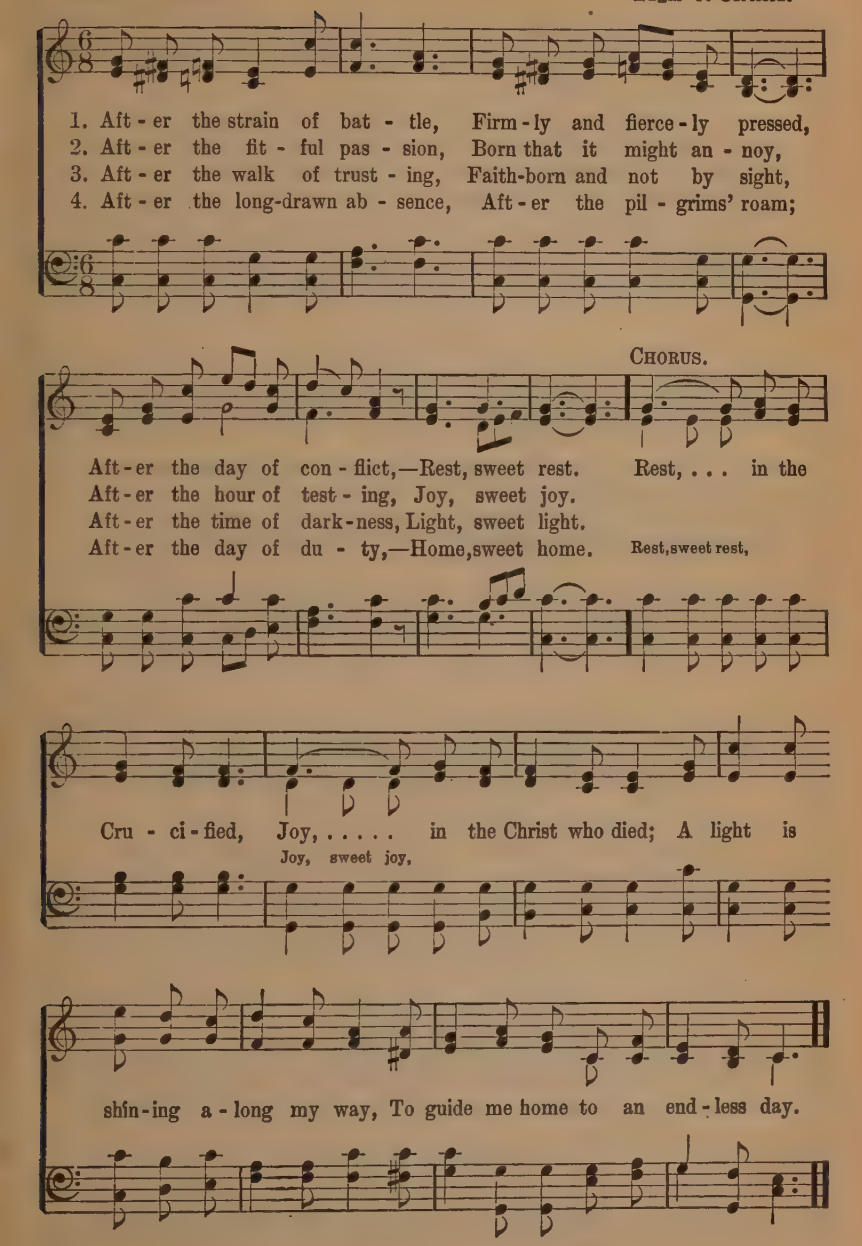
God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 45. Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

John R. Clements. Edgar T. Corfield.



No. 46. All in All to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All in all to me is Je - sus! Ev - 'ry need His grace sup-plies;
2. All in all to me is Je - sus, Lord, Redeemer, Savior, Friend;
3. All in all to me is Je - sus, Bless-ed One of Cal - va - ry;
4. All in all to me is Je - sus, I am His, and He is mine;

Day by day He guides and keeps me,— No good thing to me de - nies.
Ten-der Shepherd, He will guard me, And from ev-'ry foe de - fend.
I will nev-er cease to love Him Who has done so much for me.
To His love, and in His serv - ice, Ev -'ry-thing I now re - sign.

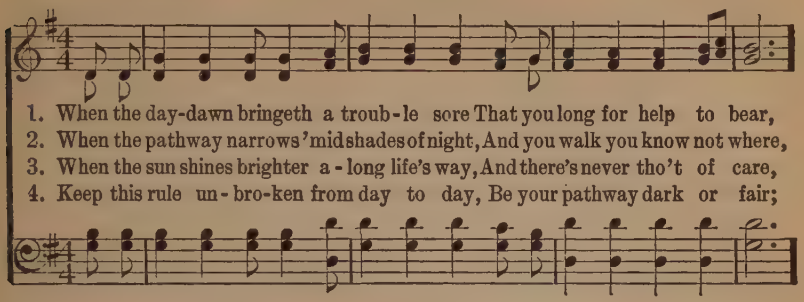
CHORUS.

In His love I am a - bid-ing, Ev - 'ry-thing to Him con-fid-ing;

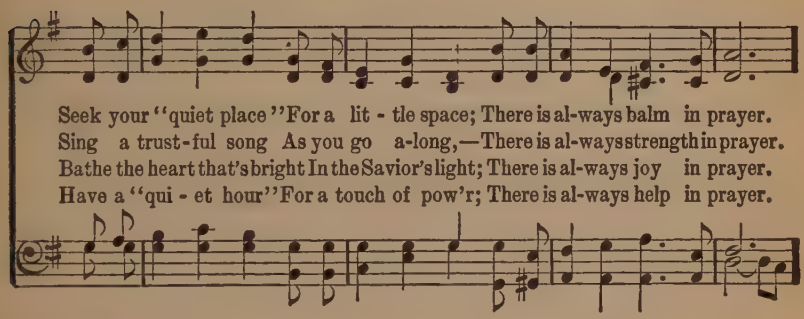
'Neath His wing my soul is hid - ing, He is all in all to me.

No. 47. There is Always Power In Prayer.

John R. Clements. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK. USED BY PERMISSION. Hubert P. Main.

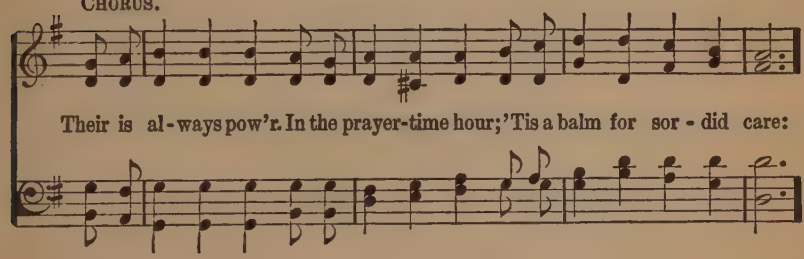


1. When the day-dawn bringeth a troub-le sore That you long for help to bear,
2. When the pathway narrows 'mid shades of night, And you walk you know not where,
3. When the sun shines brighter a-long life's way, And there's never tho't of care,
4. Keep this rule un-bro-ken from day to day, Be your pathway dark or fair;

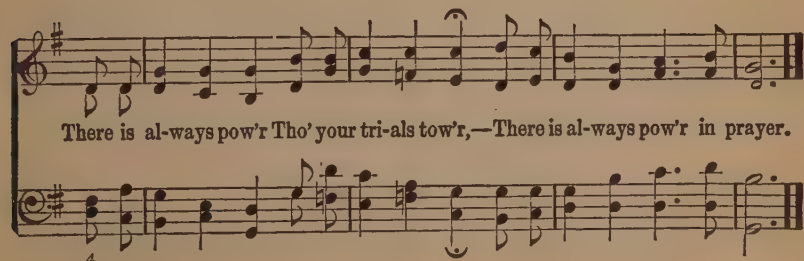


Seek your "quiet place" For a lit-tle space; There is al-ways balm in prayer.
Sing a trust-ful song As you go a-long,—There is al-ways strength in prayer.
Bathe the heart that's bright In the Savior's light; There is al-ways joy in prayer.
Have a "qui-et hour" For a touch of pow'r; There is al-ways help in prayer.

CHORUS.



Their is al-ways pow'r. In the prayer-time hour; 'Tis a balm for sor-did care:



There is al-ways pow'r Tho' your tri-als tow'r,—There is al-ways pow'r in prayer.

No. 48.

Harvest Song!

C. H. G.

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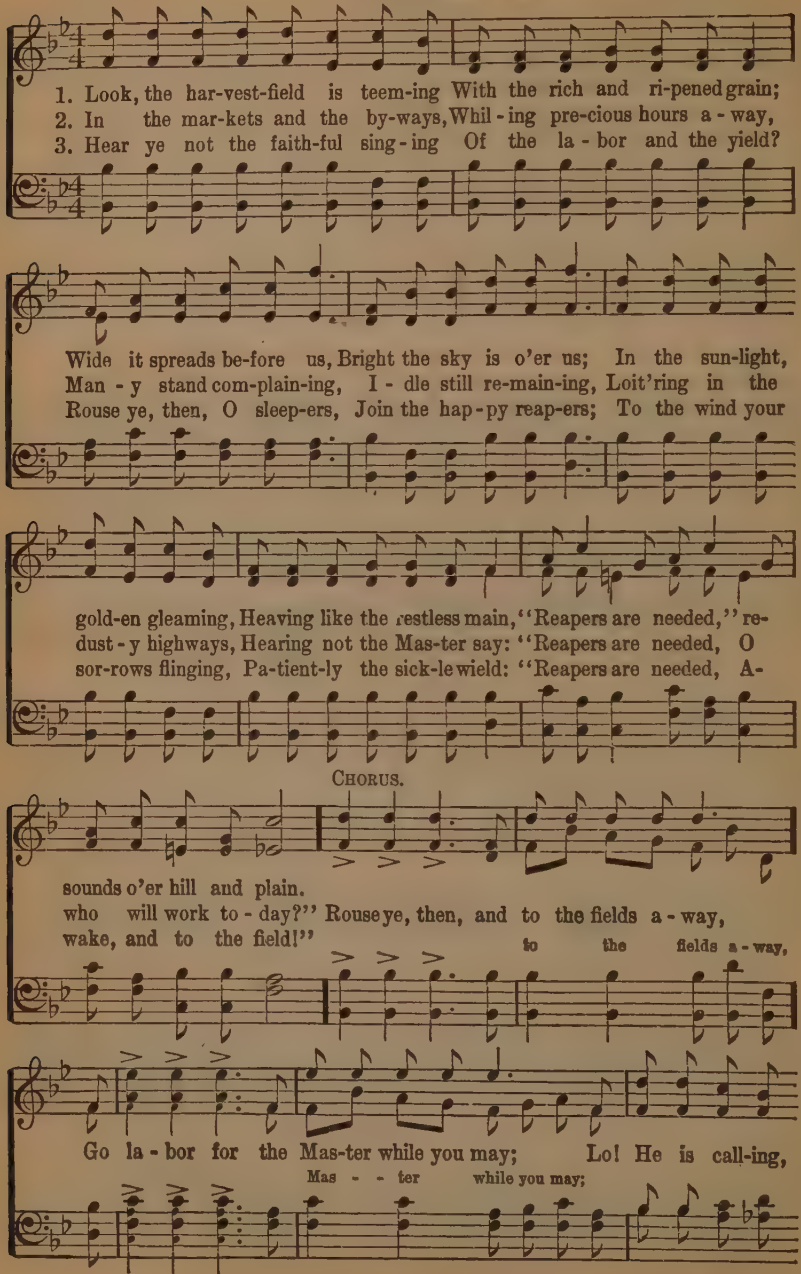
Chas. H. Gabriel.



Harvest Song.

night is fall-ing, Hast-en to o-bey, For reapers are needed to-day.

No. 49. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn Thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a-rise and a-way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to-day! Call - ing to-day!
Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day!

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,

No. 50. We've a Story to Tell.

Colin Sterne. H. E. Nichol.

Voices in Unison.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con-quer e - vil
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who reigneth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple

A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
And shat-ter the spear and sword, And shat-ter the spear and sword.
And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!

REFRAIN.

For the darkness shall turn to dawn-ing, And the dawning to noon-day bright,

And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light.

No. 51. What Would'st Thou Have Me to Do?

Edith Gilling Cherry. **Rev. J. Mountain.**

Devotionally.

1. What would'st Thou have me to do, Lord? Show me my task for to - day;
2. Where would'st Thou have me to go, Lord? Point me the path for to - day;
3. What would'st Thou have me to be, Lord? What, in Thy vineyard to - day?
4. It is so sweet to sur - ren - der—Bowed at Thy cru - ci - fied feet–

Low - ly or high, as Thou wilt, Lord!—On - ly give strength to o - bey.
Rug - ged or smooth, as Thou wilt, Lord!—On - ly go with me al - way.
Bus - y or still, as Thou wilt, Lord!—On - ly Thy serv - ant al - way.
Wish-es and choi-ces and hopes, Lord! Yea, for Thy love makes it sweet.

Nei - ther an hour nor a life - time, Dare I plan out at my will;
Nei - ther a step nor a life - path, Dare I plan out at my will;
Nev - er a nook in that vine-yard, Dare I choose out at my will;
Some, thou'lt give back to me grant - ed; Some, Thou wilt gen-tly de - ny;

CHO.–*Whispers con-flict - ing I hear, Lord! Coun-sel - ling all the days thro';*

D. S. for Chorus.

That is my King's part—and mine is— Sim - ply His plans to ful - fill.
That is my King's part—and mine is— Sim - ply to fol - low Him still.
That is the part of the Mas - ter,—Mine, His commands to ful - fill.
Keep-ing the rest to ful - fill them, If not on earth, then—on high.

'Tis for Thy coun - sel I wait, Lord!—What would'st Thou have me to do?

No. 52. My Savior Hears the Prayer I Raise.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. My Sav-ior hears the prayer I raise, And He will sure-ly an-swer me;
2. My Sav-ior hears the prayer I raise, Tho' clouds of care and grief a-rise,
3. My Sav-ior hears the prayer I raise, I trust His wis-dom pow'r and love;
4. My Sav-ior hears the prayer I raise, I leave with Him each fond re-quest,

His presence with me all the day Will still the pledge of bless-ing be.
He turns the trust-ful heart to praise, And sets His bow a-cross the skies.
The eye of faith will up-ward gaze, On treasures stored for me a-bove.
In mer-cy He will plan my ways Un-til I reach my home of rest.

CHORUS.

My Sav-ior hears . . . . . me when I pray, ... Up-on His
My Sav-ior hears yes, when I pray,

word . . . . . I calm-ly rest; . . . . . In His own time, ...
Up-on His word calm-ly rest; In his own time,

in His own way, ... I know He'll give me what is best.
own way,

No. 53. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet - er and sweeter to me.
2. I know He is ev - er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor - row, or shadow, or sun; And tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

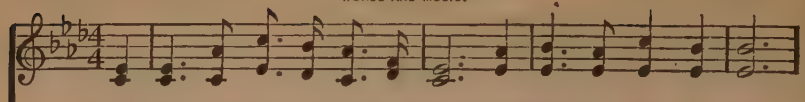
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!

Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear - er each day, grow - ing dear - er each day; Oh, won - der - ful love, love of my Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

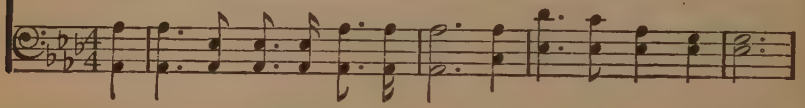
No. 54. The Gifts of God.

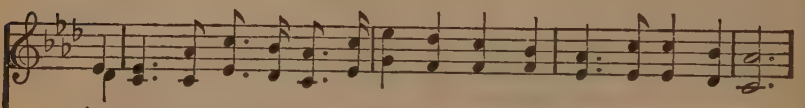
Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

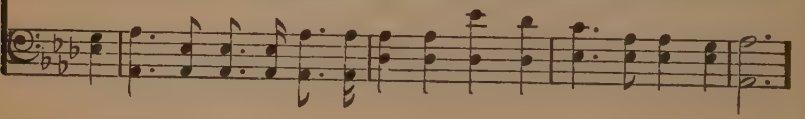


1. His gifts are great-er than my dreams, The gifts of God to me;
2. I ask a part, He gives the whole—Him-self, and all be-side;
3. "His ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, His paths are paths of peace;"
4. With-in my heart He shall have place To rule and reign su-preme;

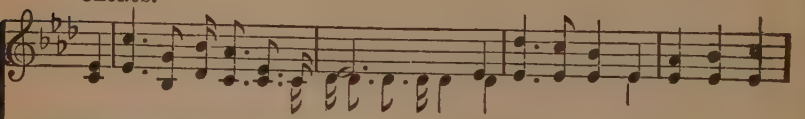




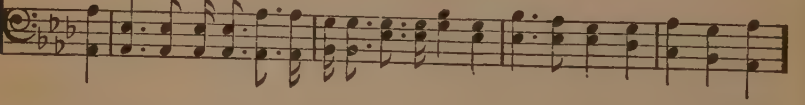
As count-less as the sun-set's gold-en beams, As bound-less as the sea.
His lov-ing-kind-ness o-ver-flows my soul, In-rush-ing as the tide.
His hand is ev-er reaching out to bless; He bids each sor-row cease.
My voice will ev-er praise Him for the grace Of which I ne'er could dream.

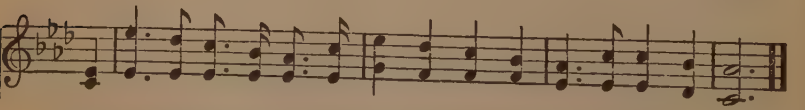


CHORUS.

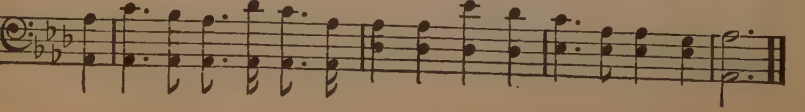


His gifts are greater than my dreams, The gifts of Him who set me free;
His gifts are great-er, they are greater than my dreams.





And more and more a-bun-dant dai-ly seems The grace of God to me.



No. 55. Buy up the Opportunity.

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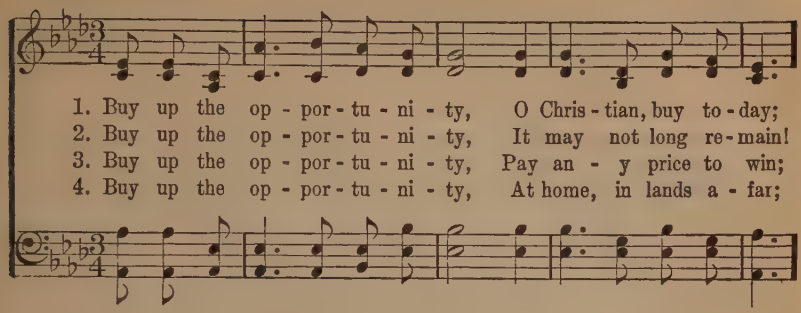
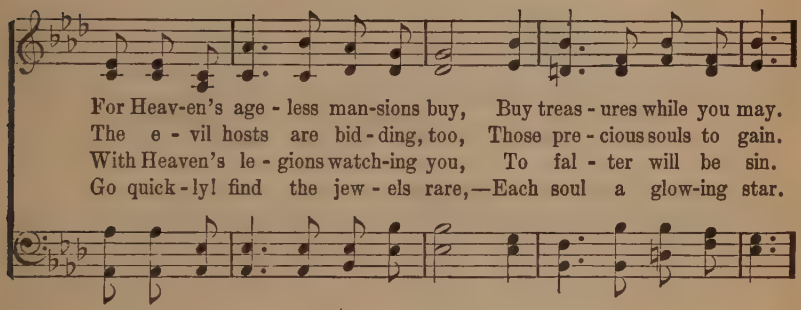
John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.

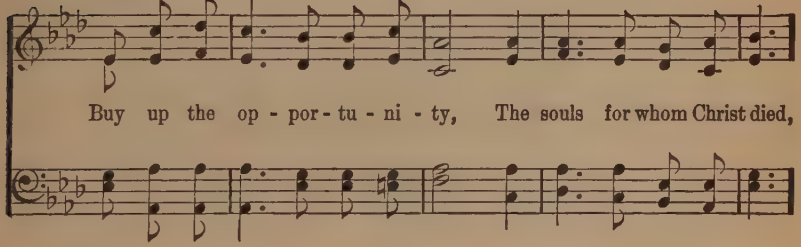


1. Buy up the op - por - tu - ni - ty, O Chris - tian, buy to - day;
2. Buy up the op - por - tu - ni - ty, It may not long re - main!
3. Buy up the op - por - tu - ni - ty, Pay an - y price to win;
4. Buy up the op - por - tu - ni - ty, At home, in lands a - far;

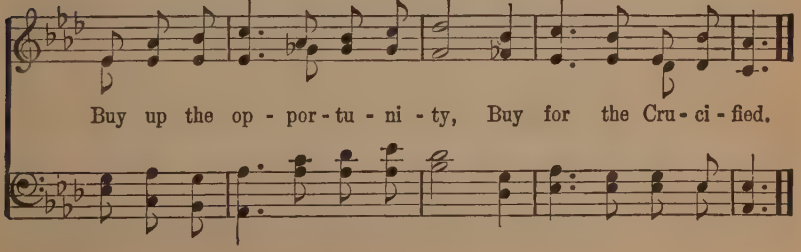


For Heav-en's age - less man-sions buy, Buy treas - ures while you may.
The e - vil hosts are bid - ding, too, Those pre - cious souls to gain.
With Heaven's le - gions watch-ing you, To fal - ter will be sin.
Go quick - ly! find the jew - els rare,—Each soul a glow-ing star.

CHORUS.



Buy up the op - por - tu - ni - ty, The souls for whom Christ died,



Buy up the op - por - tu - ni - ty, Buy for the Cru - ci - fied.

No. 56. Over and Over Again.

Floy S. Armstrong. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCEL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How man-y times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How
2. He ne'er re-fus-es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends
3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o-ver a - gain, The

many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His
show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be

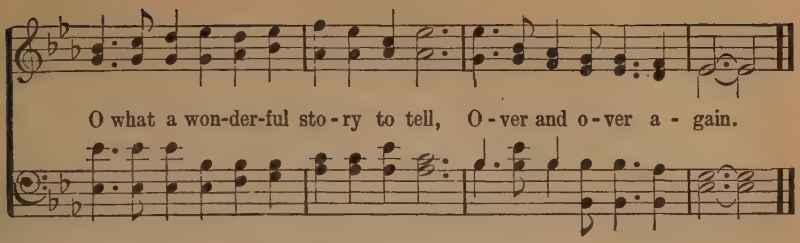
good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-
si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then
will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And

peat the old sto-ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o-ver a - gain. . . . .
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,
some day in glory we'll look on His face, o - - ver and o - ver a - gain.

CHORUS.

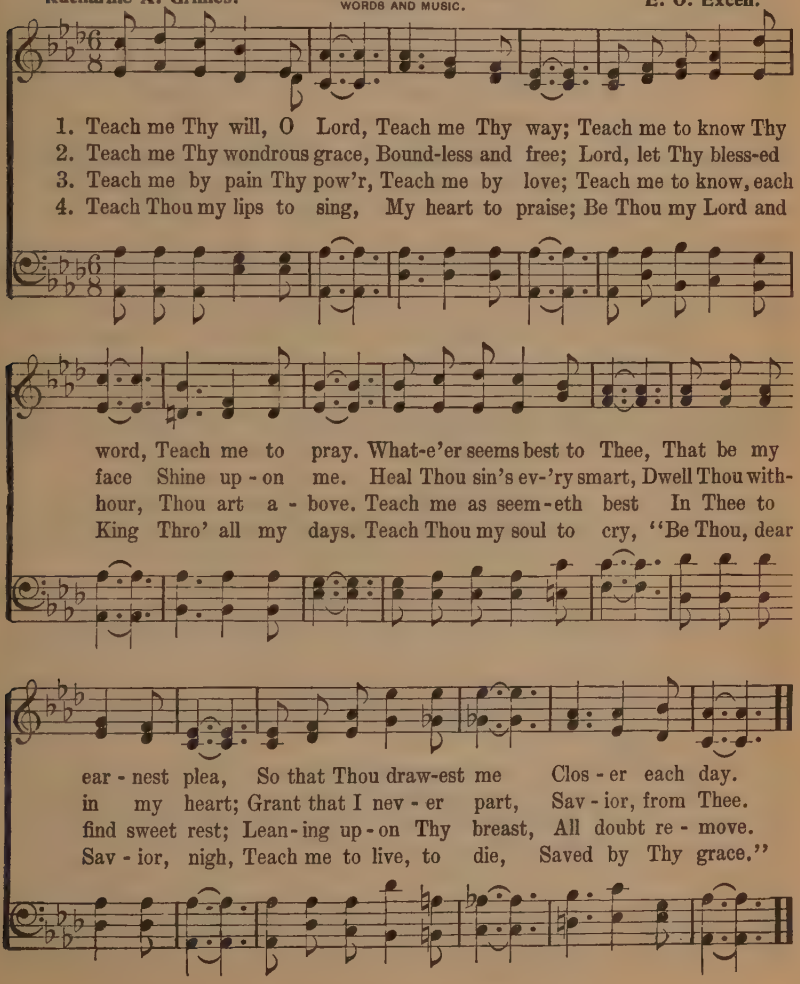
O - ver and o-ver a - gain, . . . O - ver and o-ver a - gain, ...
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,

Over and Over Again.



No. 57. Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord.

Katharine A. Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.



No. 58. Oh, For a Clean Heart.

E. Hoening.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Oh, for a heart of de - vo - tion, A spir - it that wor-ships a - right,
2. Oh, for a deep sense of du - ty—Just do - ing His bid - ding each day,
3. Oh, for a sense of de-pend-ence, Not trusting to what I can do;

A soul full of ear-nest be - liev - ing, That walks with the Lord in the light;
By tak-ing the task He as-signs me, And fol - low - ing Him in the way;
A lean-ing by faith on His prom-ise, A zeal that will car - ry me thro';

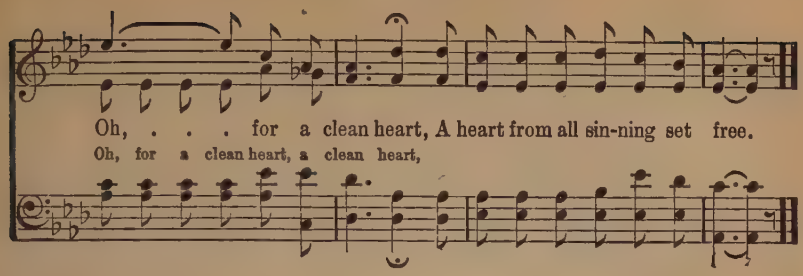
And oh, for a spir - it like Je - sus, Kind, gen-tle, af - fec-tion-ate, true,
Con-tent-ed to serve, without ask - ing Him just what the har-vest will be,
A heart full of love for the Mas - ter, And those who are yet far from home;

A spir - it of sweet res-ig - na - tion, A heart clean within, and made new.
But wait-ing till He shall re - veal it, Con-tent then the blessing to see.
A mind full of sanc - ti-fied pur-pose, A heart that is ful-ly His own.

CHORUS.

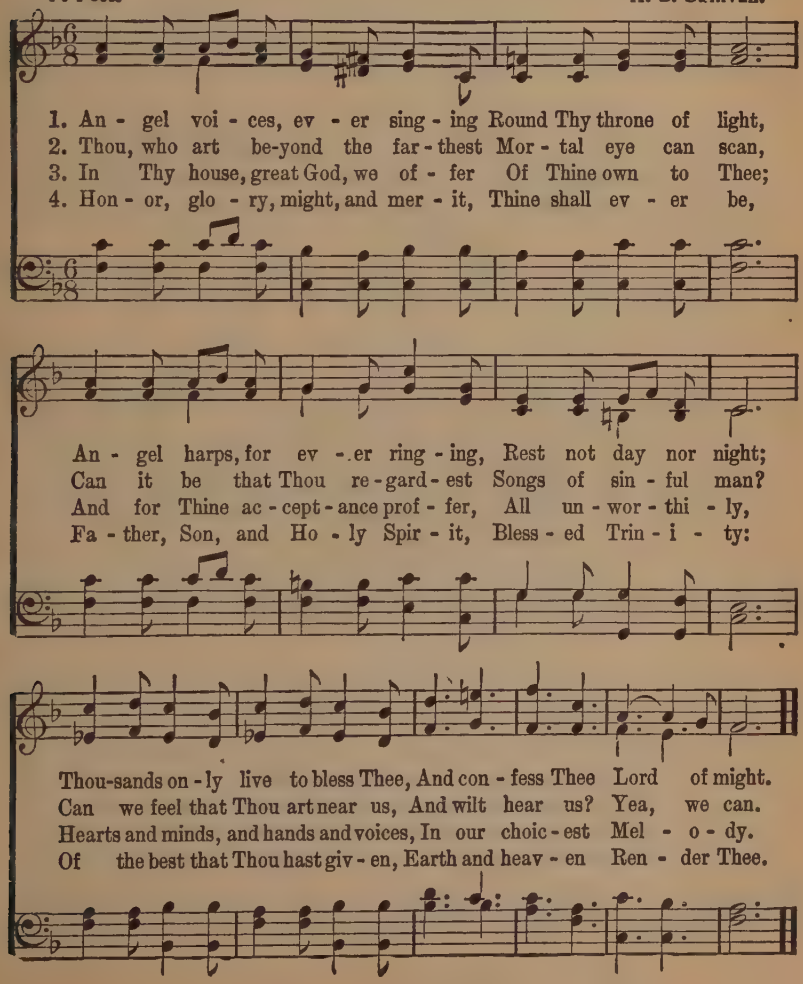
Oh, . . . for a clean heart, Je - - - sus, I pray Thee,
Oh, for a clean heart, a clean heart, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I pray Thee,

Oh, For a Clean Heart.



No. 59. Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

F. Pott. A. S. Sullivan.



No. 60.

It Is Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm.

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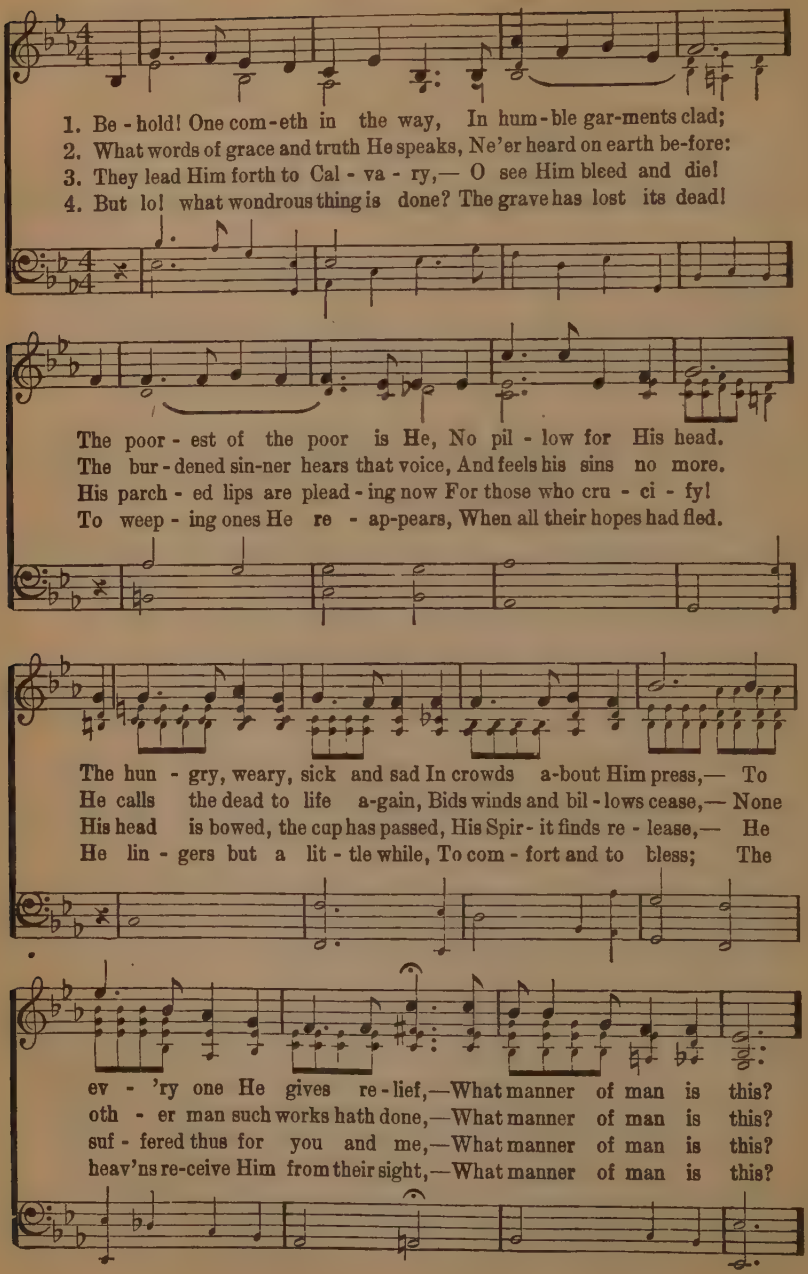
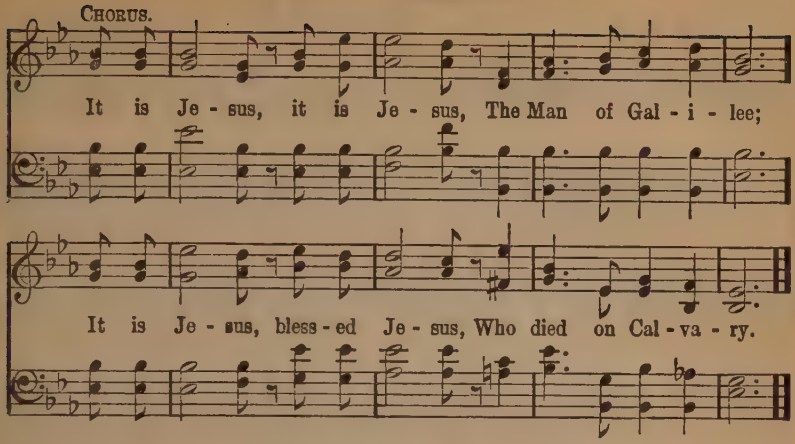
WORDS AND MUSIC.

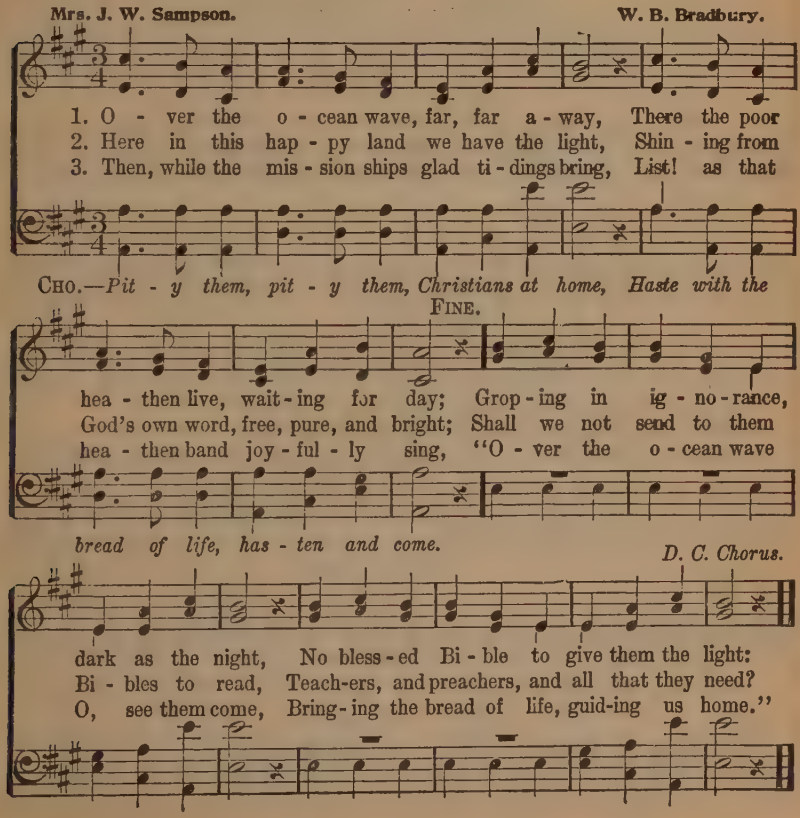
Chas. H. Gabriel.



It Is Jesus.



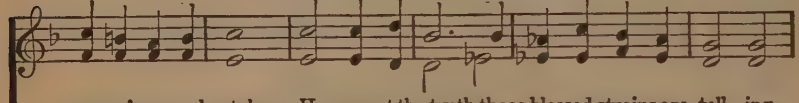
No. 61. The Bread of Life.



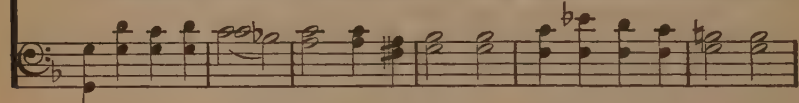
No. 62. Hark, Hark, My Soul!

Frederick W. Faber. J. B. Dykes.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a-way, like bells at eve-ning peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments

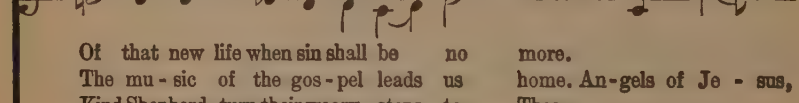


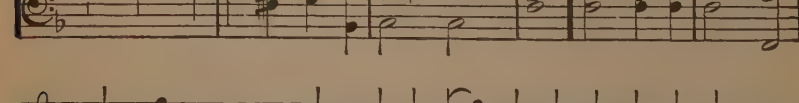
o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la-den souls, by thousands meekly steal - ing,
of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,



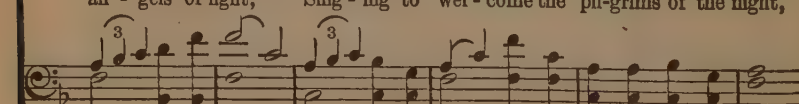
REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An-gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
And life's long shad-ows break in cloud - less love.

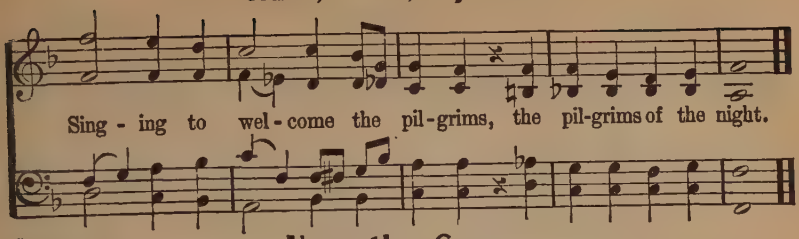




an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night,

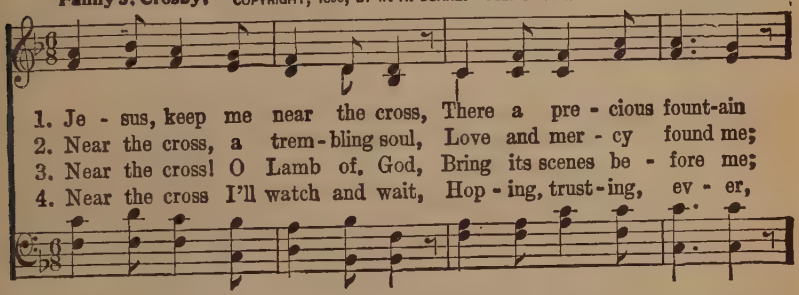


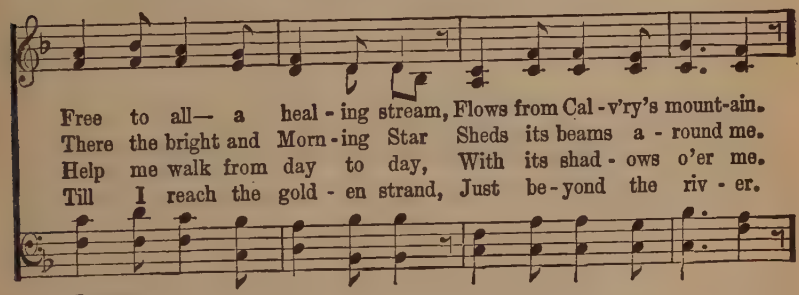
Hark, Hark, My Soul!



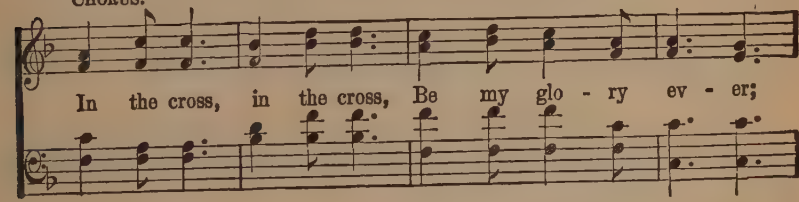
No. 63. Near the Cross.

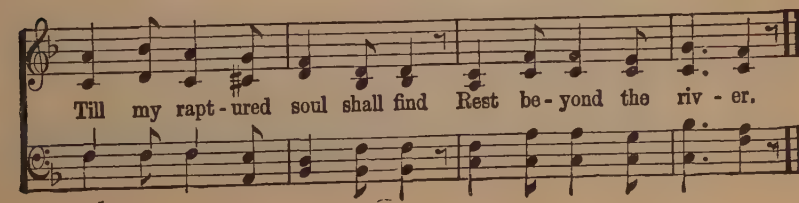
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PER. W. H. Doane.





CHORUS.





No. 64. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And help - less and de - filed.

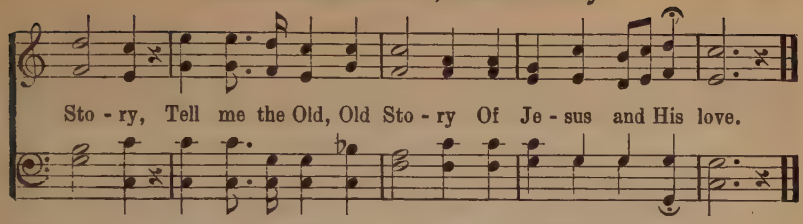
2. Tell me the sto - ry, slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old

3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re - mem - ber I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A com - fort - er to me.

4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

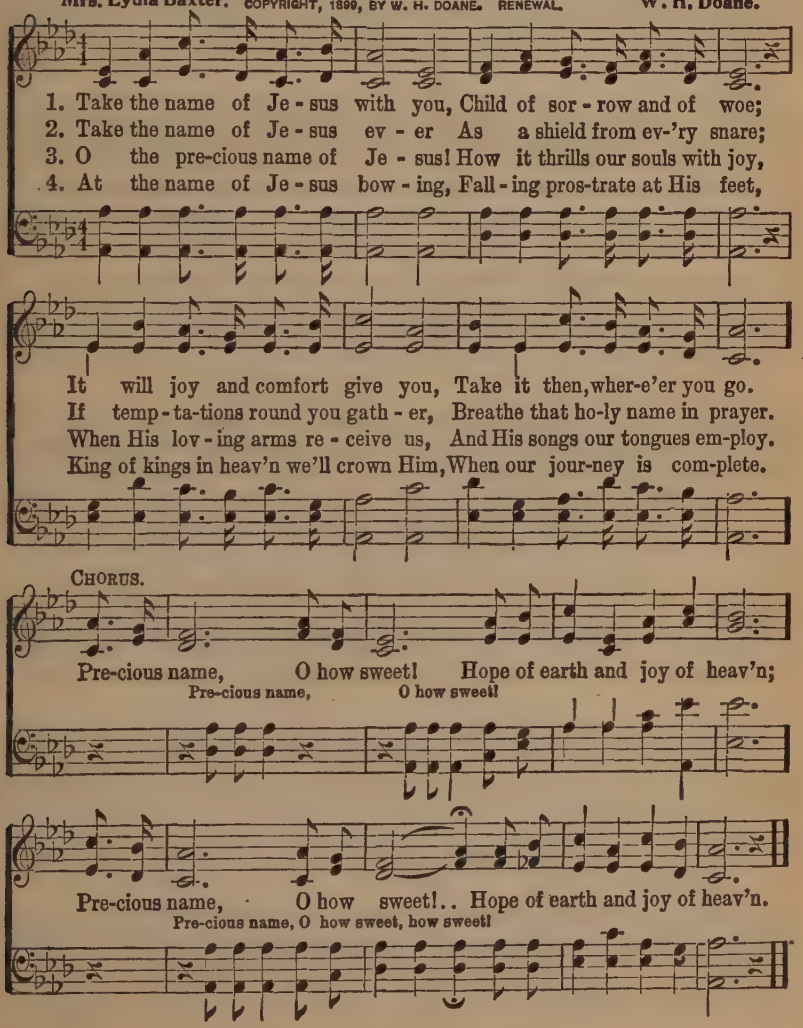
CHORUS.

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



No. 65. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W. H. Doane.



No. 66. Is My Name Written There?

BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder. Frank M. Davis.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei-ther sil - ver nor gold; I would
2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its

make sure of Heav-en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy
blood, oh, my Sav - ior! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy promise is
glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing

kingdom, With its pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my
writ - ten, In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will
com - eth, To de-spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Yes, my

D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my*

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

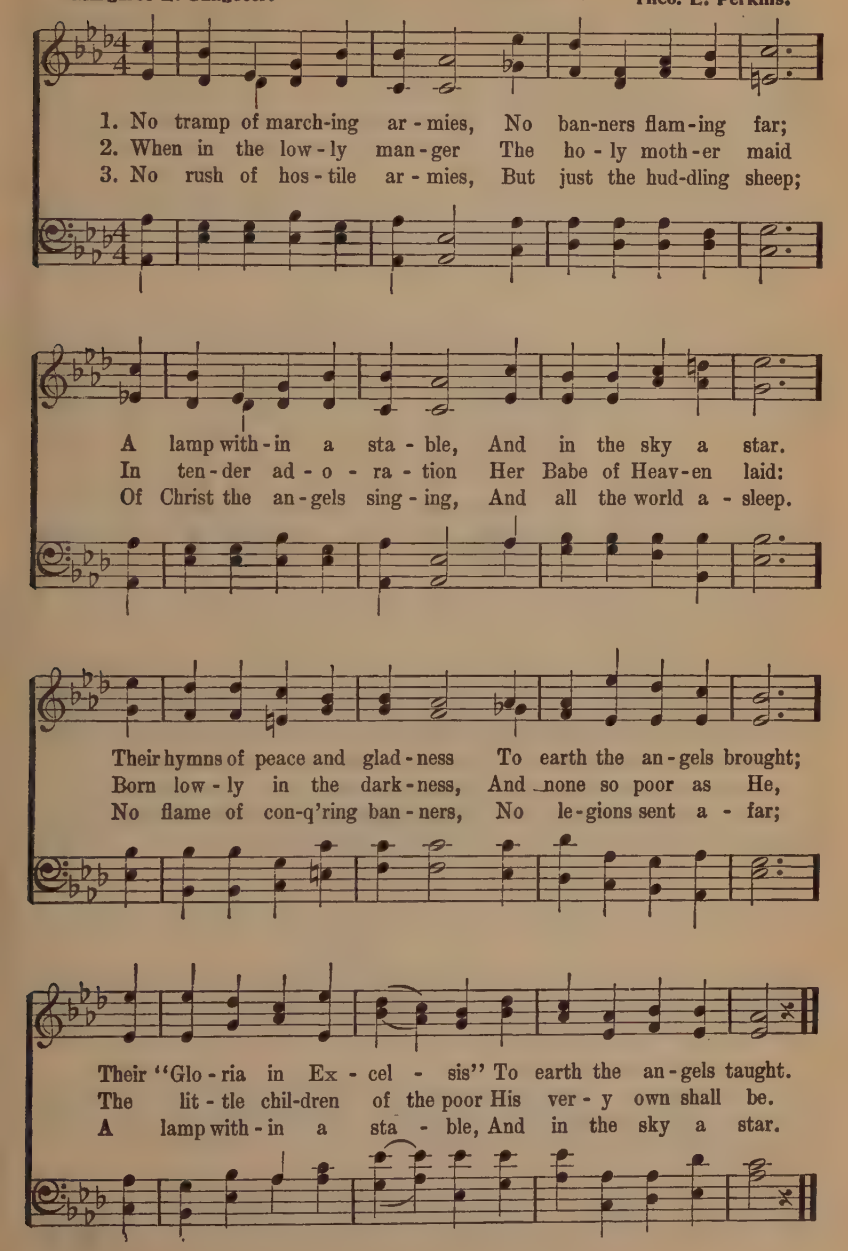
name writ-ten there?
make them like snow." Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?
name's writ-ten there.

name writ - ten there?

N . 67. A Lamp Within a Stable.

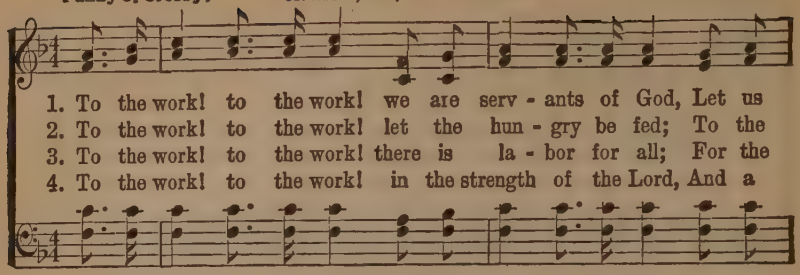
COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

Margaret E. Sangster. Theo. E. Perkins.

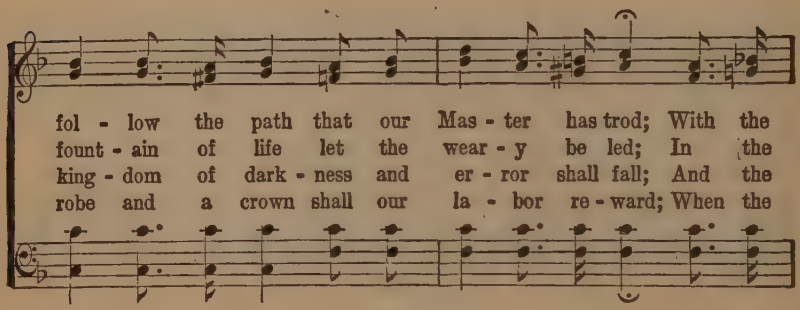


No. 68. To the Work.

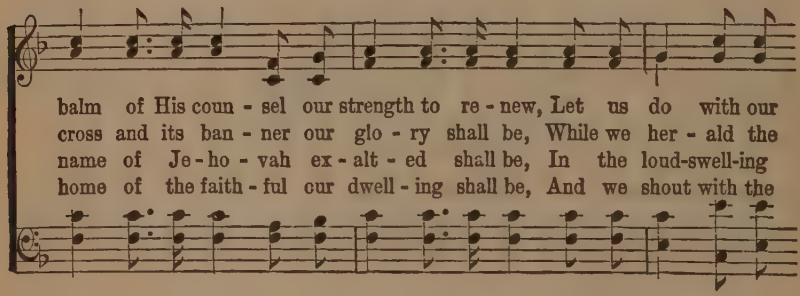
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.



1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a

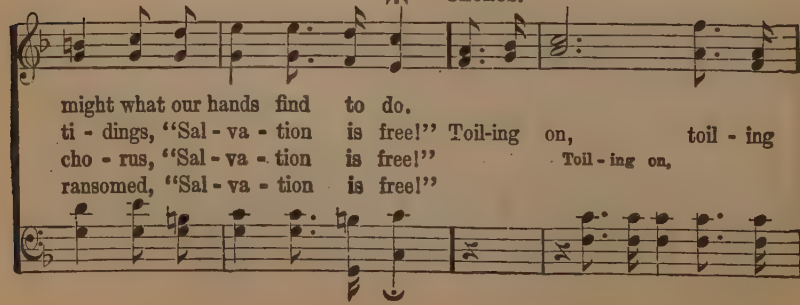


fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
fount - ain of life let the wear - y be led; In the
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the



balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the
name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud-swell-ing
home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the

CHORUS.



might what our hands find to do.
ti - dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil-ing on, toil - ing
cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on,
ransomed, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

To the Work.

on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on; Let us
toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on;

hope, let us watch, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes.
and trust, and pray,

No. 69. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To

FINE.

cleans-ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
dost my vile-ness full-y cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
per-fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.

D. S.—*That flowed on Cal-va-ry!*

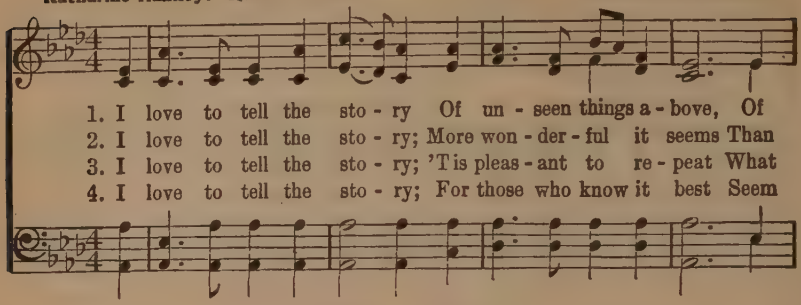
CHORUS. D. S.

I am coming, Lord! Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood

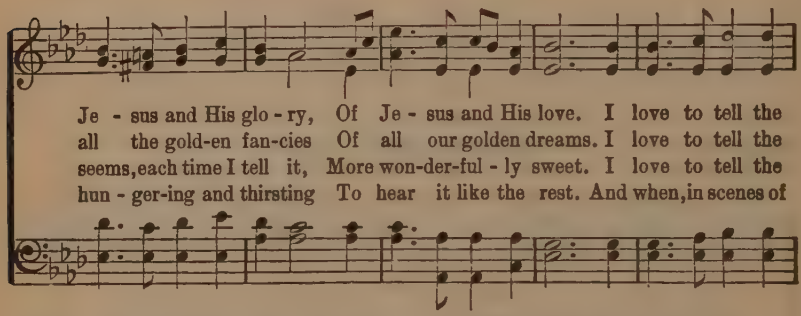
No. 70. I Love to Tell the Story.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER.

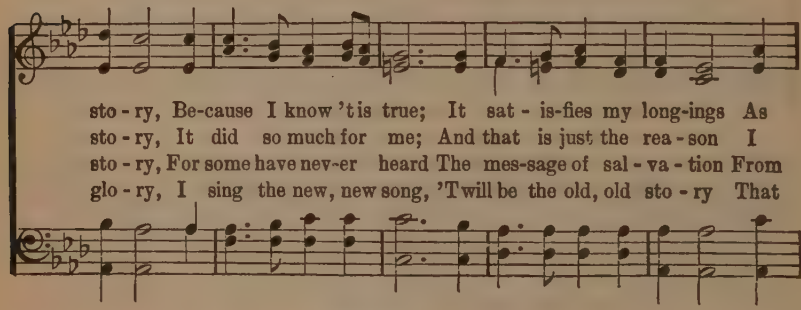
Katharine Hankey. Refrain added. William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'T is pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

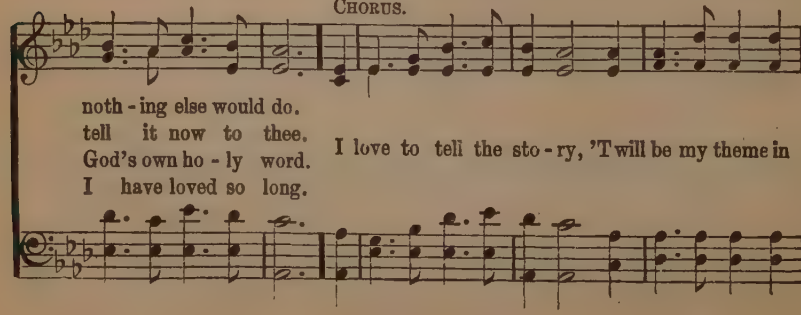


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
all the gold-en fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
seems, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
hun - ger-ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of



sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is-fies my long-ings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I
sto - ry, For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That

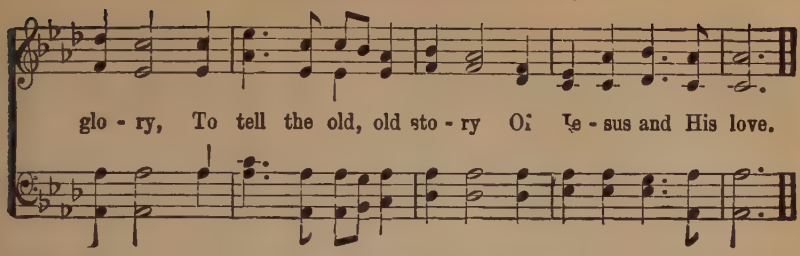
CHORUS.



noth - ing else would do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have loved so long.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in

I Love to Tell the Story.



No. 71. Just a Word for Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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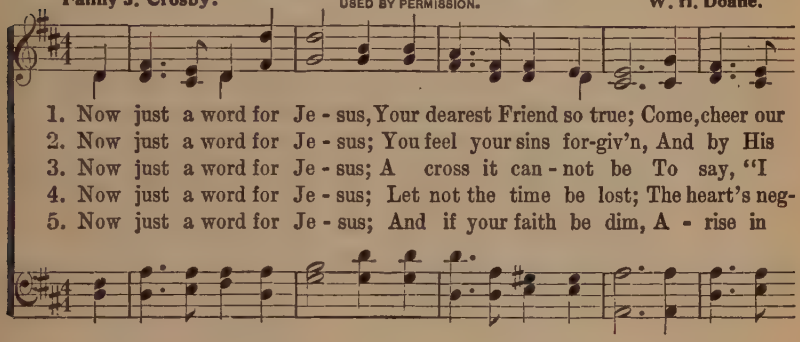
W. H. Doane.



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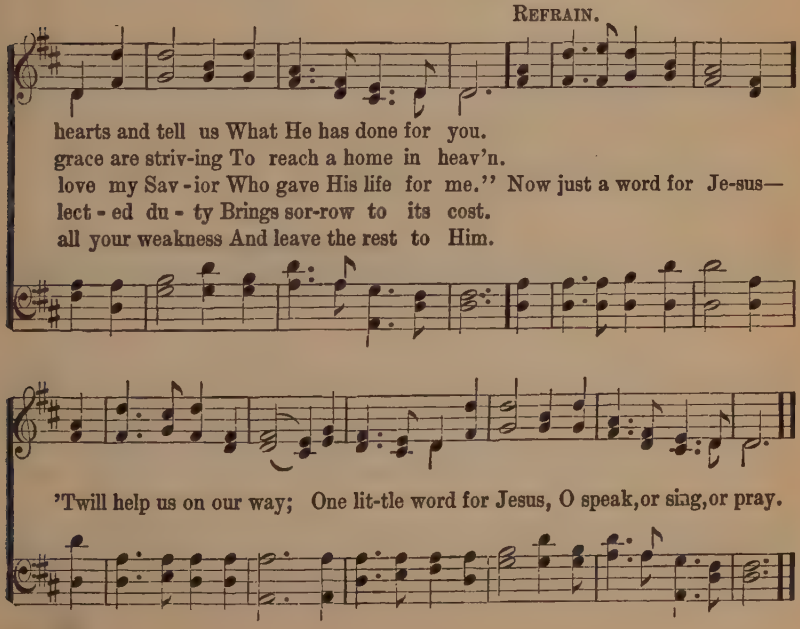
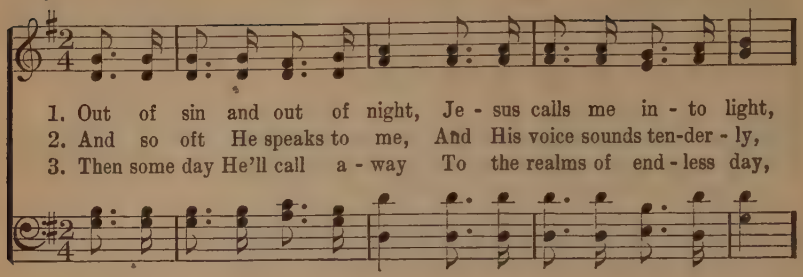


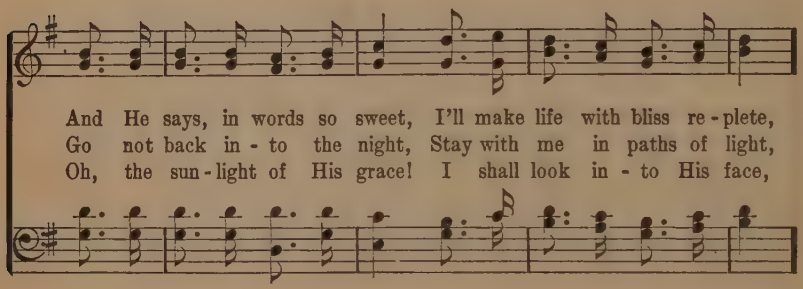
No. 72. No Shadows.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY JOHN B. SWEET.

John B. Sweet. John B. Sweet.

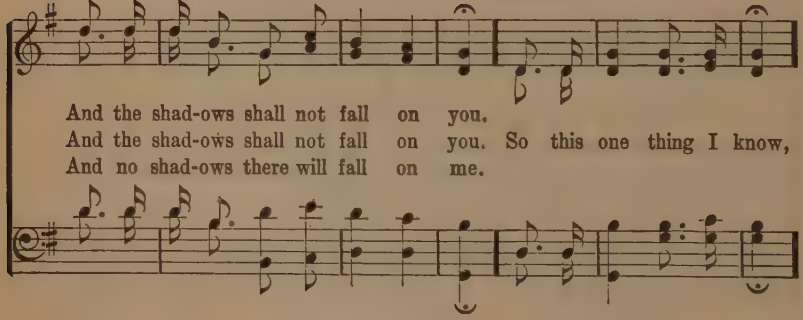


1. Out of sin and out of night, Je - sus calls me in - to light,
2. And so oft He speaks to me, And His voice sounds ten-der - ly,
3. Then some day He'll call a - way To the realms of end - less day,

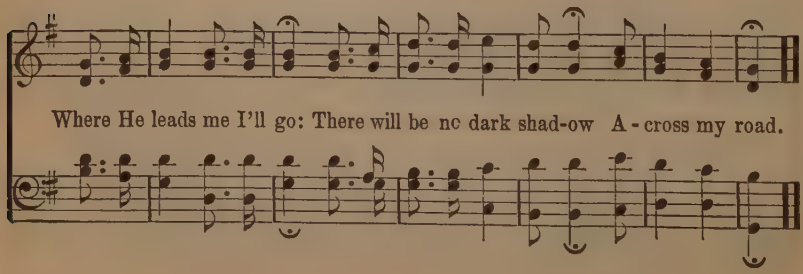


And He says, in words so sweet, I'll make life with bliss re - plete,
Go not back in - to the night, Stay with me in paths of light,
Oh, the sun - light of His grace! I shall look in - to His face,

CHORUS.



And the shad-ows shall not fall on you.
And the shad-ows shall not fall on you. So this one thing I know,
And no shad-ows there will fall on me.

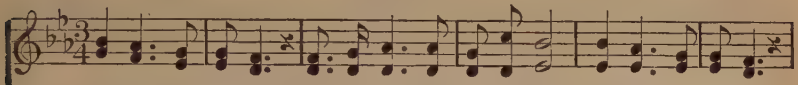


Where He leads me I'll go: There will be no dark shad-ow A - cross my road.

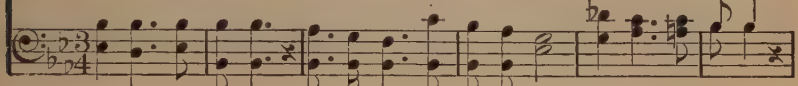
No. 73. What A Friend Thou Art to Me.

WORDS AND ARRANGEMENT OF MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

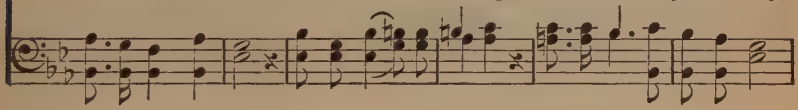
Fanny J. Crosby. (QUARTET.) Har. by Hubert P. Main.



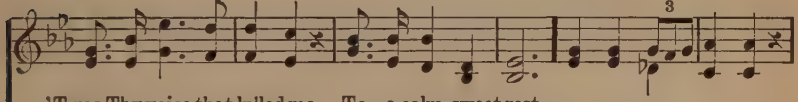
1. O my Re-deemer, What a Friend Thou art to me! O what a ref-uge
2. When in their beauty, Stars un-veil their sil-ver light, Then, O my Sav-ior,
3. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, When the last deep shadows fall; When, in the si-lence



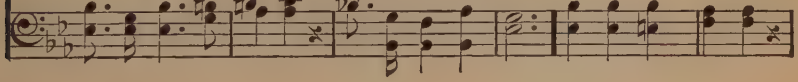
I have found in Thee! When the way was dreary, And my heart was sore oppressed,
Give me songs at night–Songs of yonder mansions, Where the dear ones, gone before,
I shall hear Thy call,—In Thine arms re-pos-ing, Let me breathe my life a-way,

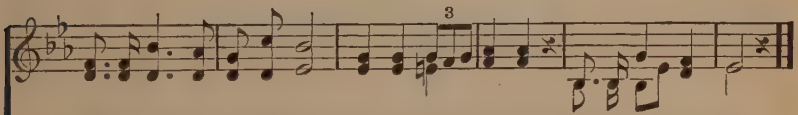


rit. . . . . CHORUS.

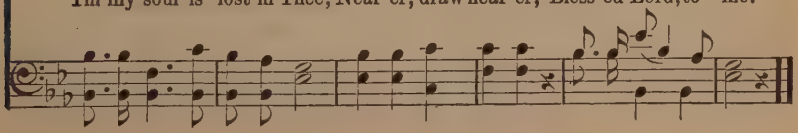


'Twas Thy voice that lulled me To a calm, sweet rest.
Sing Thy praise for-ev-er, On that peaceful shore. Near-er, draw near-er,
And a-wake tri-um-phant, In e-ter-nal day.



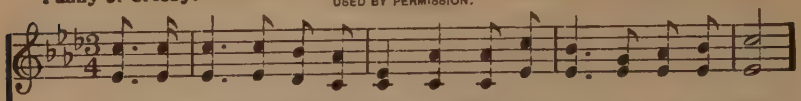


Till my soul is lost in Thee; Near-er, draw near-er, Bless-ed Lord, to me.

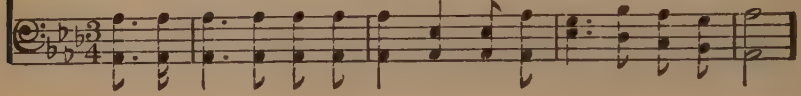


No. 74. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

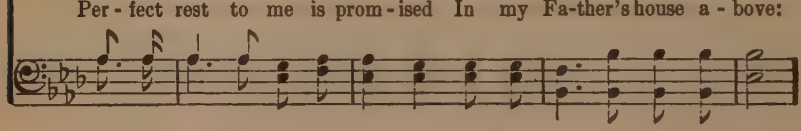
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.



1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful-ness of His love!

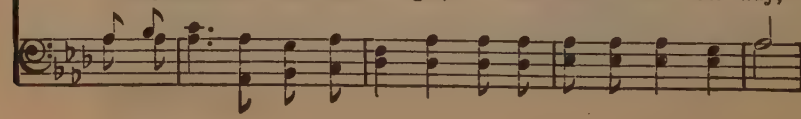


Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove:

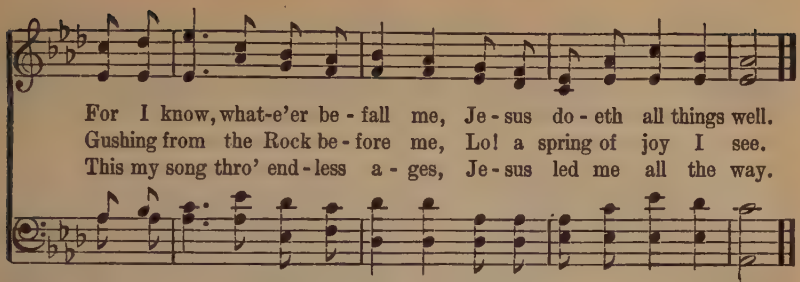


Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a-ges, Je-sus led me all the way;

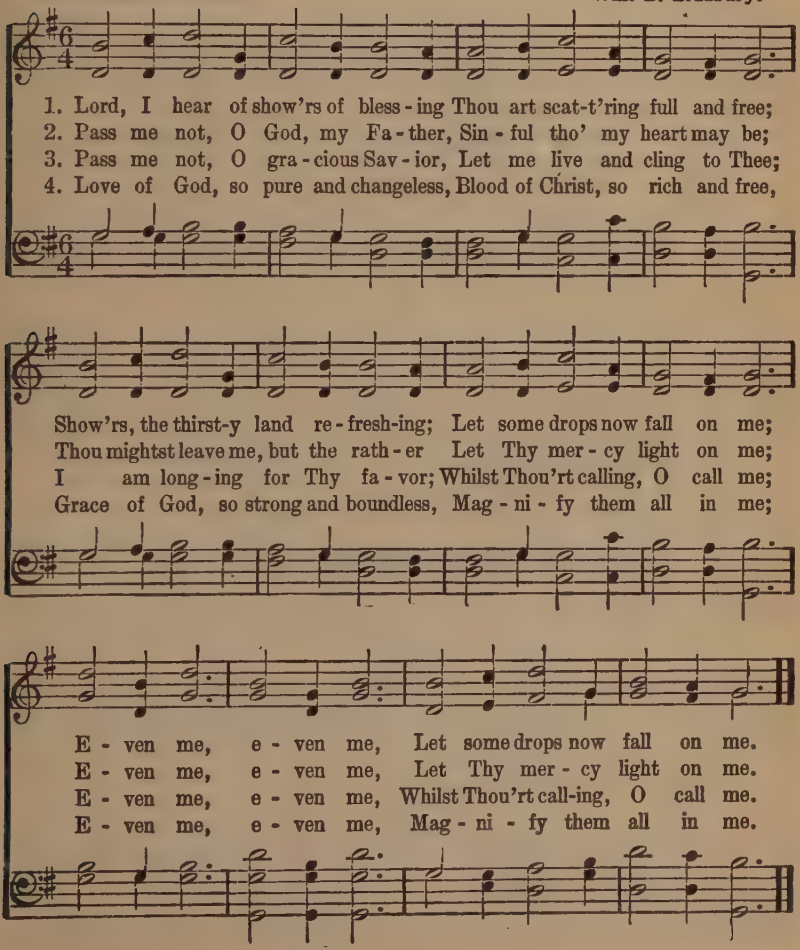


All the Way My Savior Leads Me.



No. 75. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

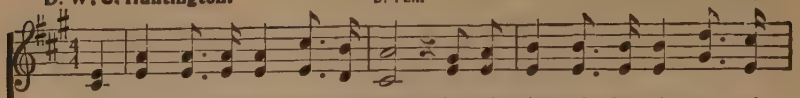


No. 76. The Home Over There.

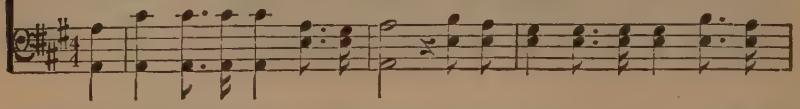
D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. BY PER.

Tullius C. O'Kane.

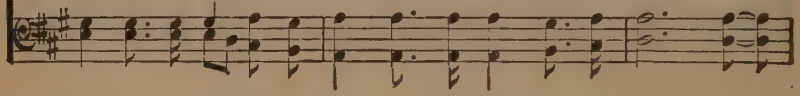


1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the frinds o - ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I



light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see; Ma - ny dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are

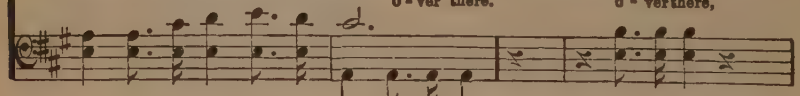
O - ver there.



REFRAIN.

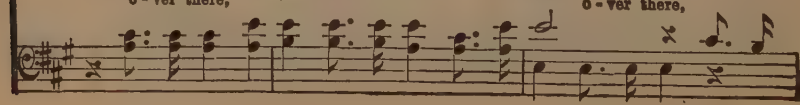
robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait - ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver

o - ver there. o - ver there,



there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver

o - ver there, o - ver there,



The Home Over There.

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O think of the home o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O think of the friends o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
o - ver there,

No. 77. Be Strong.

William Herbert Hudnut. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS. **Theo. E. Perkins.**

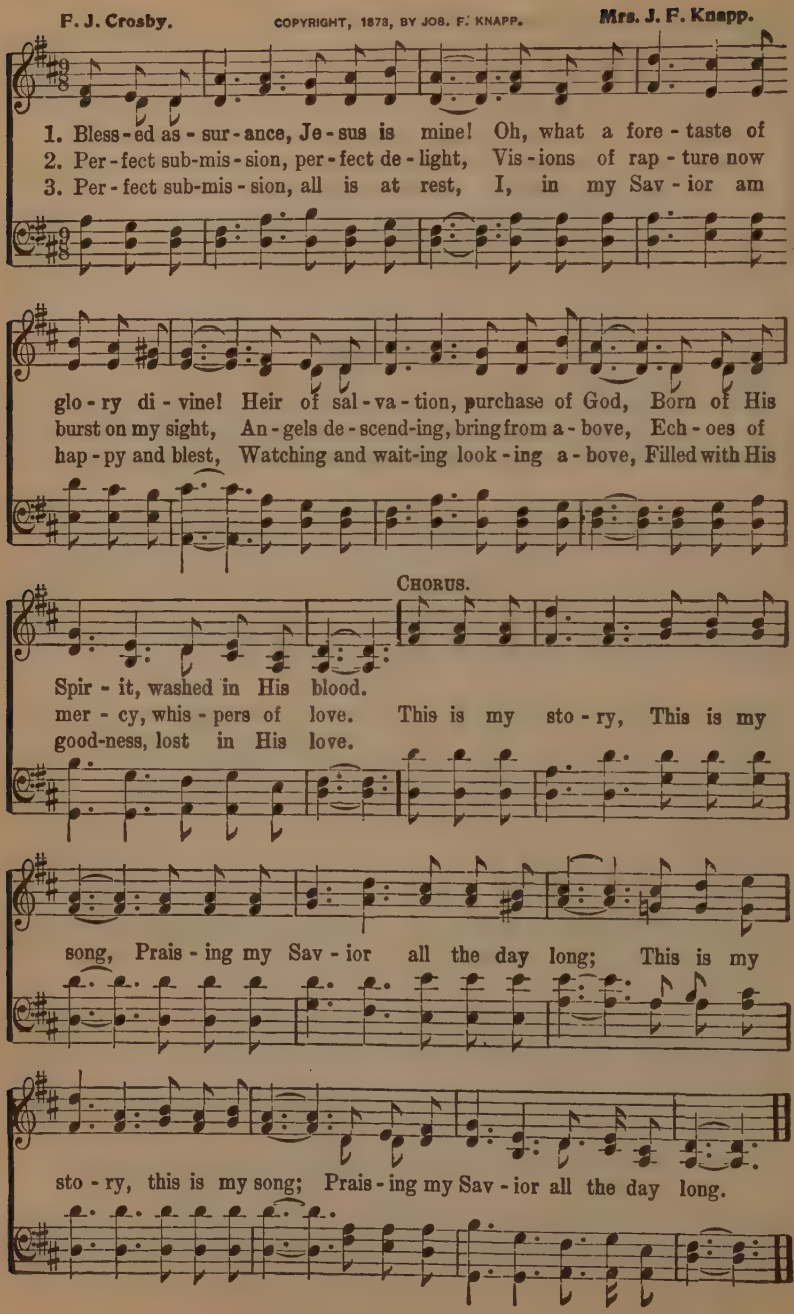
Spirited.

1. Quit you like men, be strong, be strong; There's a bur - den to bear, there's a grief to share, There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care,—
2. Quit you like men, be strong, be strong; There's a bat - tle to fight, there's a wrong to right, There's a God who bless - es the good with might,—
3. Quit you like men, be strong, be strong; There's a work to do, there's a world to make new, There's a call for men who are brave and true—
4. Quit you like men, be strong, be strong; There's a year of grace, there's a God to fall, There's an - oth - er heat in the great world race—

But fare ye forth with a song, but fare ye forth with a song.
So fare ye forth with a song, so fare ye forth with a song.
Speed on! speed on with a song, speed on! speed on with a song.
Speed on! speed on with a song, speed on! speed on with a song.

No. 78. Blessed Assurance.

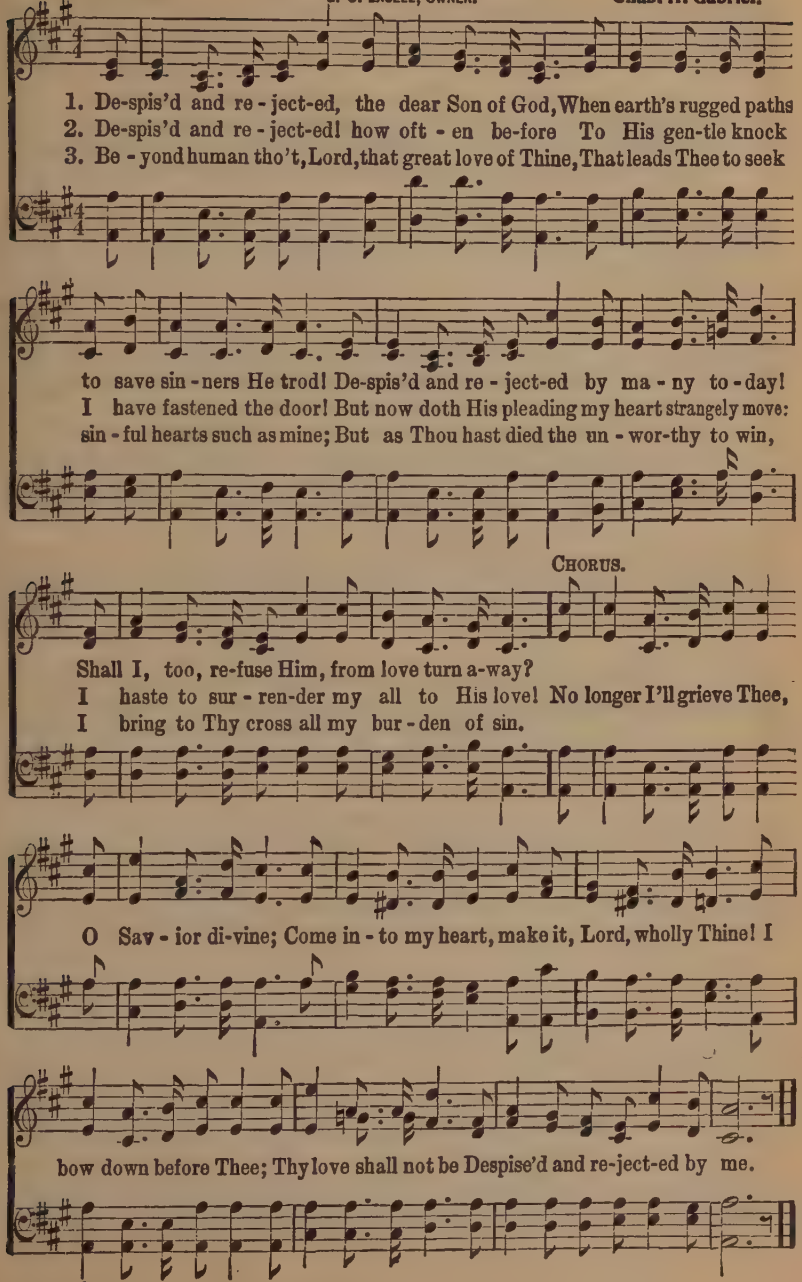
F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



No. 79. Despised and Rejected.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Maud Frazer. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 80. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Ostman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC

E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-

CHORUS.

one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,

one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

Count Your Blessings.

rit.

blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 81. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest toss'd,

But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

CHORUS.

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

Some poor faint - ing struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

No. 82. Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

T. H. Thoro Harris.

Slow. *mp* *mf*

1. I've wan-dered far o'er sin's dark wild, I'm com-ing home to - night;
2. Long have I sought sweet peace and rest, I'm com-ing home to - night;
3. Com - ing to Je - sus' wound-ed side, I'm com-ing home to - night;
4. Let me a - bide, dear Lord, with Thee, I'm com-ing home to - night;

mp *mf*

My Fa - ther calls, "Come back, My child;" I'm com-ing home to - night.
Yet all in vain has been my quest, I'm com-ing home to - night.
Com-ing to Christ the Cru - ci - fied, I'm com-ing home to - night.
O let me all Thy glo - ry see, I'm com-ing home to - night.

REFRAIN.

mf *mp* *mf* *rit.*

I'm com-ing home to-night, (to-night,) I'm com-ing home to - night, to-night;

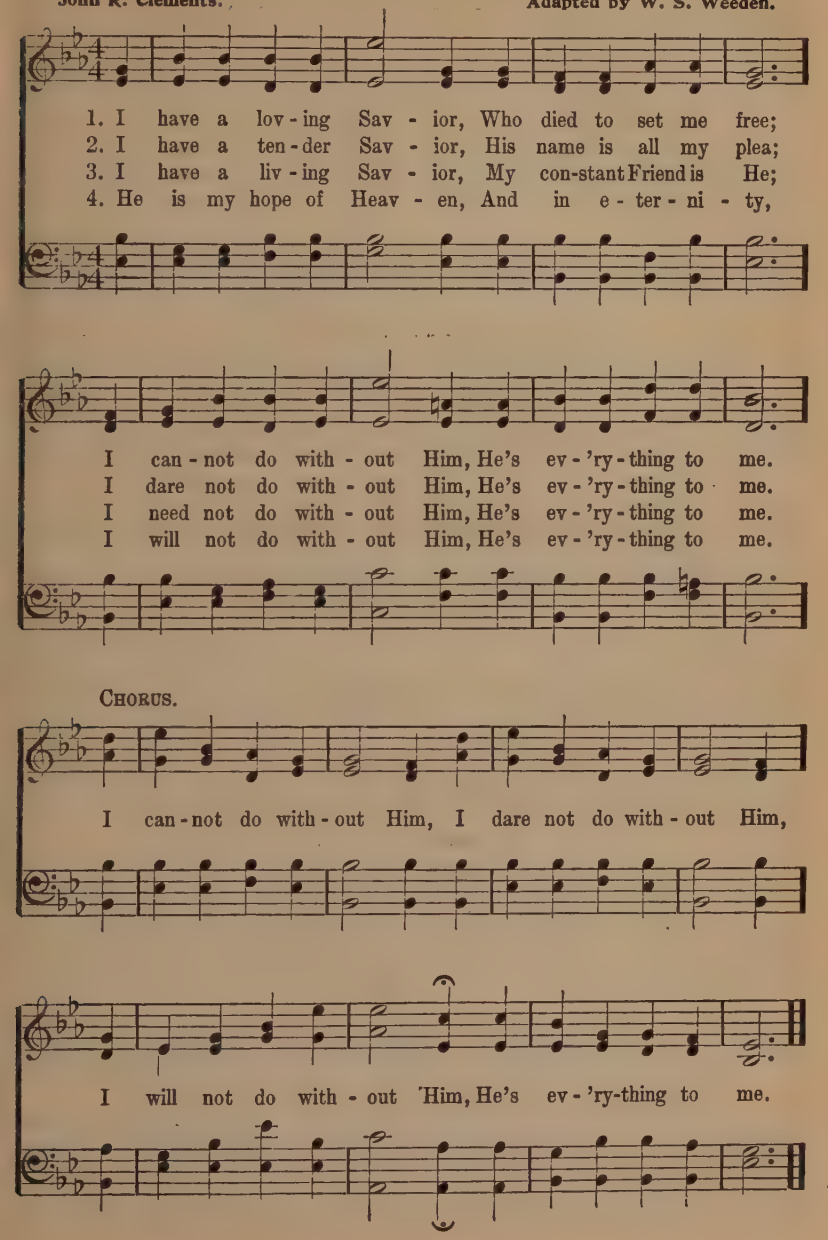
O - pen the door, dear Lord, for me, I'm com-ing home to - night.

No. 83. He's Everything to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS FOR MRS. W. S. WEEDEN.

John R. Clements.

J. Michael Haydn.
Adapted by W. S. Weeden.



No. 84. Somebody Cares.

Irene Durfee. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE PRAISE PUB. CO., PHILA., PA. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Nev-er a-lone in this earth-ly way, Some-bod-y cares, Some-bod-y cares;
2. When I am singing a hap-py song, Some-bod-y cares, Some-bod-y cares;
3. When I am weary and long for rest, Some-bod-y cares, Some-bod-y cares;

I have a Help-er each bus-y day; Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus:
When I am fight-ing a-gainst the wrong, Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus:
When by the tempt-er I'm sore-ly pressed, Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus:

Somebody cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'erwhelmed with woe,
Some-bod-y cares when I stand a-lone, Cares when the pleasures of earth are gone,
Some-bod-y cares, and what-e'er be-tide, Walks ev'ry hour by the Chris-tian's side;

Cares and is mark-ing my path be-low; Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus.
Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown; Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus.
Love so a-maz-ing will e'er a-bide; Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus.

REFRAIN.

Some-bod-y cares for me, Some-bod-y cares for me;
Some-bod-y cares, yes, cares for me, Some-bod-y cares, yes, He cares for me;

Somebody Cares.

In all my life His kind hand I see; Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus.

No. 85. Hide Me.

F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

1. Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide me In Thy ho - ly place;
2. Hide me, when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troub-led sea;
3. Hide me, when my heart is break - ing With its weight of woe;

Rest - ing there be-neath Thy glo - ry, O let me see Thy face.
Like a dove on o - cean's bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.
When in tears I seek the com - fort Thou canst a - lone be - stow.

REFRAIN.

Hide me, hide me, O bless-ed Sav - ior, hide me;
Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me,

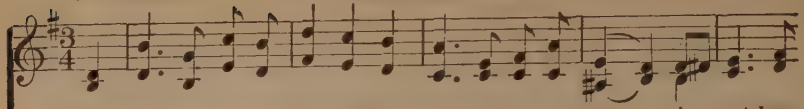
O Sav - ior, keep me Safe - ly, O Lord, with Thee.
O, my Sav - ior, keep Thou me,

No. 86. The Life That is to Be.

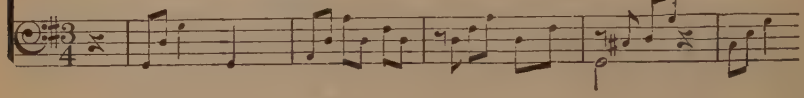
T. O. Chisholm.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC

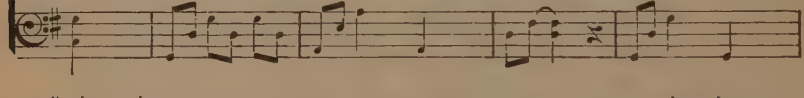
Samuel W. Beazley.



1. Sometimes there comes a longing No language can ex - press, A rest-less,
2. It comes to me when wea-ry From earth-ly toil and care, It comes when
3. How bright the far ex-pan-sion That trem-bles on my sight! A world of
4. O life be-yond the shadows! O home be-yond the sea! How ma - ny

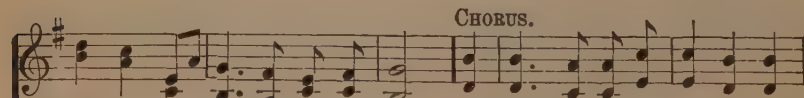


home-sick feel-ing, A gen - tle, sweet dis - tress, As if an an - gel-
I am lone - ly, Or when I kneel in pray'r; Or in the qui - et
light and beau-ty, Where nev - er com - eth night! A life of full com-
van-ished fac - es Are wait - ing there for me! Speed on! slow mov-ing

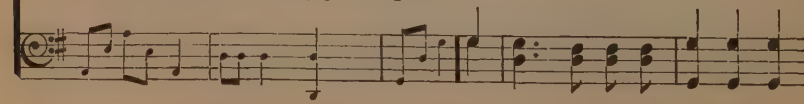


pres - ence Were brood - ing o - ver me And to my sense re-
ev - 'ning, When heart and voice are still, This thought of life e-
plete-ness, Un - dimmed by sin or pain! How ea - ger - ly my
sea - sons, And bring the last re - lease, When, freed from earth, I'll

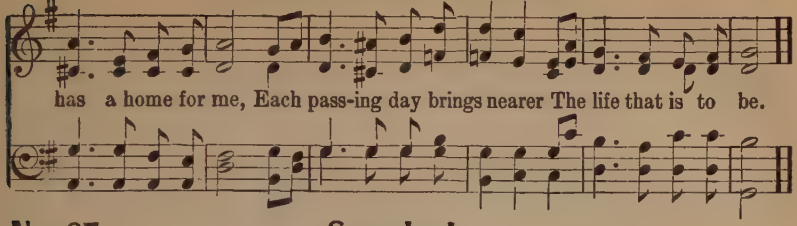
CHORUS.



veal - ing The life that is to be.
ter - nal Doth all my be - ing thrill. Somewhere, beyond the shadows, Christ
spir - it That bless-ed-ness would gain!
en - ter That life of joy and peace.



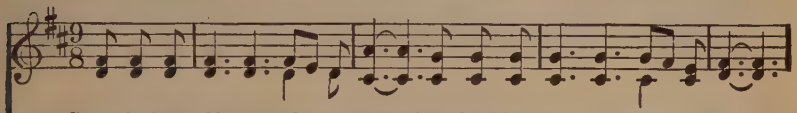
The Life That Is to be.



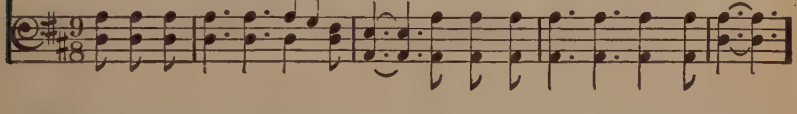
No. 87. Somebody.

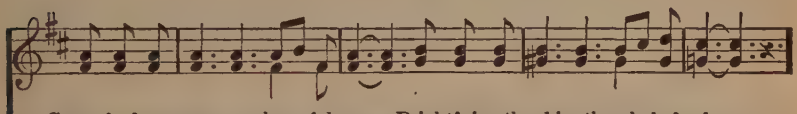
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.

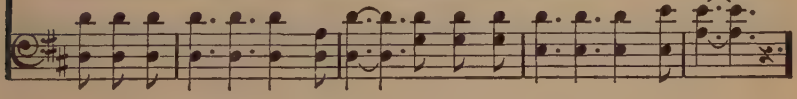


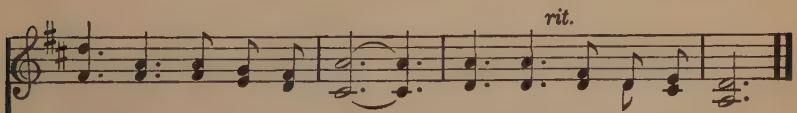
1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Proving him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i-dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fair-est flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Con-stant-ly chased a-way the night;





Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how his will was sac-ri-ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—





Was that some-bod-y you? Was that some-bod-y you?

No. 88. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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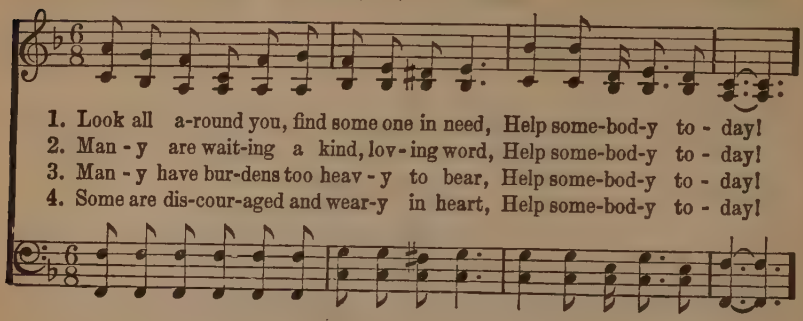
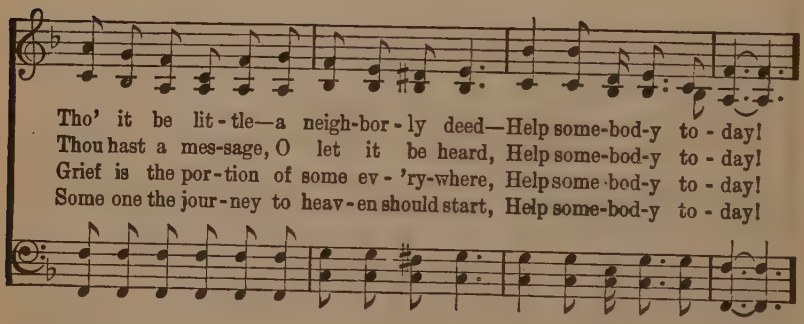
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

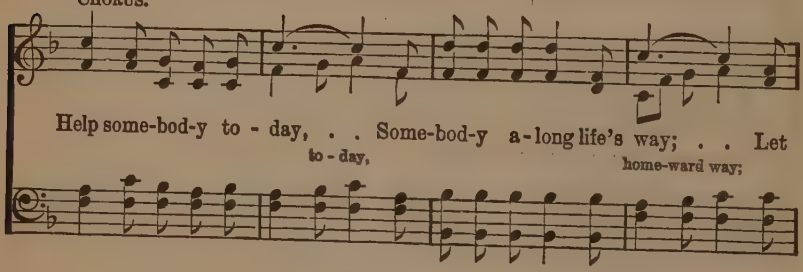


1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

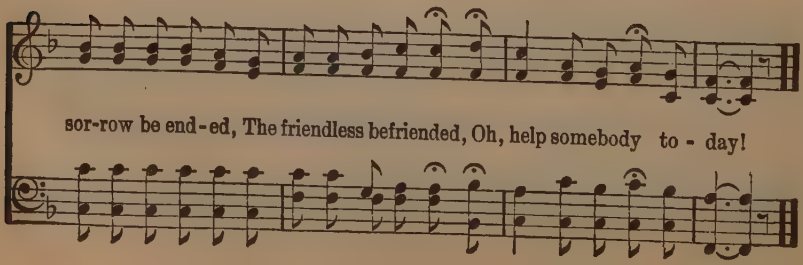


Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!

CHORUS.



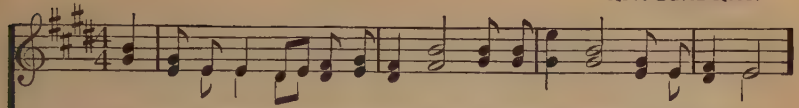
Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a-long life's way; . . Let
to - day, home-ward way;



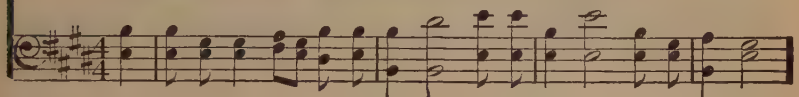
sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

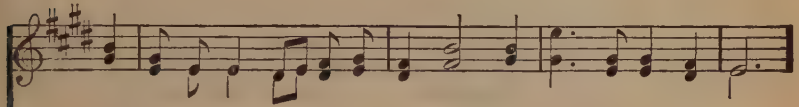
No. 89. Let the Tide Come In.

D. R. Rev. David Ross.

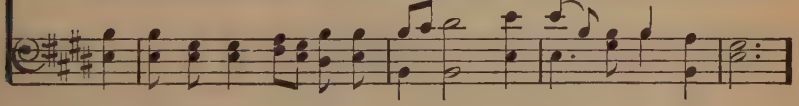


1. We thank Thee, Lord, that pow'r is flowing, Joy is com-ing, sor-row go-ing;
2. Oh, let Thy cross win ev-'ry na-tion, Send the peo-ple Thy sal-va-tion!
3. Life's precious hours are quickly fly-ing, Men are dy-ing, ev-er dy-ing!
4. We praise Thee for the tidings cheering, Signs of con-quest now ap-pear-ing,

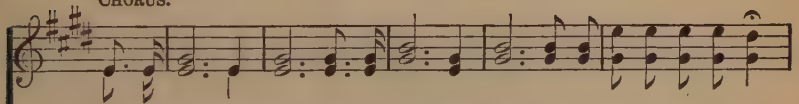




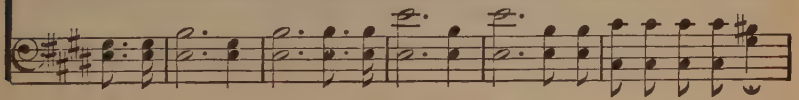
Thy ransomed host is grow-ing, grow-ing, But may the tide come in.
A-mong them show Thy new cre-a-tion, Oh, may the tide come in.
Thy plead-ing Church is cry-ing, cry-ing, Now may the tide come in.
Thy day of vic-to-ry is near-ing, Thank God! the tide comes in.



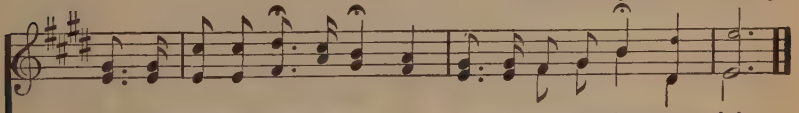
CHORUS.



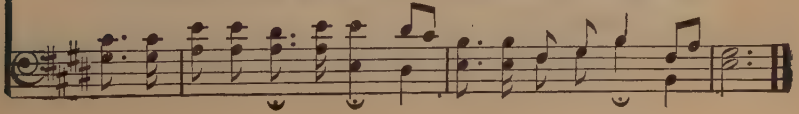
1-3. Let the tide come in, let the tide come in, Let the mighty flow be-gin,
4. Yes, the tide comes in, yes, the tide comes in; Oh, the mighty flow be-gins,



Small notes after last verse only.



Let it sweep a-way our sin, Oh, let the heav'nly tide come in!
And it sweeps a-way our sins! Re-joice! the glo-rious tide comes in!



No. 90. Fill Me with Thy Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Emp - ty me of self, my gra-cious Lord, Take a - way all hindrance
2. Emp - ty me of self, that Thou may'st see Thine own ho - ly like - ness
3. Emp - ty me of self, that I may give Wit-ness to the faith by
4. Emp - ty me of self, that I may bring Glad and read - y serv - ice

to Thy word, Bring my will with Thine in sweet ac - cord,
formed in me, Con - se - crat - ed full - y, Lord, to Thee,
which I live, Wit - ness to the bless - ings I re - ceive,
to my King, Sweet - est hal - le - lu - jahs then I'll sing;

CHORUS.

Fill me with Thy love. Emp - ty me of self, al - might - y

Sav - ior, Emp - ty me of self and lift my heart a - bove;

Fill me with Thy bless-ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Fill me with Thy love.

No. 91. Because I Love Jesus.

James Rowe.

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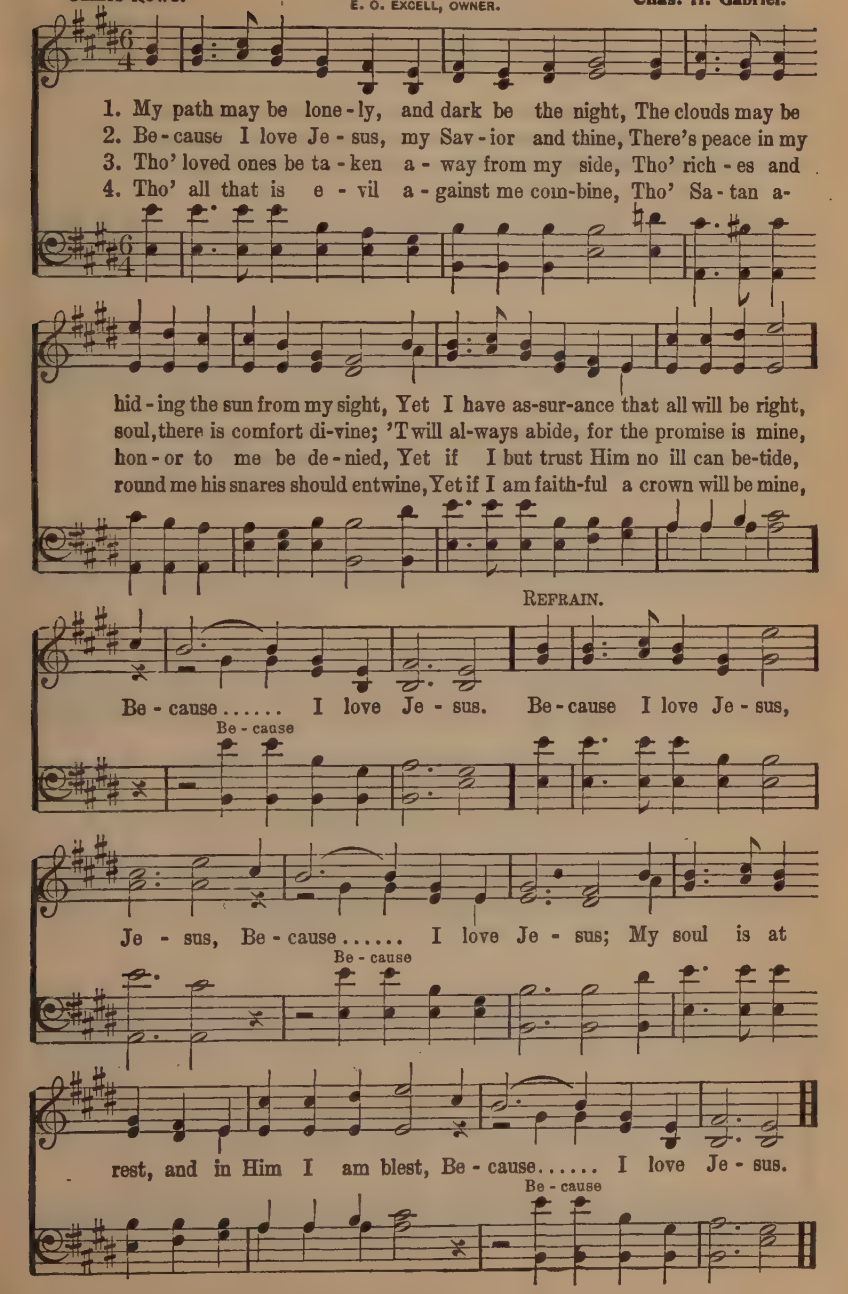
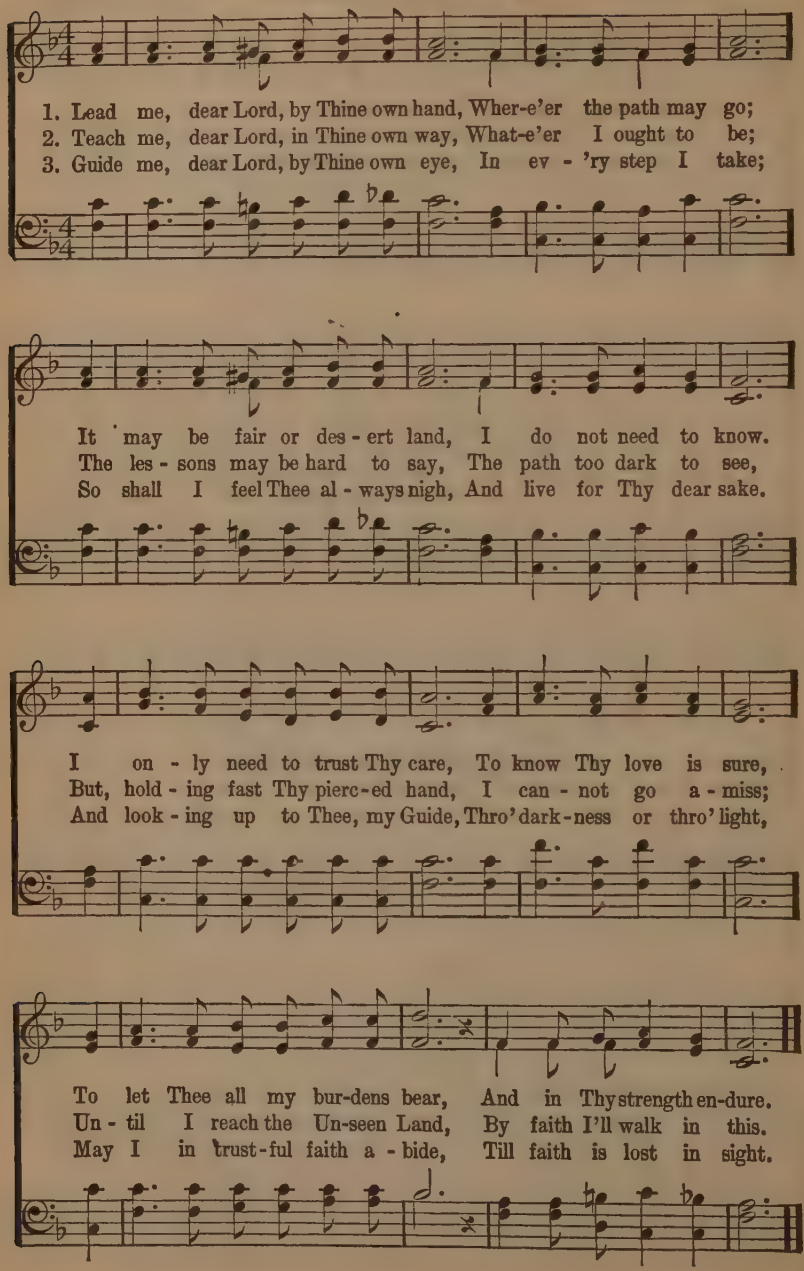
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 92. Faith's Prayer.

Emma Graves Dietrick. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY R. H. WILLIS.
TRANSFERRED TO W. L. THOMPSON, 1904. R. Hayes Willis.



No. 93. Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. Frederick C. Maker.

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wear - y land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me:
I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess,—
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burn-ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
The won - ders of His glo - rious love, And my own worth-less-ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

No. 94. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac-cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,

Rit. - - - - - - - - - CHORUS.

Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will

glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 95. His Love is All I Need.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

E. O. Excell.

1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell, Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss! To hear Him whis-per, I am His;
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet! To hide in such a safe re - treat;

The love that ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies;
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray;
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes de-stroy, My Sav - ior's love is still my joy;

rit.

CHORUS.

His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to me,

More won-der - ful how could it be? My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid,

rit.

My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid; His love is all I need!

No. 96. Oh, to Be More Like Jesus.

W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

Will L. Thompson.

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;
2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall-en to rise;
3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci - ful, lov - ing and kind;

Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.
Giv-ing a hand, Bid-ding to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.
Leading the way, Bright'ning the day, Help-ing the lame and blind.

Je - sus came lov-ing and cheer - ing, Giv - ing the hun - gry food, . .
Cheering the bro - ken-heart - ed, Wip - ing a - way their tears, . .
Je - sus came sav-ing the fall - en, Help - ing them sin o'er-come, . .

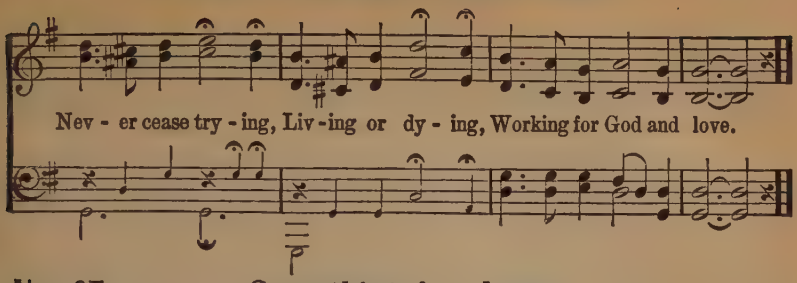
pp

Help-ing the poor and the need - y,— Je - sus was kind and good.
Com-fort-ing man - y in sor - row, Ban - ish - ing doubts and fears.
Res - cu - ing per - ish-ing sin - ners, Bring-ing the way - ward home.

CHORUS.

More, more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove;

Oh, to Be More Like Jesus.



No. 97. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

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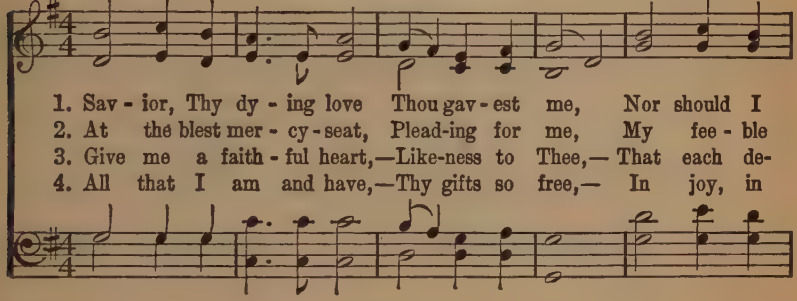
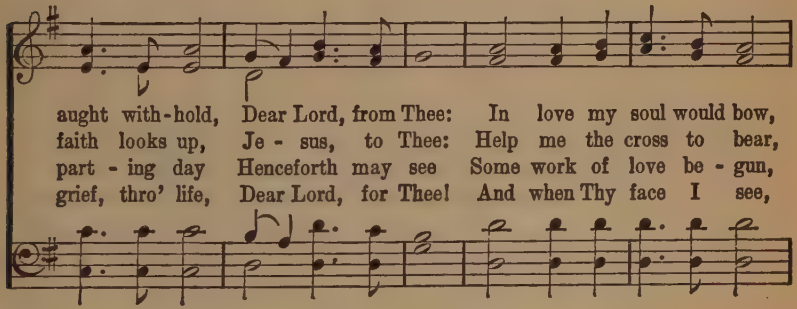
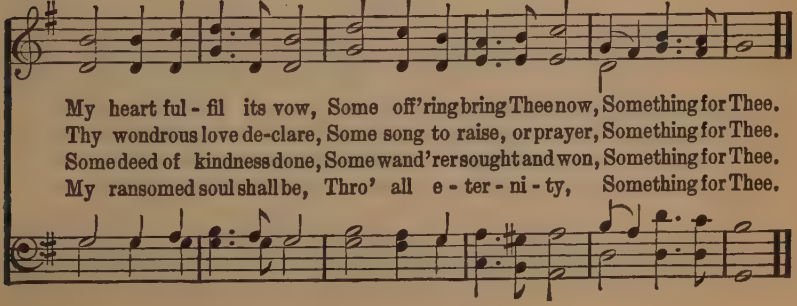
Robert Lowry, D. D.







No. 98. Our Lives to Christ We Dedicate.

J. P. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY U. S. C. E. John Pollock.

Marching time.

1. Our lives to Christ we ded - i - cate, Who reigns our glorious King; May He re-
2. Our fa-thers fought her bat - tles oft, And died to set her free; And now 'tis
3. The stains that mar her beau - ty now, Shall shortly dis - ap - pear; Soon, in re-

ceive and con - se-crate The trib - ute that we bring! And to His Church we
ours to bear a - loft Her flag of lib - er - ty. They loved the Mas-ter
membrance of His vow, The Bridegroom will be here! Then her di - vi - sions

glad - ly give Our serv - ice and our all; For in her voice we still re - joice
best of all; His Church they did revere; They loved the ground where she was found,
shall be healed, Her tears shall all be dried; And she shall stand at His right hand,

CHORUS.

To hear His roy - al call. For Christ and the Church! Be
Her dust to them was dear.
A fault-less, glo - rious bride! For Christ, for Christ and the Church of Christ! Be

Our Lives to Christ We Dedicate.

this our fond en-deav-or! For Christ and the Church! These twain no
For Christ, for Christ and the Church of Christ!

pow'r can sev-er; One on earth, one in heav'n,
One on earth, and one in heav-en, One on earth, and one in heav-en,

rall.

One on earth, and one in heav'n, For-ev-er and for-ev-er!

No. 99. Hear Our Prayer.

Anon. John Adcock.

1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
2. Par-don our of-fen-ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be-guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great

p *pp*

fee-ble,— Hear our sim-ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
chil-dren, Love Thy ho-ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
mer-cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!

No. 100. Follow On.

W. O. Cushing. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my

bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would
sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
Sav-ior would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the

fol-low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

FINE.

D. S.—*Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol-low on!*

REFRAIN.

Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus! An-y-where, ev-'ry-where,

I would fol-low on! Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus!

D. S.

No. 101. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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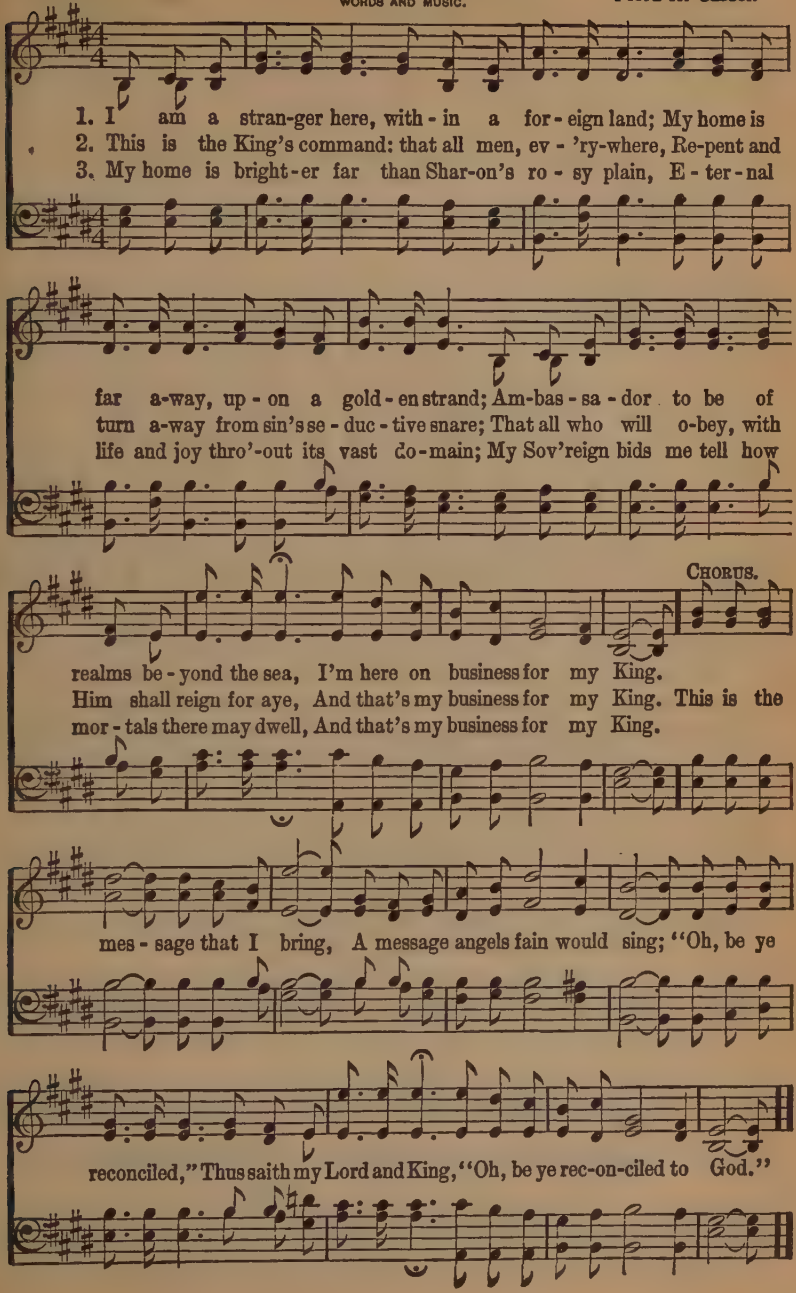
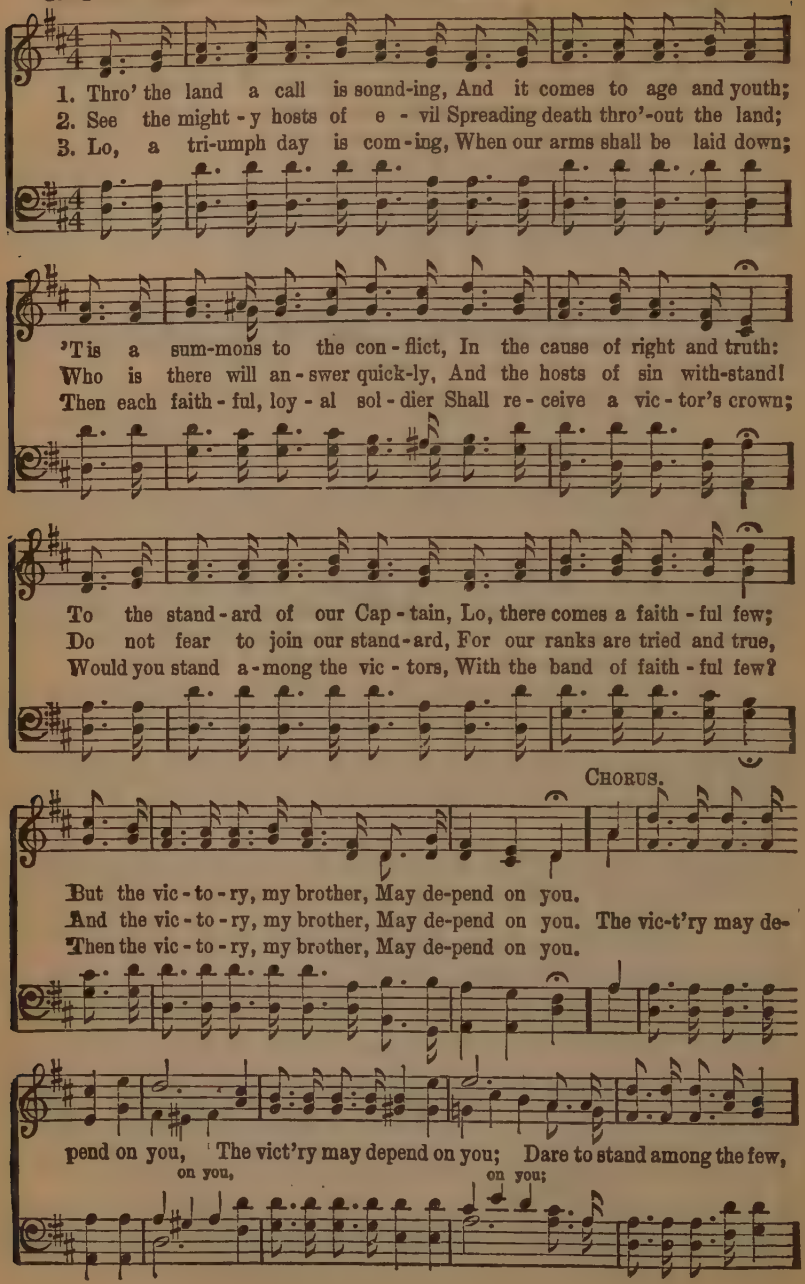
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.



No. 102. The Victory May Depend on You.

George O. Webster. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE FILLMORE BROS. CO J. H. Fillmore.



The Victory May Depend on You.

With the faith-ful tried and true, For the vic-t'ry may de-pend on you.

No. 103. Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shad-ows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,

CHORUS.

We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing

in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves.

No. 104. The Handwriting on the Wall.

K. Shaw.

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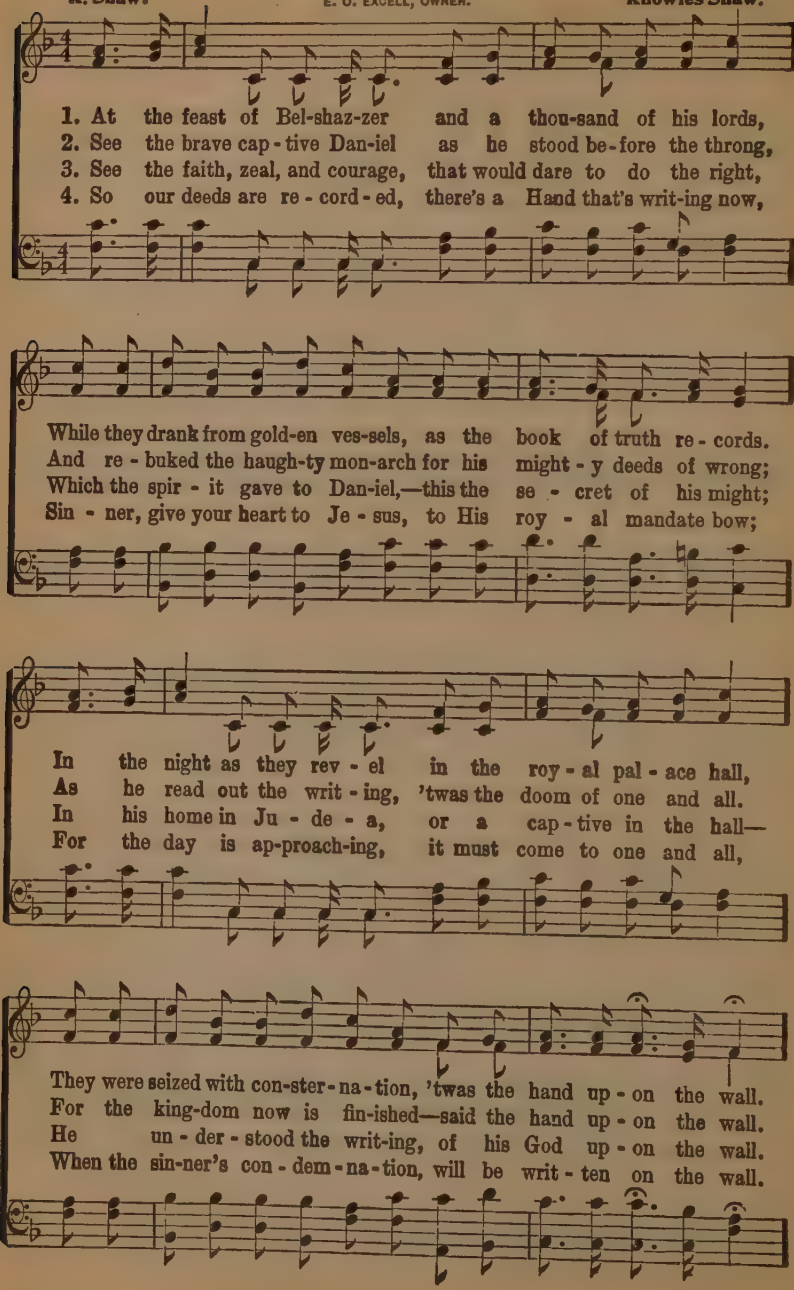
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Knowles Shaw.



The Handwriting on the Wall.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the hand of
'Tis the hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall; 'Tis the hand of

God on the wall; Shall the re-cord be, "Found wanting," or
God that is writ-ing on the wall,

shall it be "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall.
writ-ing on the wall.

No. 105. No Time to Pray.

Anon. Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1. No time to pray! No time to pray! O who so fraught with earthly care,
2. No time to pray! No time to pray! Must care or busi-ness' ur-gent call
3. Cease not to pray! Cease not to pray! On Je-sus as your all re-ly;

As not to give to hum-ble prayer Some part of day?
So press us as to take it all, Each pass-ing day?
Would you live hap-py— hap-py die? Take time to pray.

No. 106. The Utmost For The Highest.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

Anon. Theo. E. Perkins.

1. "Be-neath our best we may not live, Our Mas-ter's cause is ho - ly;
Less than our ut-most dare not give To Him who claims us full - y.

2. Who la - bor thus the high-est serve, Where'er the toil is giv - en—
In field or hall, with soul or nerve—The work is done for Heav - en.

The sanc - ti - ty of gracious dow'r, The farthest reach of ev - 'ry pow'r;
The white, broad field is ours to reap, God's tow'rs and walls are ours to keep;

"The Ut-most for the High - est."
"The Ut-most for the High - est."

3. We seek Thee in our time of need,
And ask the Spirit's filling;
We offer all by act and deed,
For Thou hast made us willing.
We covet to be strong and free,
We crave the power to do and be;
"The Utmost for the Highest."

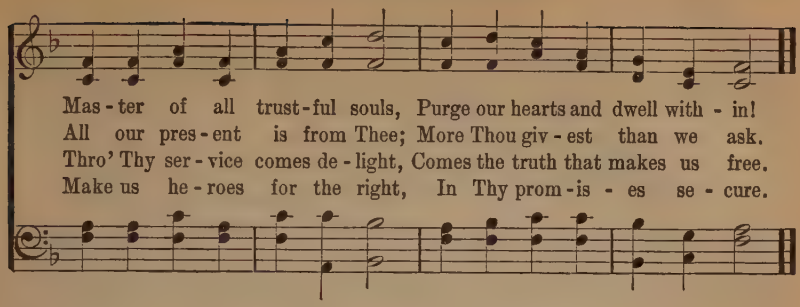
No. 107 The New Purpose.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

Rev. S. Winchester Adriance. Theo. E. Perkins.

1. Grate-ful songs we raise to Thee; Thou a - lone canst par - don sin;
2. All our past hast Thou en-riched, Bring-ing grace for ev - 'ry task;
3. Safe - ty, joy, and pow'r to live Do we find when foll'wing Thee:
4. Strengthen, Lord, from day to day Pur-pose firm and choic - es pure;

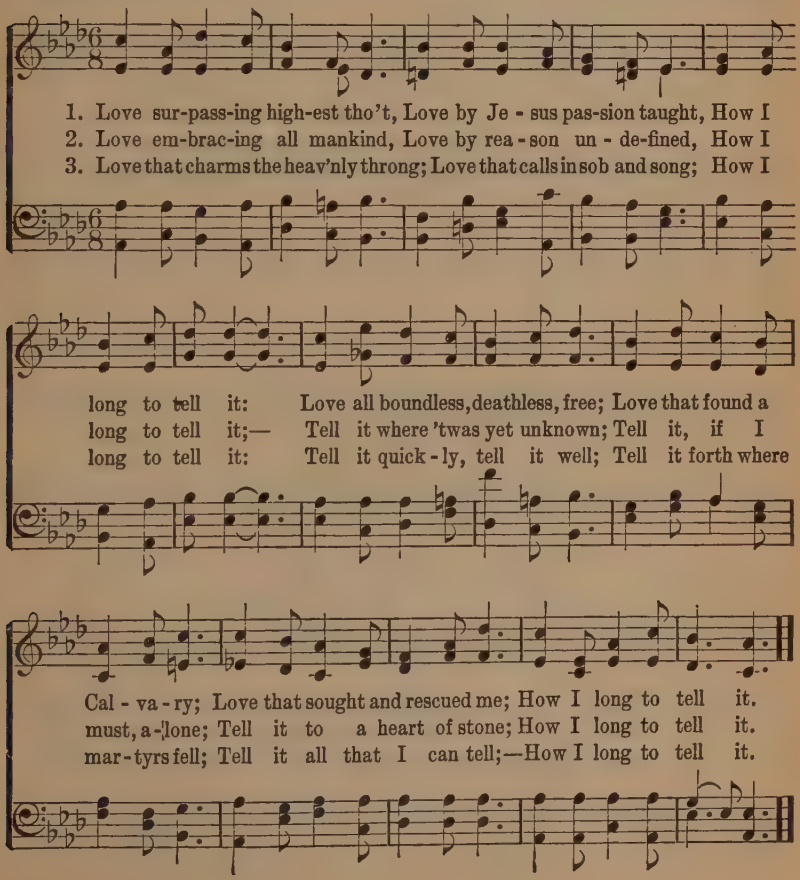
The New Purpose.



No. 108. How I Long To Tell It.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

Henry Ostrom, D. D. Theo. E. Perkins.



No. 109.

The Call to Arms.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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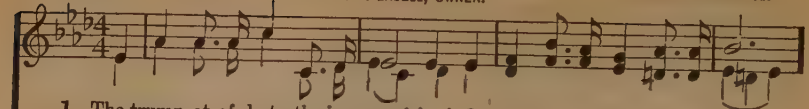
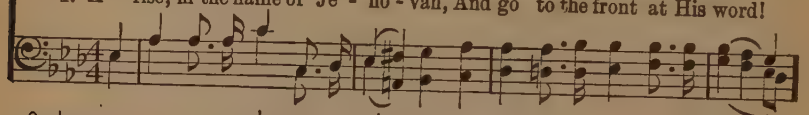
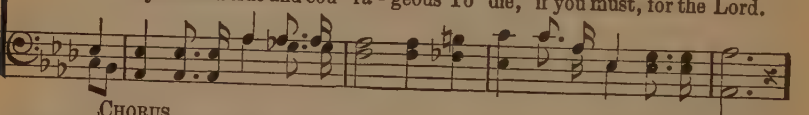
Chas. H. Gabriel.



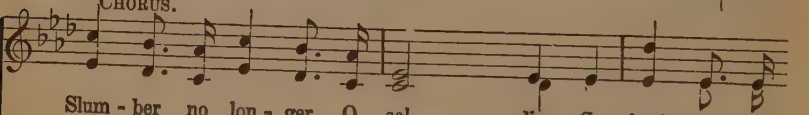
1. The trump-et of bat-tle is sound-ing! O sol-dier, e-quip for the fight!
2. North, east, south and west new oppresions Of sin are revealed ev-'ry day;
3. The le-gions of Sa-tan ad-vanc-ing With boldness our val-or de-fy;
4. A-rise, in the name of Je-ho-vah, And go to the front at His word!



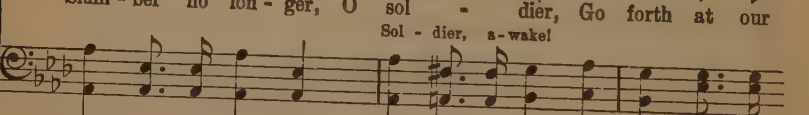
The slo-gan of love is re-sound-ing, A-rouse ye for God and the right!
Then, Christian, why yet will you slum-ber? To arms! and to du-ty a-way!
Entrenchments they dai-ly are build-ing! Oh, why will we stand i-dly by!
Be loy-al and true and cou-ra-geous To die, if you must, for the Lord.



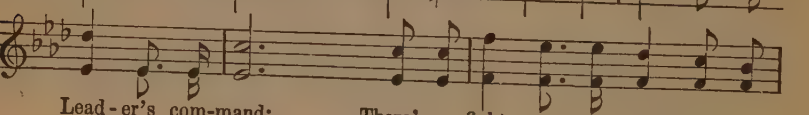
CHORUS.



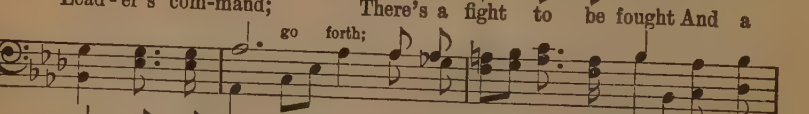
Slum-ber no lon-ger, O sol-dier, Go forth at our
Sol-dier, a-wake!



Lead-er's com-mand; There's a fight to be fought And a
go forth;



work to be wrought, And the king-dom of God is at hand.



No. 110. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless - ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

with rap - ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en - treat - ed in vain,
a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His won - der - ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me; For He is so pre-cious to me; 'T is heaven be-

rit.

low My Re-deem - er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 111. A Promise Meant for Me.

Miss E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. In the bless - ed Book that God hath giv - en, Love di - vine on
2. When the cares of life are sore - ly press - ing, To the Bur - den-
3. I will seek Him in the hour of sor - row; "Pres - ent help" His
4. Till I see the King in all His beau - ty, In the land from

ev - 'ry page I see; "Seek and find," O, wondrous word from Heav-en!
Bear-er I will flee; "Come to Me, and rest" shall be Thy bless - ing;
boundless grace shall be; "Aft - er weep - ing, comes the glad to - mor - row;"
ev - 'ry shad-ow free, "Strength as is thy day" for ev-'ry du - ty;

CHORUS.

That's a promise meant for me. That's a precious promise meant for me; . . . .
meant for me;

That's a pre-cious promise meant for me; . . . . . I will seek the gra-cious
meant for me;

rit.

Sav-ior, and I'll sure - ly find Him, That's a promise meant for me. . . . . .
meant for me.

No. 112. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is look-ing to you!
2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is look-ing to you!
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is look-ing to you!
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is look-ing to you!

CHORUS.

Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!

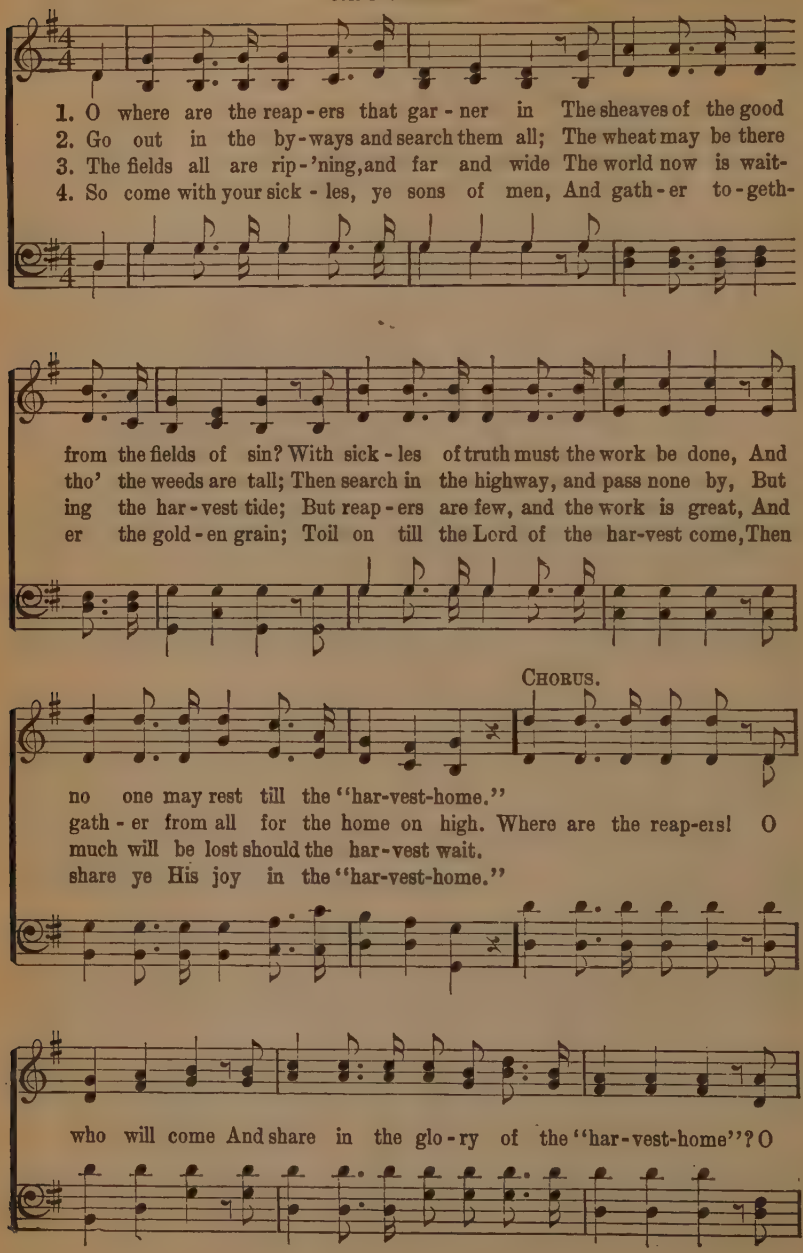
Let your light shine the dark-ness through; O be faith-ful, be loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!

No. 113 O Where Are the Reapers?

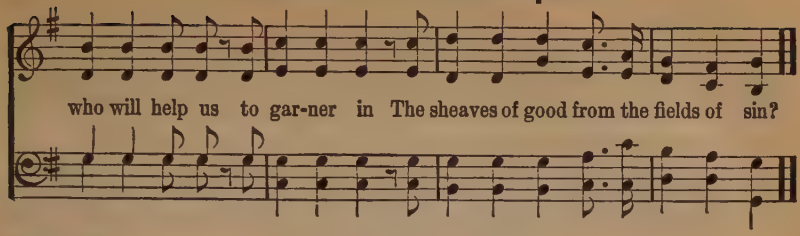
Eben E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

George F. Root.



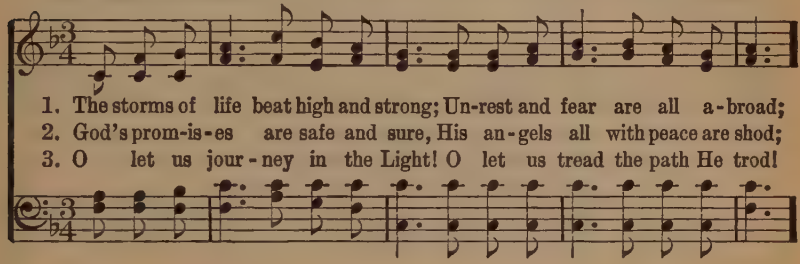
O Where Are the Reapers?

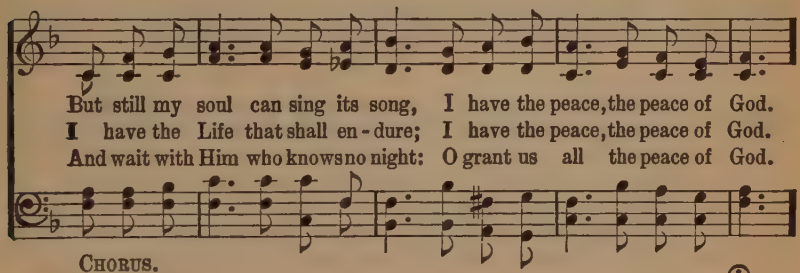


No. 114. The Peace of God.

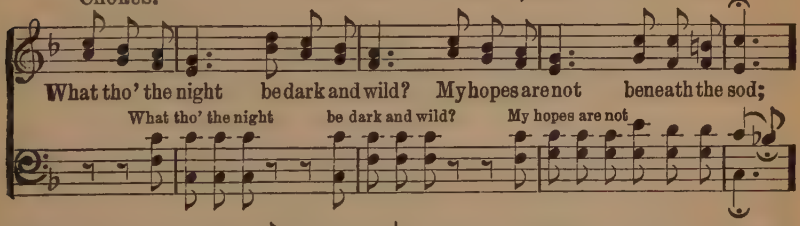
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. S. WEEDEN. CONTROLLED BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

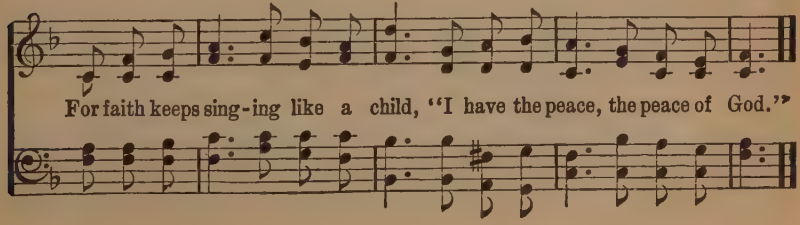
Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, D. D. W. S. Weeden.





CHORUS.



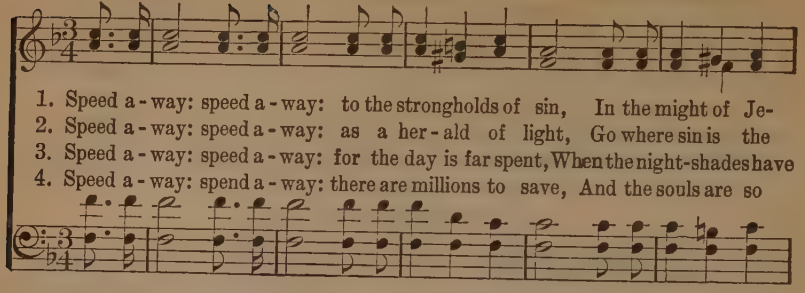


No. 115. Speed Away.

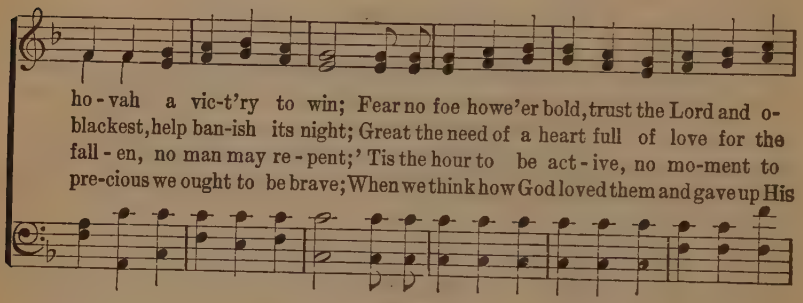
Jno. R. Clements.

WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. S. WEEDEN. BY PERMISSION.

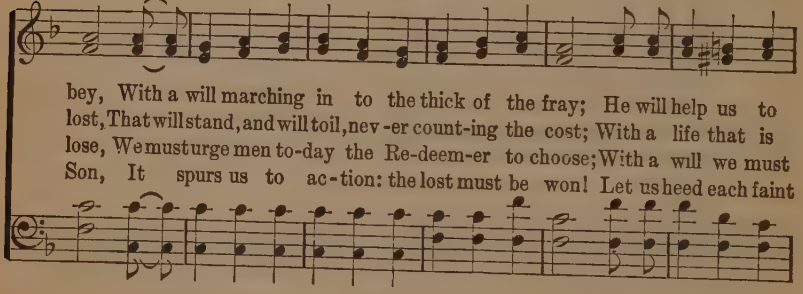
I. B. Woodbury, arr.



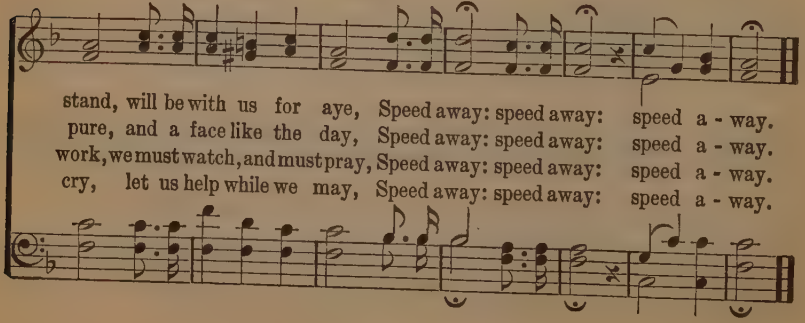
1. Speed a - way: speed a - way: to the strongholds of sin, In the might of Je-
2. Speed a - way: speed a - way: as a her - ald of light, Go where sin is the
3. Speed a - way: speed a - way: for the day is far spent, When the night-shades have
4. Speed a - way: spend a - way: there are millions to save, And the souls are so



ho - vah a vic-t'ry to win; Fear no foe howe'er bold, trust the Lord and o-
blackest, help ban-ish its night; Great the need of a heart full of love for the
fall - en, no man may re - pent;' Tis the hour to be act - ive, no mo-ment to
pre-cious we ought to be brave; When we think how God loved them and gave up His



bey, With a will marching in to the thick of the fray; He will help us to
lost, That will stand, and will toil, nev - er count-ing the cost; With a life that is
lose, We must urge men to-day the Re-deem-er to choose; With a will we must
Son, It spurs us to ac - tion: the lost must be won! Let us heed each faint



stand, will be with us for aye, Speed away: speed away: speed a - way.
pure, and a face like the day, Speed away: speed away: speed a - way.
work, we must watch, and must pray, Speed away: speed away: speed a - way.
cry, let us help while we may, Speed away: speed away: speed a - way.

No. 116. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

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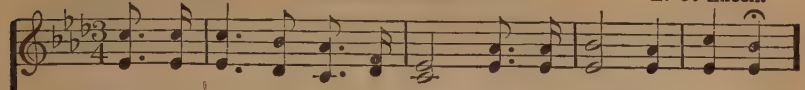
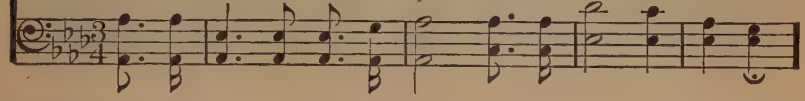
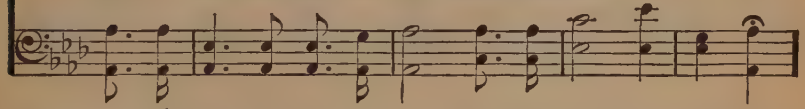
Katharine A. Grimes. E. O. Excell.



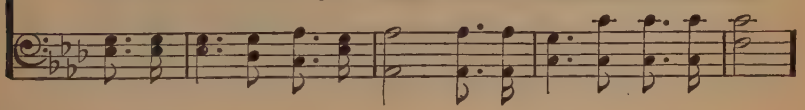
1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;



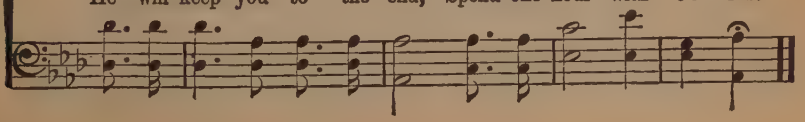
He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:



He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send,

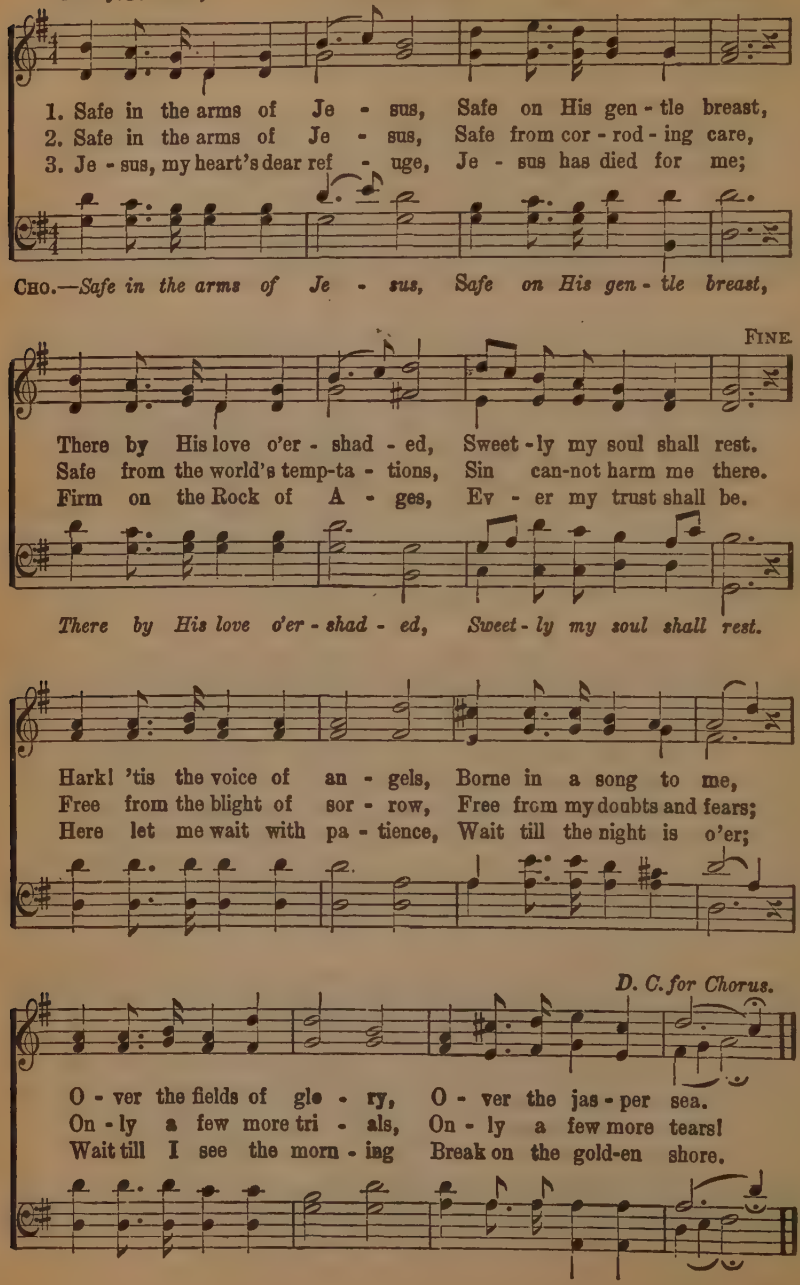


He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.



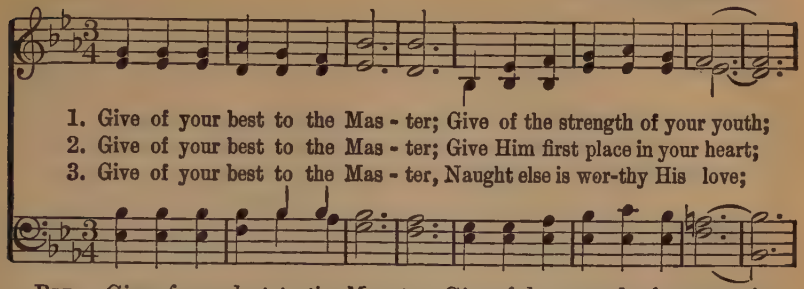
No. 117. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fonny. J. Crosby. BY PER. BIGLOW & MAIN. W. H. Doane.



No. 118 Give of Your Best to the Master.

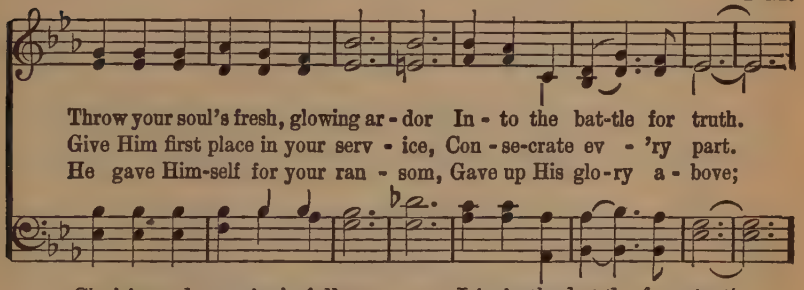
H. B. G. Mrs. Charles Barnard.



1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor-thy His love;

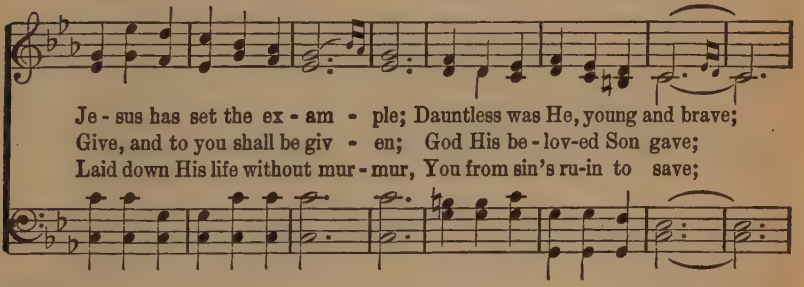
REF.—*Give of your best to the Mas-ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*

FINE.



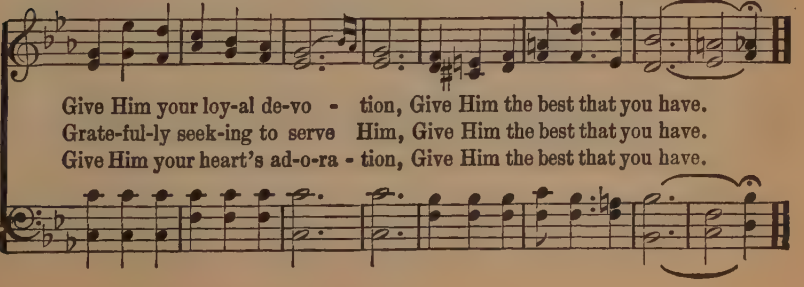
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat-tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo-ry a - bove;

Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat-tle for truth.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov-ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru-in to save;

rall. D. C.



Give Him your loy-al de-vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful-ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.

No. 119. Hear the Trumpet Call.

Palmer Hartsough. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE FILLMORE BROS. CO. USED BY PERMISSION. Henry Fillmore.

Unison.

1. Hear the trump-et call that's sounding To the loy - al hosts to - day,
2. On the field of death now gleam-ing Stand the co-horts of the foe,
3. Cour-age, then, my com-rade broth - er, Keep the step in brave ac - cord,

Far and wide its tones re-sound-ing, And it bids us march a - way;
And with truth's bright banner streaming, On to meet them must we go;
In the world there is no oth - er Like the serv - ice of the Lord;

For the foe, in proud de - fi - ance, Hath his stand-ard dark un-furled,
Not the least of all shall quiv - er, Not the weak-est one shall fall,
Nev-er field so bright in glo - ry As the bat - tle-ground with sin;

But in God is our re - li - ance, And He bids us save the world.
For the might-y God, the Giv - er, Hath a vic-tor's crown for all.
Nev-er deed so great in sto - ry As the vic - t'ry we shall win.

CHORUS. *Men's and Boys' Voices.*

Hear the trump - et call, For-ward march, ye con-q'ring le - gions,

Hear the Trumpet Call.

For-ward, one and all! In the cause of truth and right. . .

All Voices in Harmony.

Strike the pow'rs of wrong; Light-en up the darkened re-gions,

Strike the pow'rs of wrong, the powr's of wrong, Light up the dark-ened re-gions, And

And with joy and song, Forward march in Je-ho-vah's might.

with joy and song, with joy and song March in Je-ho-vah's might.

No. 120. The Lord Love Thee.

Marie Zitterberg.

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Theo. E. Perkins.

1. The Lord love thee And keep thee Up-on the land and sea;
2. The Lord bless thee And rest thee, Wher-e'er thy jour-neys be;
3. The Lord guide thee And bring thee To where the home-shores be;

And cause His face In ev-'ry place To shine di-vine on thee.
And nev-er cease To give His peace By day and night to thee.
And ev-'ry hour In joy-ous pow'r His bless-ings lay on thee.

No. 121. Balm in Secret Prayer.

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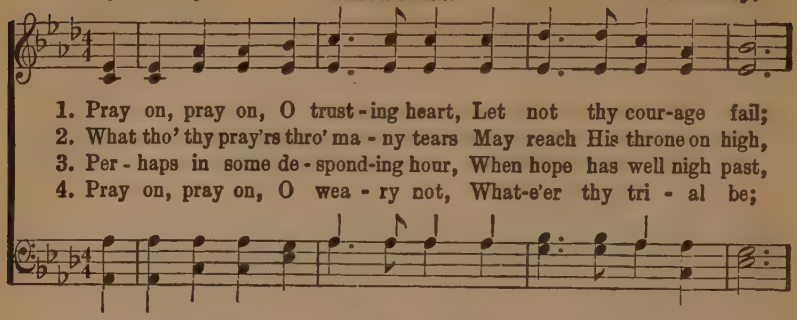
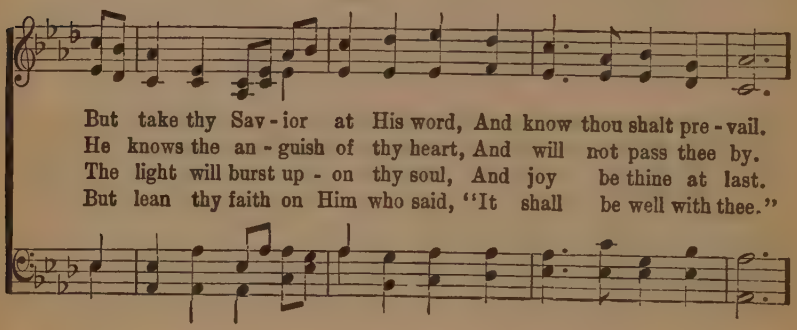
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

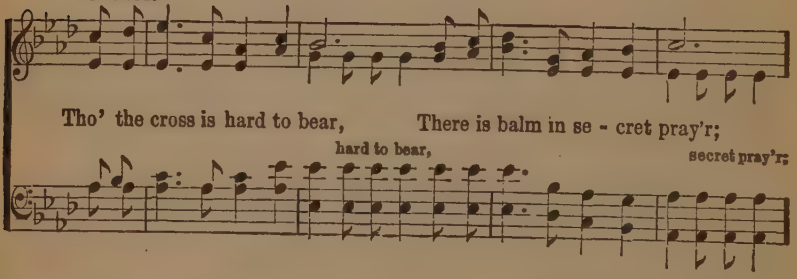


1. Pray on, pray on, O trust-ing heart, Let not thy cour-age fail;
2. What tho' thy pray'rs thro' ma-ny tears May reach His throne on high,
3. Per-haps in some de-spond-ing hour, When hope has well nigh past,
4. Pray on, pray on, O wea-ry not, What-e'er thy tri-al be;

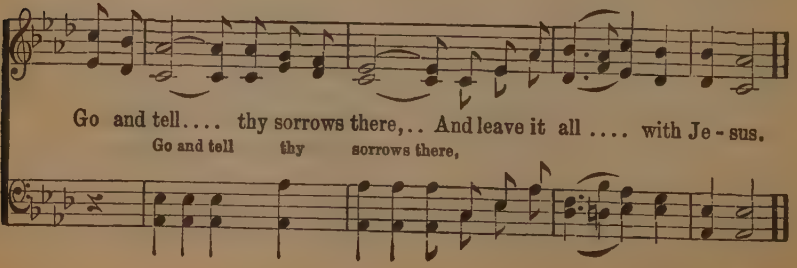


But take thy Sav-ior at His word, And know thou shalt pre-vail.
He knows the an-guish of thy heart, And will not pass thee by.
The light will burst up-on thy soul, And joy be thine at last.
But lean thy faith on Him who said, "It shall be well with thee."

CHORUS.



Tho' the cross is hard to bear, There is balm in se-cret pray'r;
hard to bear, secret pray'r;



Go and tell.... thy sorrows there,.. And leave it all .... with Je-sus.
Go and tell thy sorrows there,

No. 122. The Bible.

B. Barton. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray,
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man-na from on high;
3. Word of the ev-er-last-ing God, Will of His glo-rious Son,
4. Lord, grant us all a-right to learn The wis-dom it im-parts,

Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav-'ler's way:
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms be-yond the sky:
With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it-self be won?
And to its heav'n-ly teach-ings turn With sim-ple, child-like hearts.

CHORUS.

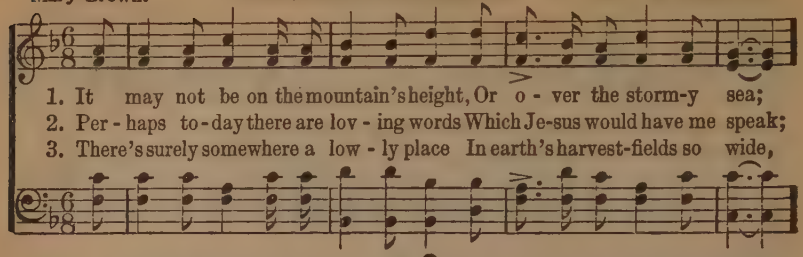
Beau - ti-ful Lamp, . . brightly shine . . . on the way, . . .
Beau-ti-ful Lamp, beau-ti-ful Lamp, shine on the way, shine on the way,

rit.

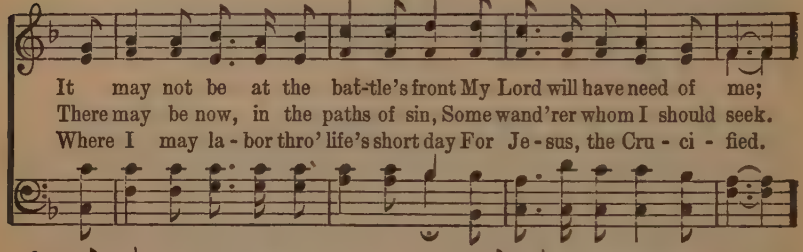
Guid - ing the soul . . . to the man - sions of day. . . .
Guid-ing the soul, guid-ing the soul to the mansions of day, to the mansions of day.

No. 123. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

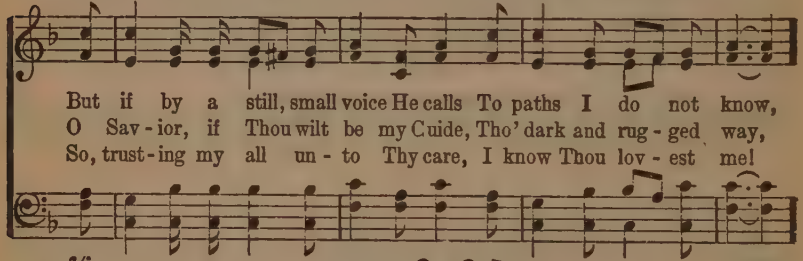
Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. Carrie E. Rounsefell.



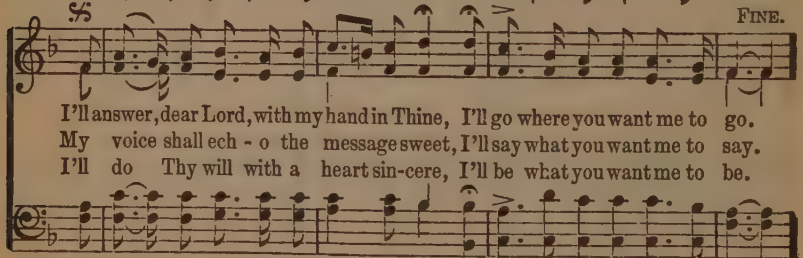
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.



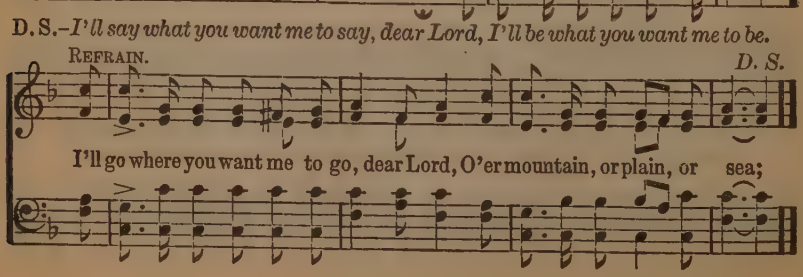
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.–*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

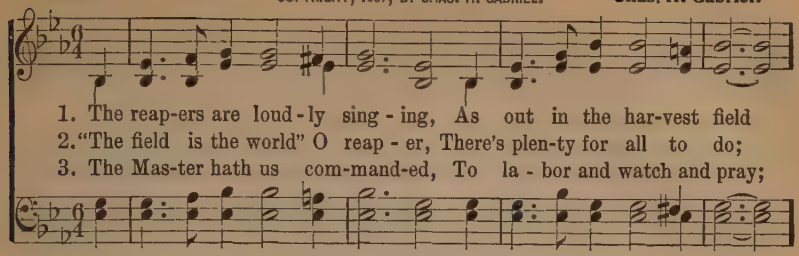
REFRAIN.



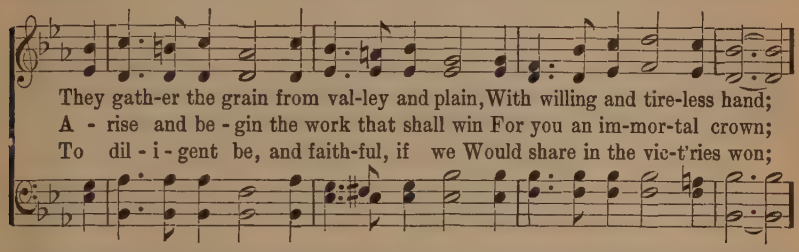
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

No. 124. The Field is the World.

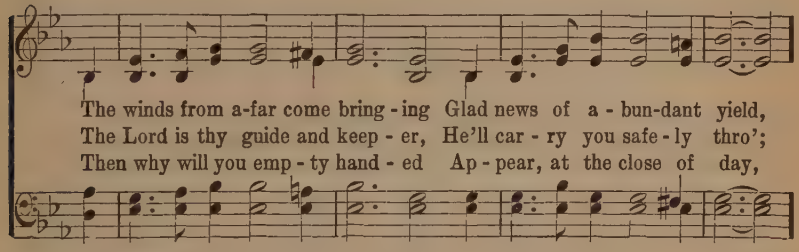
C H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.



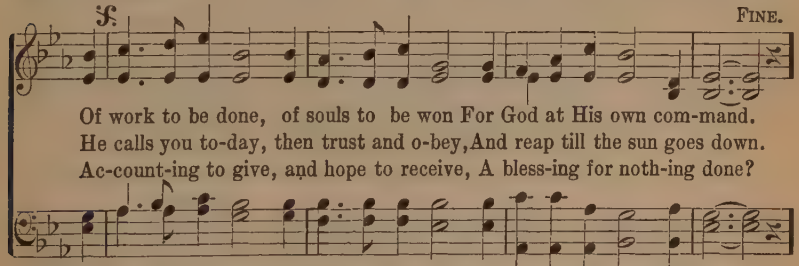
1. The reap-ers are loud-ly sing-ing, As out in the har-vest field
2. "The field is the world" O reap-er, There's plen-ty for all to do;
3. The Mas-ter hath us com-mand-ed, To la-bor and watch and pray;



They gath-er the grain from val-ley and plain, With willing and tire-less hand;
A-rise and be-gin the work that shall win For you an im-mor-tal crown;
To dil-i-gent be, and faith-ful, if we Would share in the vic-t'ries won;



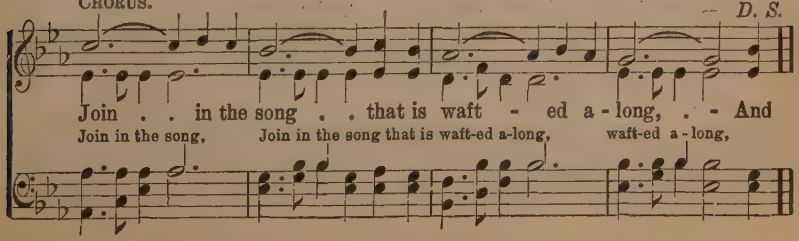
The winds from a-far come bring-ing Glad news of a-bun-dant yield,
The Lord is thy guide and keep-er, He'll car-ry you safe-ly thro';
Then why will you emp-ty hand-ed Ap-pear, at the close of day,



Of work to be done, of souls to be won For God at His own com-mand.
He calls you to-day, then trust and o-bey, And reap till the sun goes down.
Ac-count-ing to give, and hope to receive, A bless-ing for noth-ing done?

D. S.—gath-er the grain from hill and from plain For garners beyond the sky.

CHORUS.

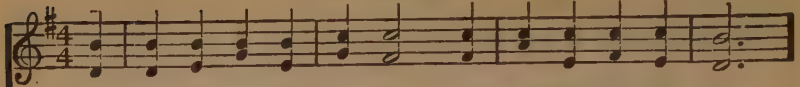


Join . . in the song . . that is waft - ed a-long, . - And
Join in the song, Join in the song that is waft-ed a-long, waft-ed a-long,

No. 125. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

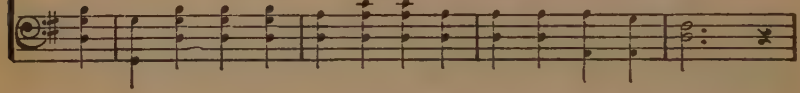
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

Will L. Thompson.

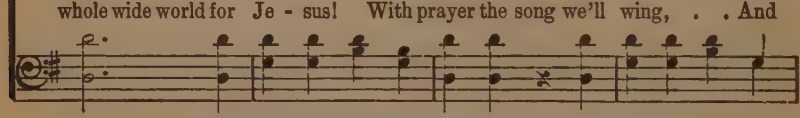


1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more, be - fore we part,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold - en Gate,
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts, and homes, and thrones;

Ring out the joy - ful watch-word From ev - 'ry grate - ful heart; The
Thro' all the South Sea Is - lands, To Chi - na's prince-ly state; From
Ring out a - gain the watch-word In loud and joy - ous tones: The

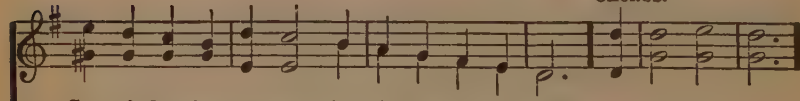


whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry; . . The
In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Thro' Per-sia's land of bloom, . To
whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll wing, . . And



The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle
From In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Thro' Per - sia's land of
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll

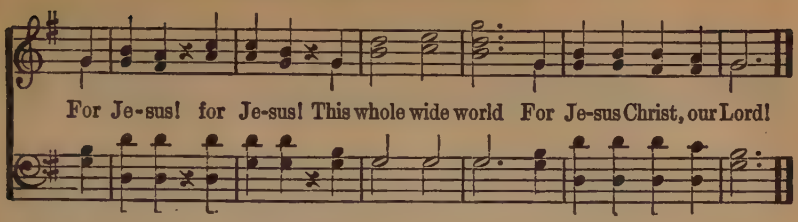
CHORUS.



Cru - ci - fied shall con-quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
sto - ried Pal - es - ti - na, And Af-ric's des - ert gloom. This whole wide world
speed the prayer with la-bor, Till earth shall crown Him King.

cry; . . shall con - quer,
bloom, Pal - es - ti - na,
wing, . . with la - bor,

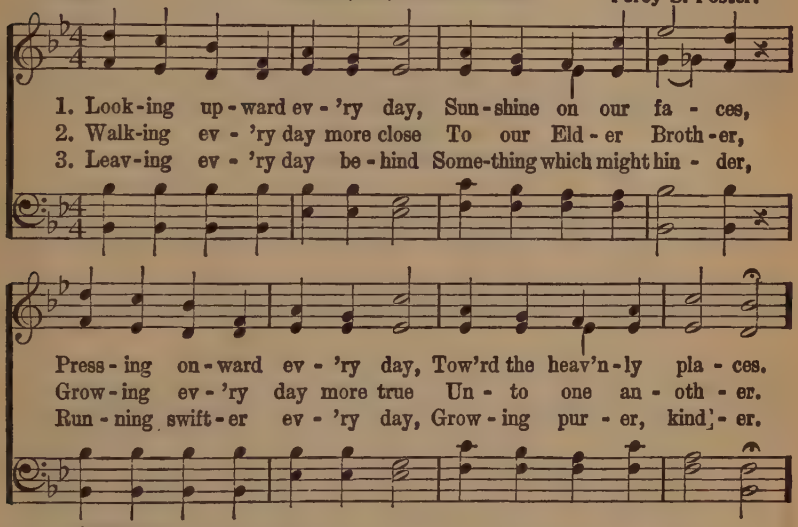
The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

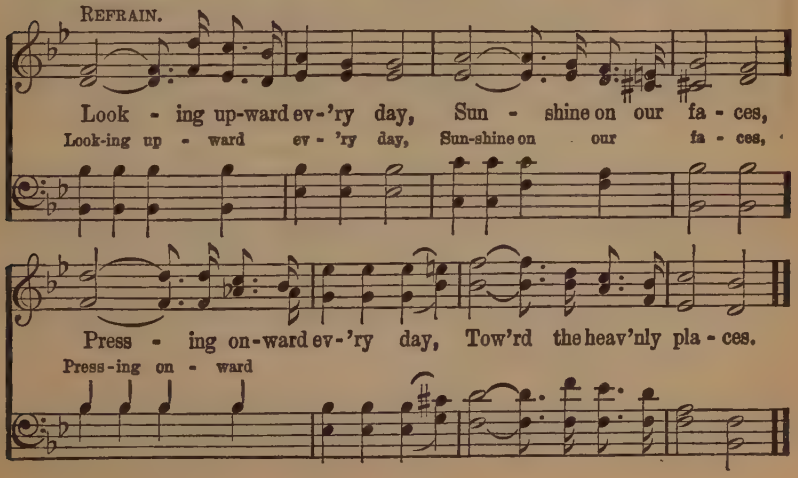


No. 126. Looking Upward.

Anon. Percy S. Foster.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY PERCY S. FOSTER.



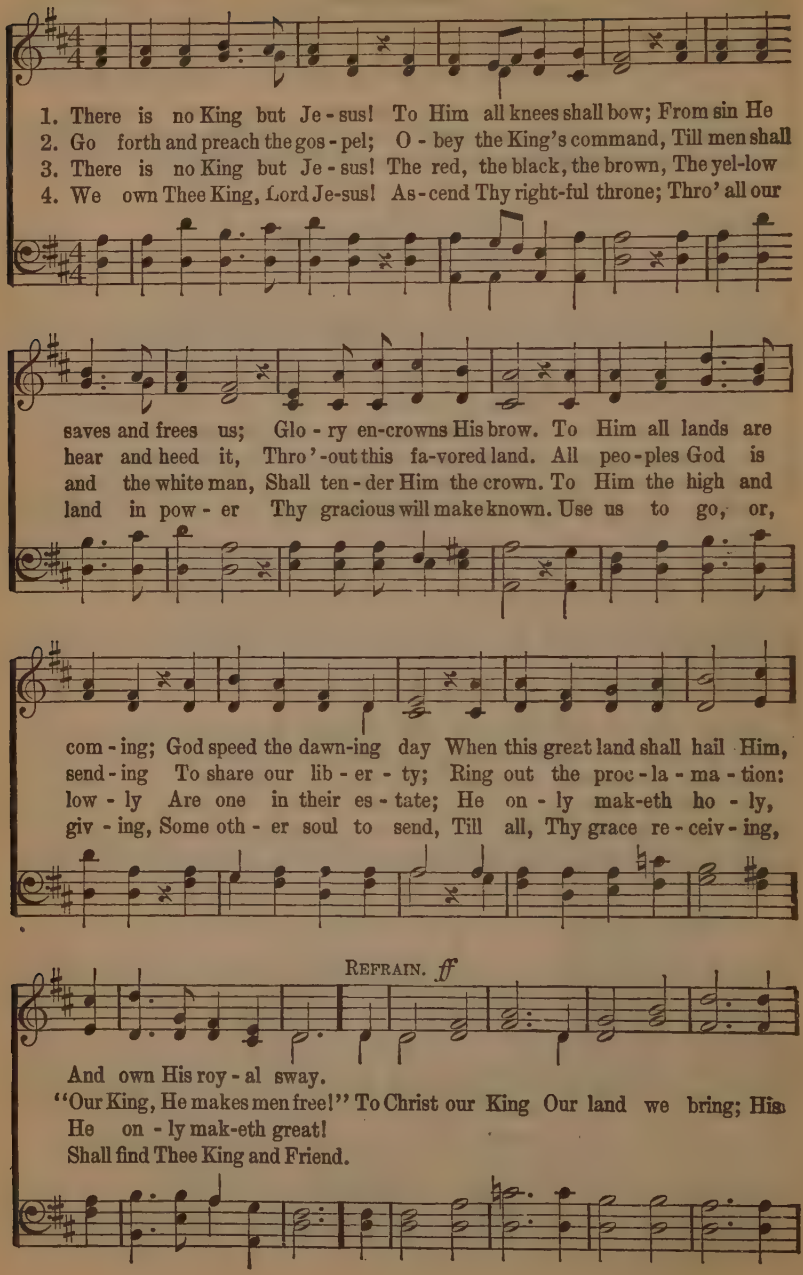


No. 127. Christ Our King.

Howard B. Grose.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

J. H. Maunder.
Arr. by C. S. B.



Christ Our King.

glad and full sal - va-tion is The song we sing; Sound forth the gos-pel mes-sage,

Re-sounding let it ring—A-mer - i - ca shall conquered be For Christ our King!

No. 128. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all na - tions win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life.

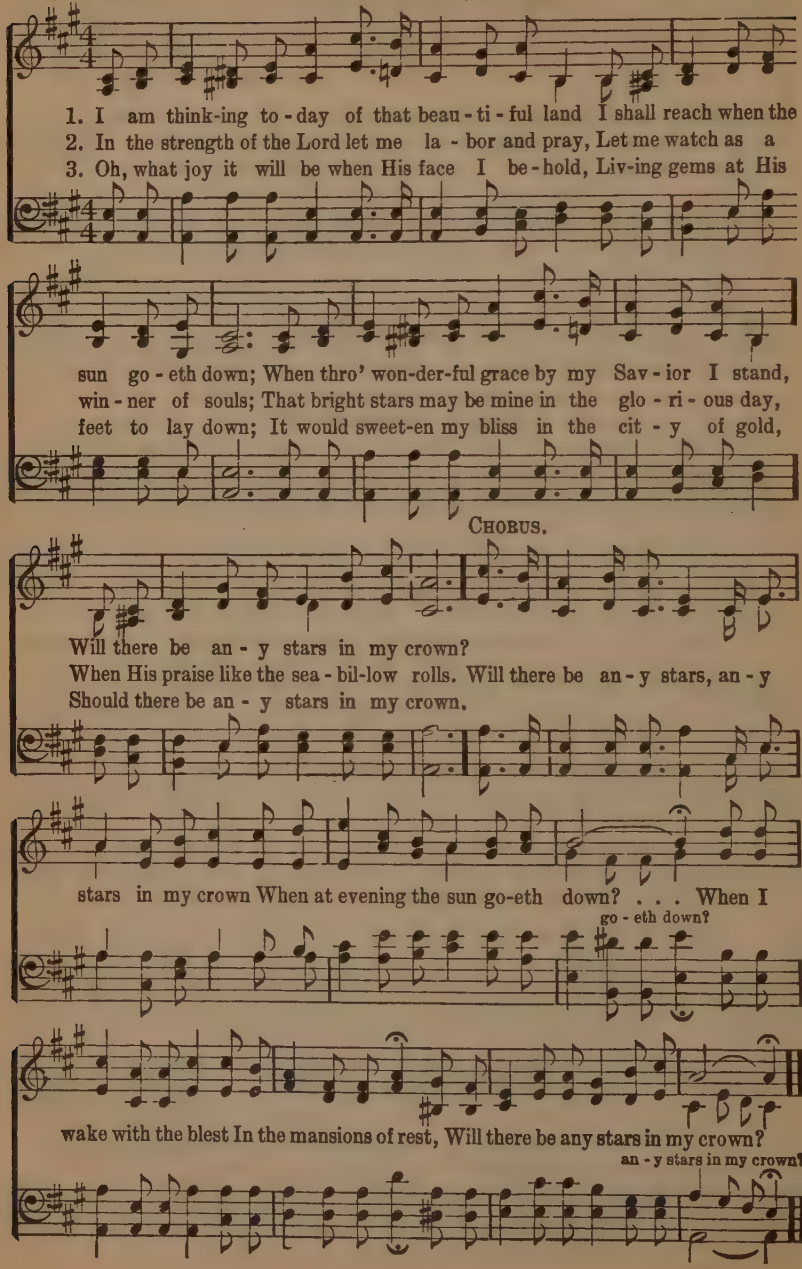
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

No. 129. Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

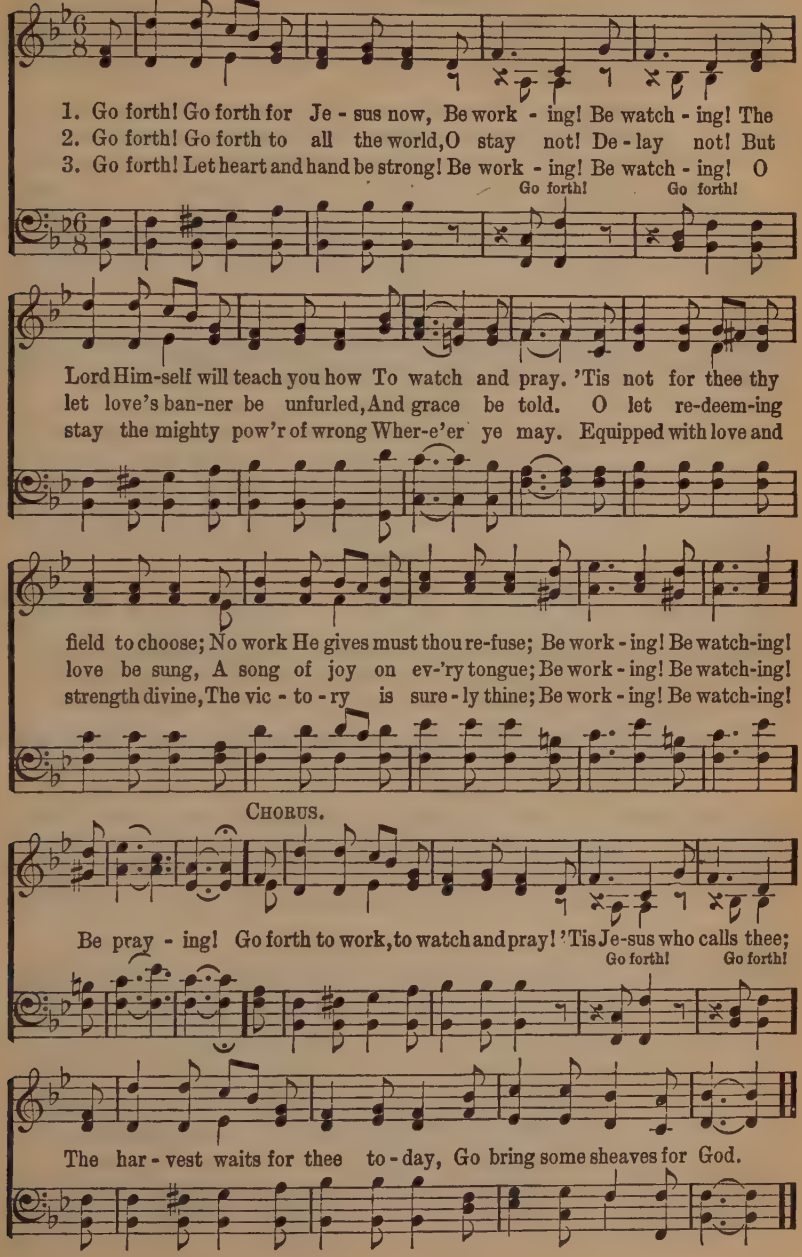


No. 130. Working, Watching, Praying.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

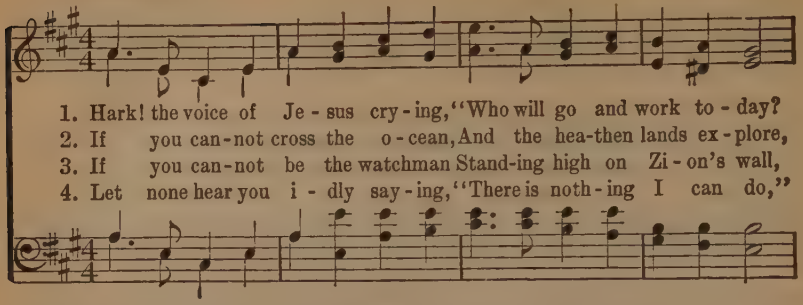
COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY POWELL G. FITHIAN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Powell G. Fithian.

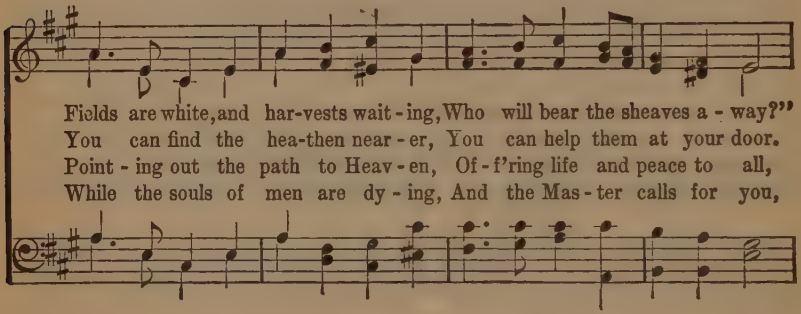


No. 131. Hark! the Voice of Jesus.

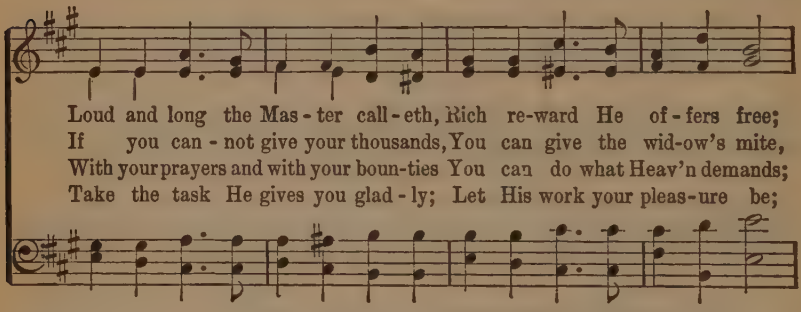
Rev. Daniel March. H. E. Nichol.



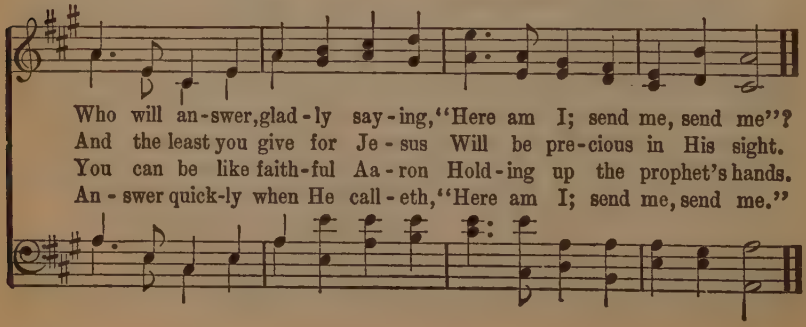
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands ex - plore,
3. If you can - not be the watchman Stand - ing high on Zi - on's wall,
4. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"



Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can find the hea - then near - er, You can help them at your door.
Point - ing out the path to Heav - en, Of - f'ring life and peace to all,
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you,



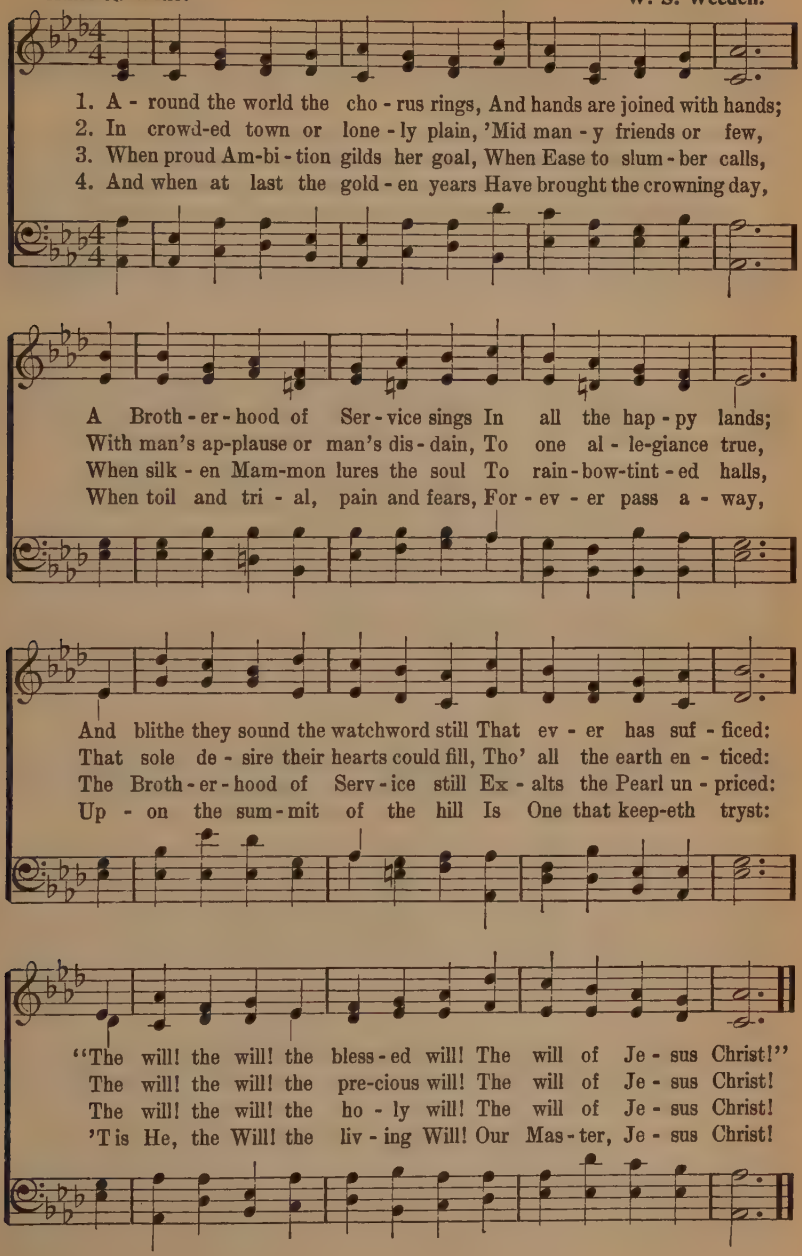
Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
If you can - not give your thousands, You can give the wid - ow's mite,
With your prayers and with your boun - ties You can do what Heav'n demands;
Take the task He gives you glad - ly; Let His work your pleas - ure be;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I; send me, send me"?
And the least you give for Je - sus Will be pre - cious in His sight.
You can be like faith - ful Aa - ron Hold - ing up the prophet's hands.
An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I; send me, send me."

No. 132. The Will! The Will!

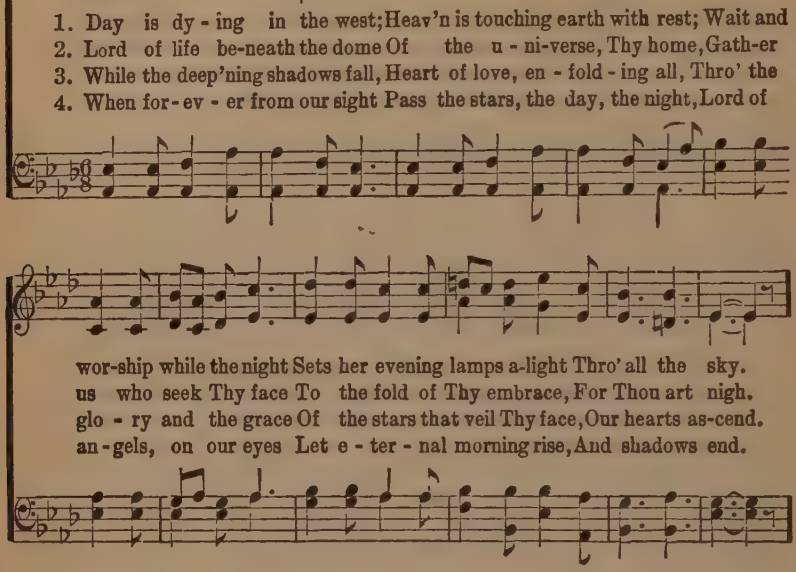
Amos R. Wells. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY JNO. R. CLEMENTS. W. S. Weeden.



No. 133. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.



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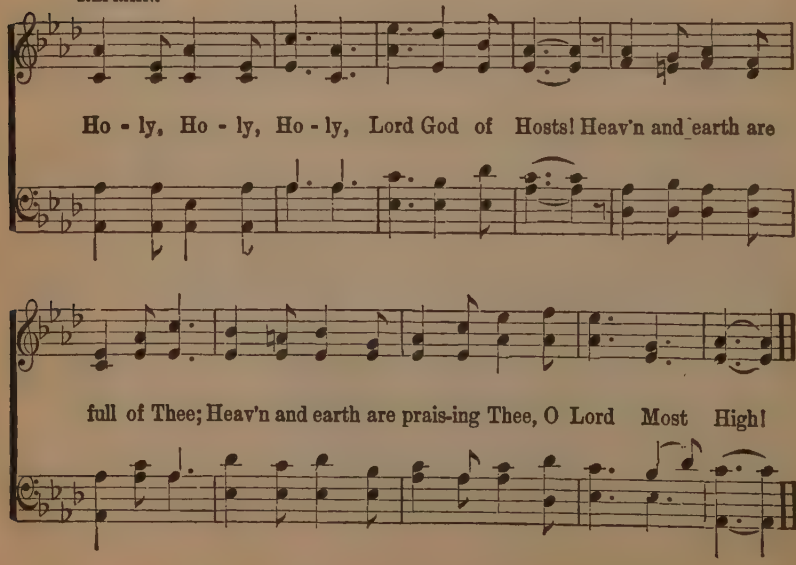


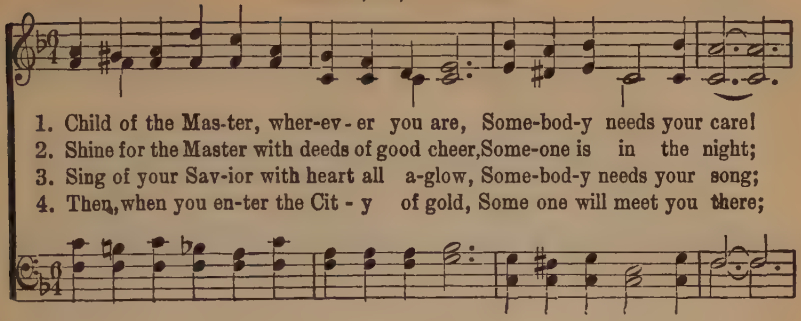
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 134. Somebody Needs You.

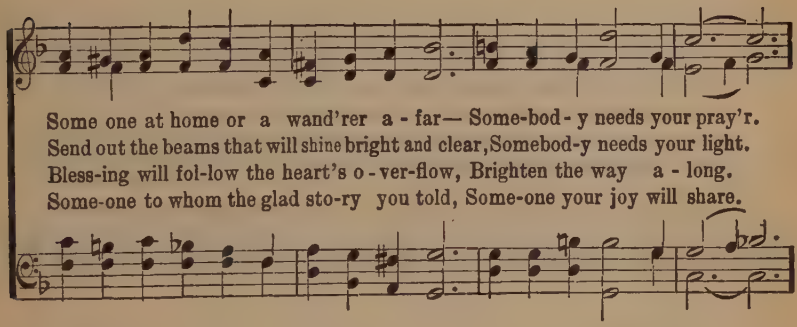
E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

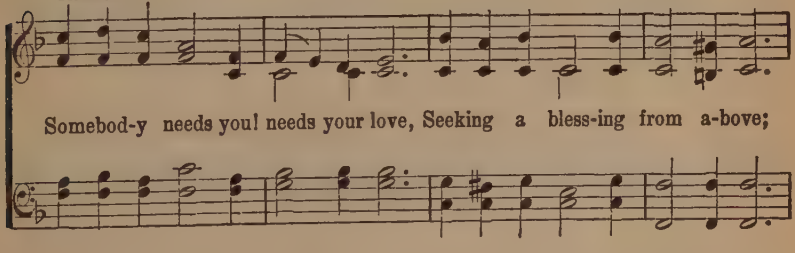


1. Child of the Mas-ter, wher-ev - er you are, Some-bod-y needs your care!
2. Shine for the Master with deeds of good cheer, Some-one is in the night;
3. Sing of your Sav-ior with heart all a-glow, Some-bod-y needs your song;
4. Then, when you en-ter the Cit - y of gold, Some one will meet you there;

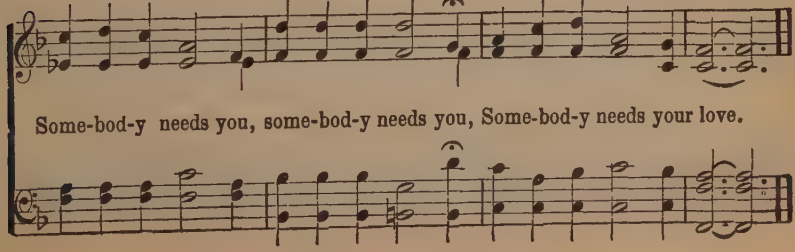


Some one at home or a wand'rer a - far— Some-bod - y needs your pray'r.
Send out the beams that will shine bright and clear, Somebod-y needs your light.
Bless-ing will fol-low the heart's o - ver-flow, Brighten the way a - long.
Some-one to whom the glad sto-ry you told, Some-one your joy will share.

CHORUS.



Somebod-y needs you! needs your love, Seeking a bless-ing from a-bove;



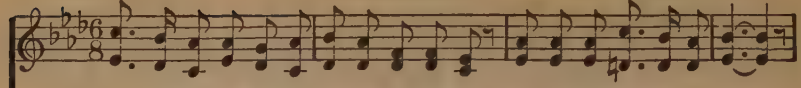
Some-bod-y needs you, some-bod-y needs you, Some-bod-y needs your love.

No. 135. Softly and Tenderly.

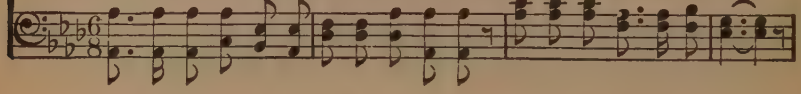
W. L. T.

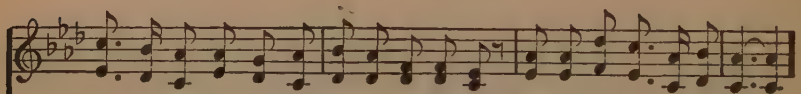
USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON ESTATE, EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

Will L. Thompson.

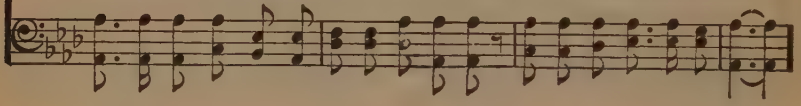


1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

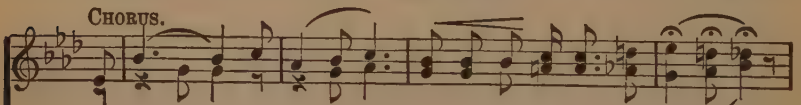




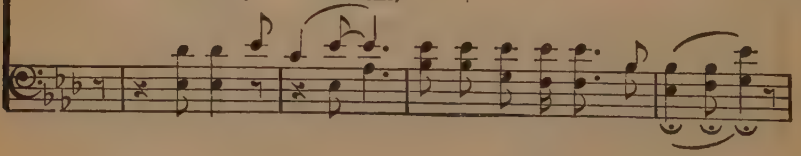
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

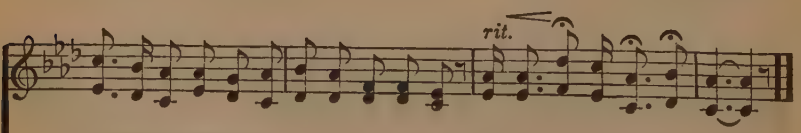


CHORUS.



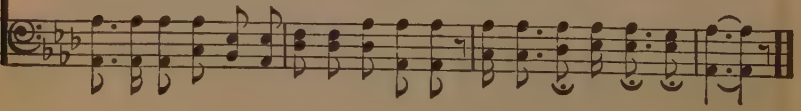
Come home, come home, Ye who are wear-y, come home,
Come home, come home,





rit.

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!



No. 136. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

USED BY PERMISSION OF J. E. RANKIN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.

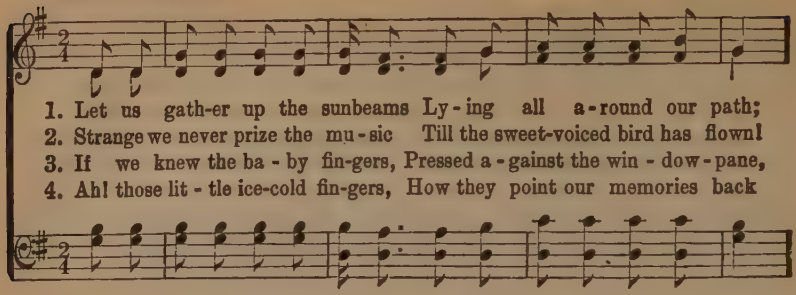
God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, . . . till we
Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet, till we meet, till we meet;

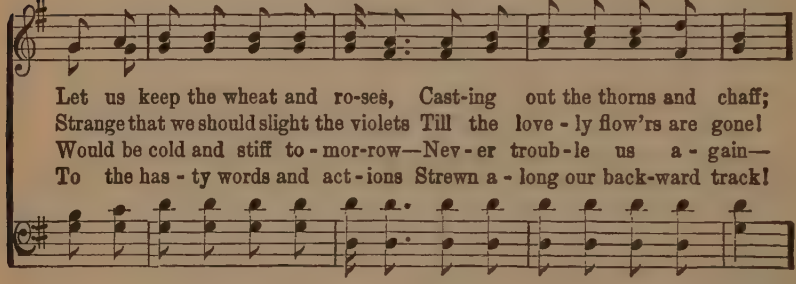
meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

No. 137. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

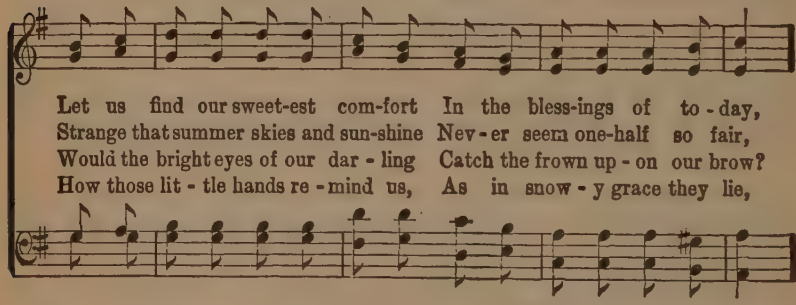
Mrs. Albert Smith. S. J. Vail.



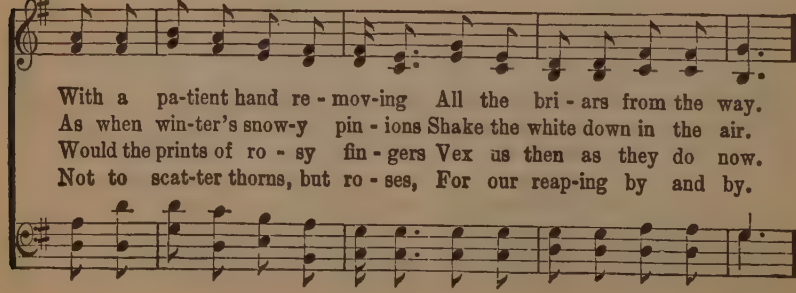
1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams Ly-ing all a-round our path;
2. Strange we never prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
3. If we knew the ba-by fin-gers, Pressed a-gainst the win-dow-pane,
4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our memories back



Let us keep the wheat and ro-ses, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff;
Strange that we should slight the violets Till the love-ly flow'rs are gone!
Would be cold and stiff to-mor-row—Nev-er troub-le us a-gain—
To the has-ty words and act-ions Strewn a-long our back-ward track!



Let us find our sweet-est com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day,
Strange that summer skies and sun-shine Nev-er seem one-half so fair,
Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?
How those lit-tle hands re-mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie,



With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ars from the way.
As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.
Would the prints of ro-sy fin-gers Vex us then as they do now.
Not to scat-ter thorns, but ro-ses, For our reap-ing by and by.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

CHORUS.

Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness,

ad lib.

Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.

No. 138. Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

F. Mason North. Beethoven.

1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretch-ed-ness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
3. From tender childhood's helplessness, From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
4. The cup of wa - ter given for Thee Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;

A - bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vis - ion of Thy tears.
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress, Thy heart has nev - er known re-coil.
Yet long these mul - ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face.

5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod:
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

No. 139. Saved to Serve.

John D. Morgan.

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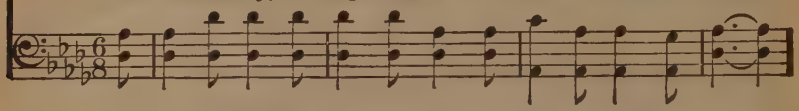
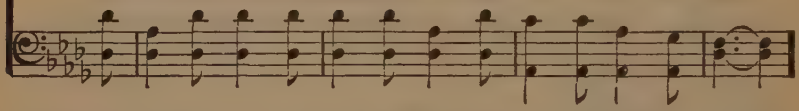
Percy S. Foster.

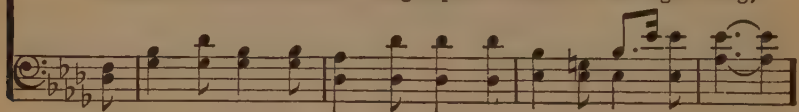
1. To dai - ly die to self and sin, and dai - ly to re - ceive
2. To dai - ly die to all things past, by spir - it, prayer, and word,
3. Tho' dark the way, tho' long the strife, I thro' the Spir-it's might



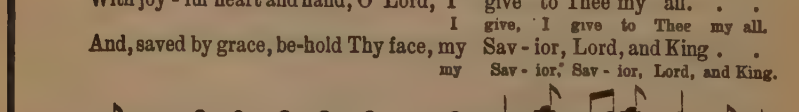
New life from Thee, I pray, O Lord, and more like Thee to live.
May I in - crease in faith and deed un - to Thy stat - ure, Lord.
Shall strive for Thee, Thy kingdom's weal, and for e - ter - nal right;



O saved to serve! by Je - sus' blood from sin and self made free,
O saved to serve! the field is wide; what I can do is small;
Then saved to serve! in heav'n's bright sphere I shall with an - gels sing,



To praise His name, to do His will, thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty. . .
thro' - out, thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.
With joy - ful heart and hand, O Lord, I give to Thee my all. . .
I give, I give to Thee my all.
And, saved by grace, be-hold Thy face, my Sav - ior, Lord, and King . .
my Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Lord, and King.



No. 140. Be a Golden Sunbeam.

Isaac Naylor.

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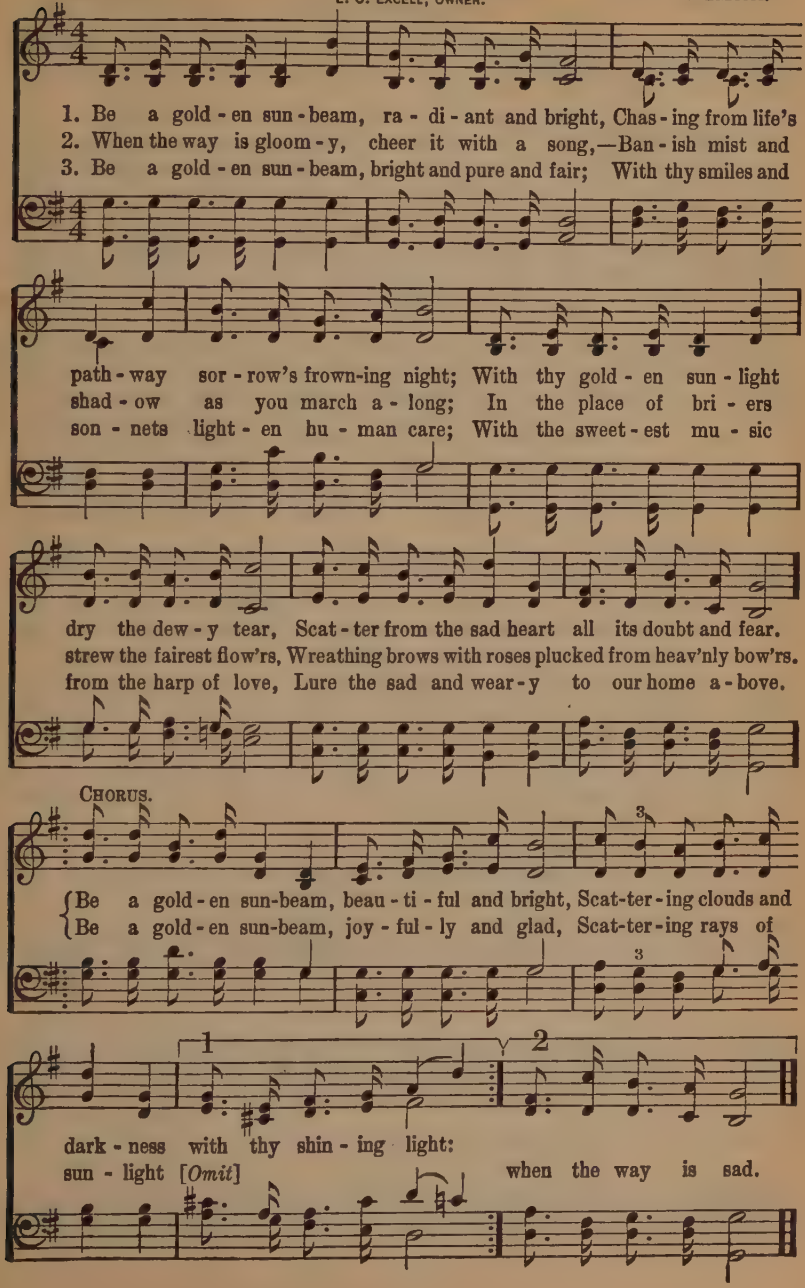
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

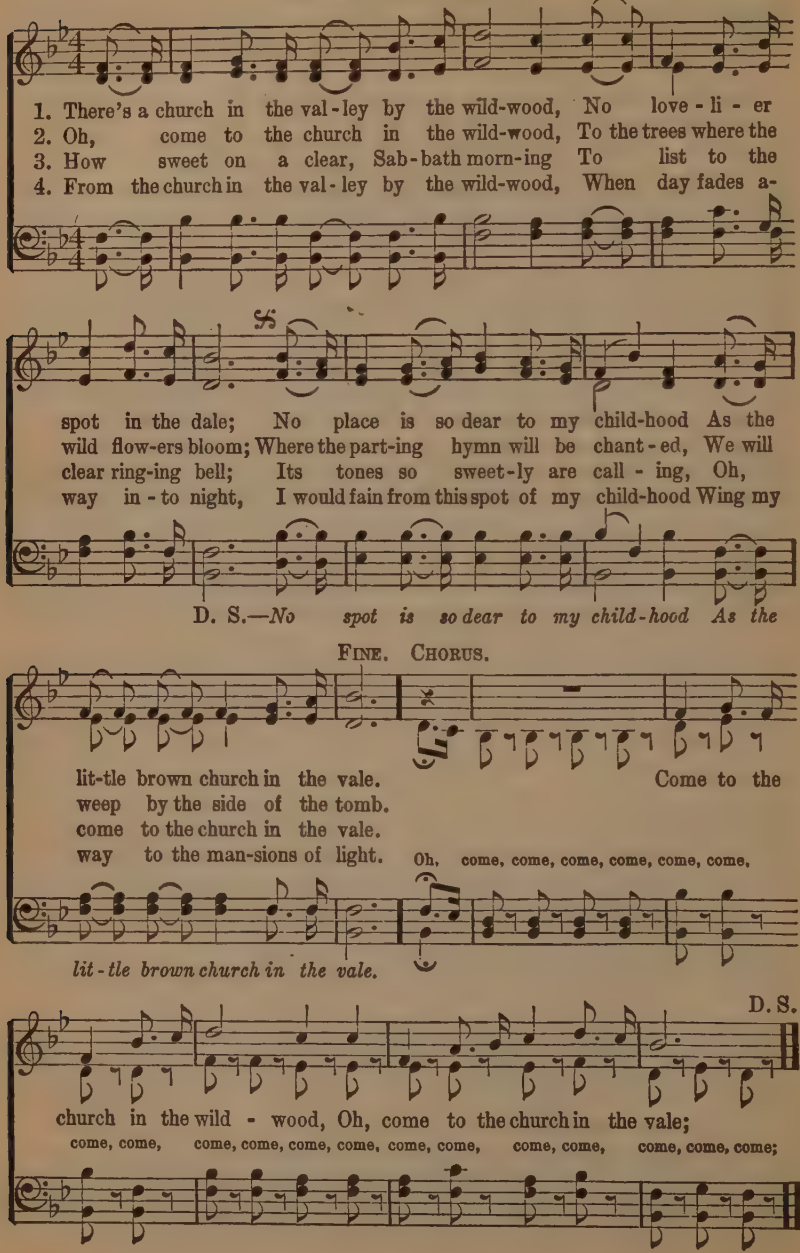


No. 141. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. William S. Pitts.



No. 142. If I Were a Voice.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. Calvin Hushey.

SOLO.

1. If I were a voice, a per-sua-sive voice, I would travel the wide world thro',
2. If I were a voice, a con-sol-ing voice, I would fly on the wings of air;
3. If I were a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, I would travel the earth a-round,

I would fly on the beams of the morn-ing light, And tell men to be true.
The dwell-ings of sor-row and guilt I'd seek, To save them from de-spair.
And wher-ev-er a man to his i-dols bowed, The gos-pel note I'd sound.

CHORUS.

I would fly . . . . . Far a-way, ...
Far a-way I would fly, O'er the land and sea, I would fly far a-way, O'er the land and sea,

I would fly Far a-way,

I'd point to the light, Show sin's darksome night, That men might take heed and be free.

No. 143. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

COPYRIGHT. 1890. BY IRA D. SANKEY.
USED BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
NEW YORK, OWNERS.

Frances R. Havergal. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al - le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and

grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong
glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free-
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-

CHORUS.

in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee.
ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it
ly sur - ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal si-lence

nev - er! Song of our spir - its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the
Song re - joic-ing and free; Peal

watch-word! loy - al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy-al King

No. 144. We Thank Thee, Our Father.

Daniel A. Poling. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY JNO. R. CLEMENTS. Theo. E. Perkins.

1. For the fruits of the earth, And the sky and the sea, For the boun-ti - ful
2. For the touch of wee hands In the ten-der ca - ress, For the lips of the
3. For the toil of our hands, The tasks that command us, For the field that is

har-vests So won-drous-ly free; For the gold of the au-tumn, The
fair - est And dear - est we press: For the strength of our fa-thers, Whose
white, Whose har-vest de-mands us; For the hope of the tri-umph Of

REFRAIN.

sear and the brown, For the bloom of the flow-er When winter is flown. For the
vig - or we share, For the faith of our mothers, The love that they bear. For the
peace o'er the sword, For the Son of High Heaven, Our Sav-ior and Lord. Gol-

work and the play, For the night and the day,
friends of tried worth, For the land of our birth, We thank Thee, our Fa-ther,
go - tha's Su-per-nal,—Om - nis-cient E - ter-nal,

With distinctness. *rit.* *After last verse.*

Yea, praise and extol; We thank Thee, our Father, Great God of us all. A - men.

No. 145. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.

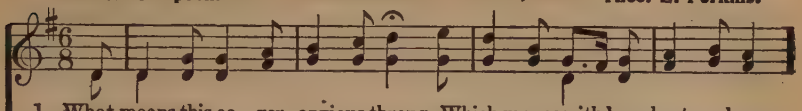
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

f *pp*

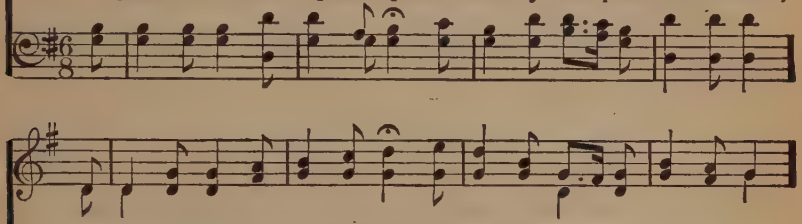
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

No. 146 Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

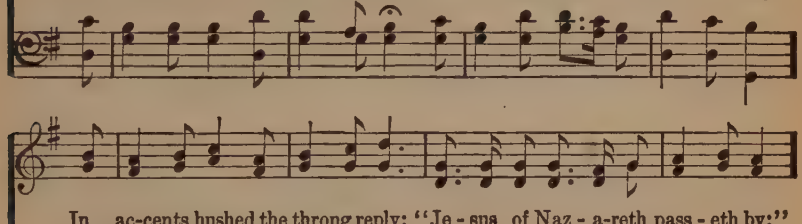
Miss Etta Campbell. USED BY PERMISSION OF JOHN R. CLEMENTS, OWNER. Theo. E. Perkins.



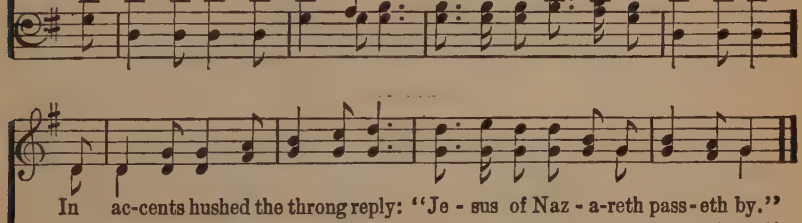
1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste a-long,—
2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might - i - ly?
3. Je - sus! 'T is He who once be - low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
4. A - gain He comes! From place to place His ho - ly foot-prints we can trace;



These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?
A paus - ing stran-ger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?
And bur-dened ones, where'er He came, Bro't out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
He paus - eth at our threshold—nay, He en - ters—con - de-scends to stay.



In ac-cents hushed the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by;"
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by;"
The blind re-joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by;"
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by?"



In ac-cents hushed the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by."
The blind re-joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by."
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by?"

No. 147. The Eye of Faith.

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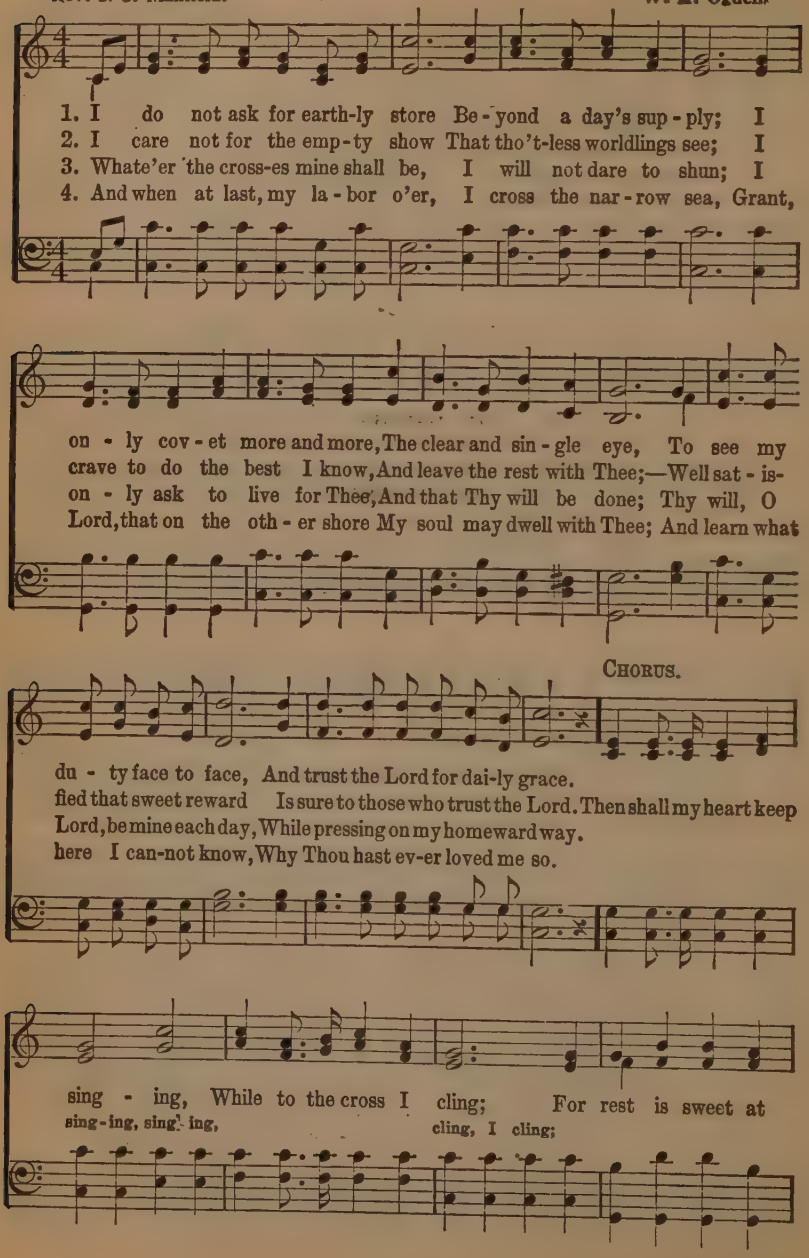
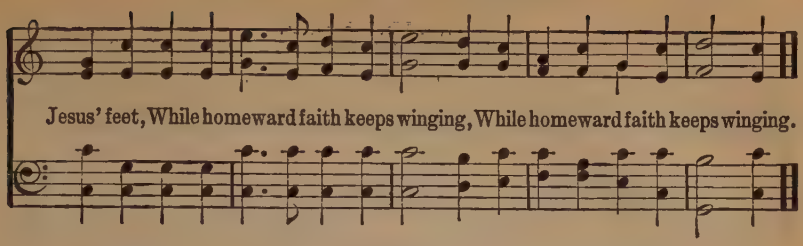
Rev. J. J. Maxfield. W. A. Ogden.



The Eye of Faith.



No. 148. Still, Still With Thee.

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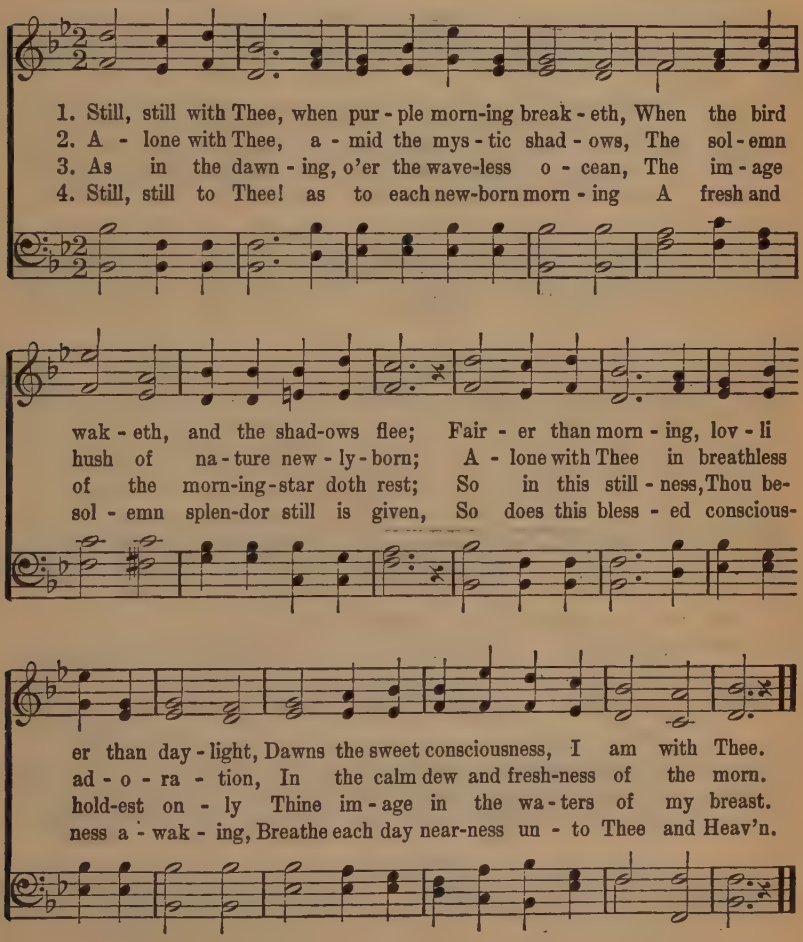
Harriet B. Stowe. Ira D. Sankey.

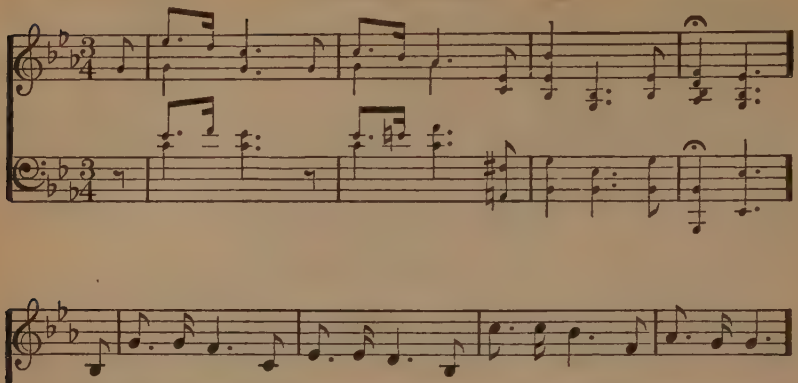


No. 149. Because His Name is Jesus.

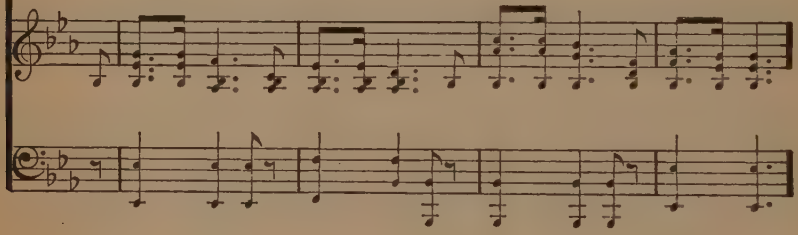
Arr. by E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

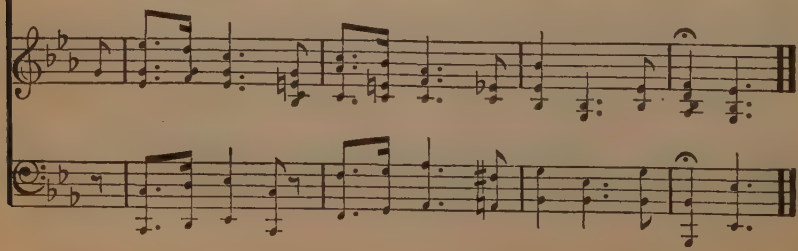
E. O. Excell.



1. In vain I've tried a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can-not see, I can-not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,



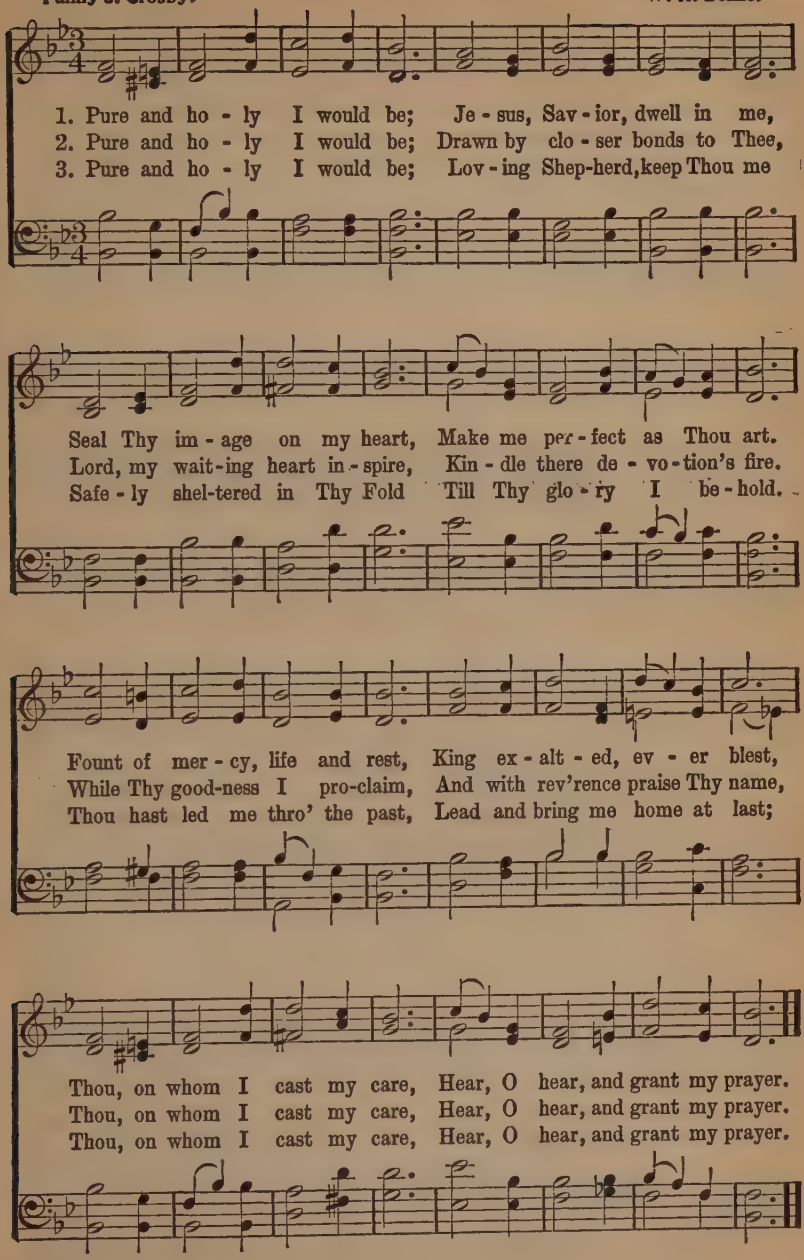
But what I need thro' all my days Is Je-sus, is Je-sus.
For light, for life, I must ap-peal To Je-sus, to Je-sus.
There's all a guilt-y sin-ner needs In Je-sus, in Je-sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je-sus, is Je-sus.



No. 150. Pure and Holy.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. H. DOANE.

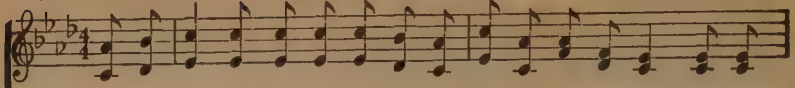
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



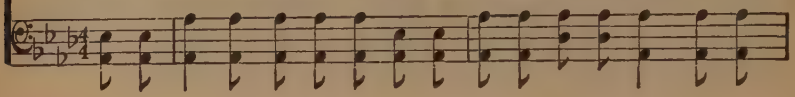
No. 151. My Savior First of All.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

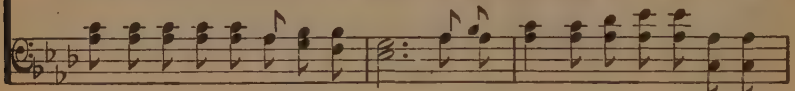
Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.



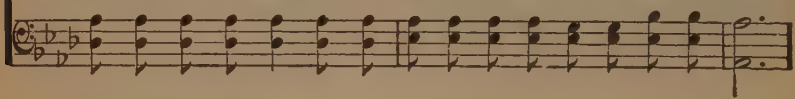
1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless - ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot - less white He will



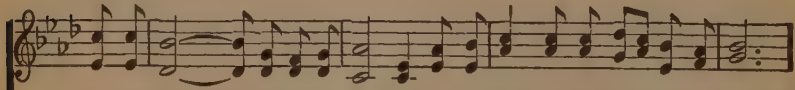
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deemer when I
lus - ter of His kind - ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall



reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

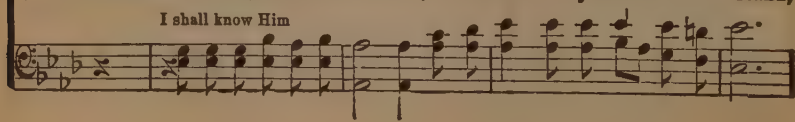


CHORUS.

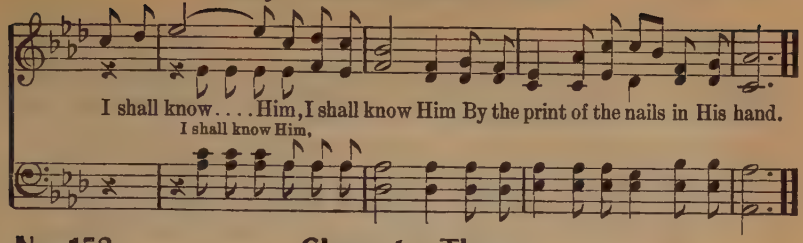


I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,

I shall know Him

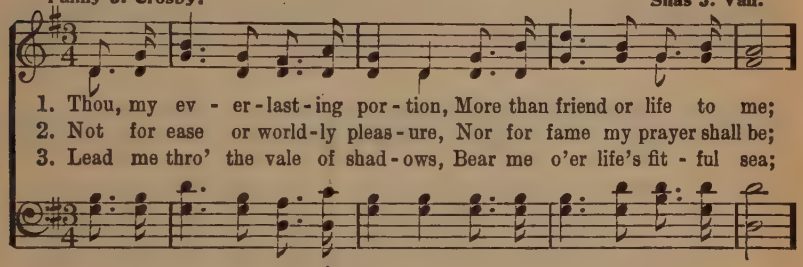


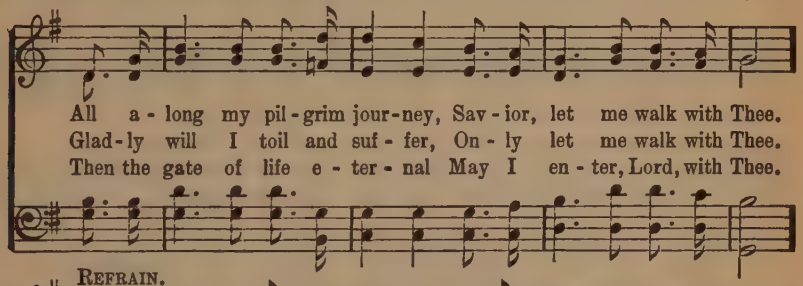
My Savior First of All.

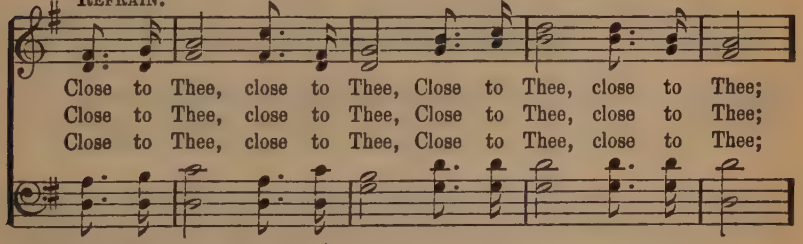


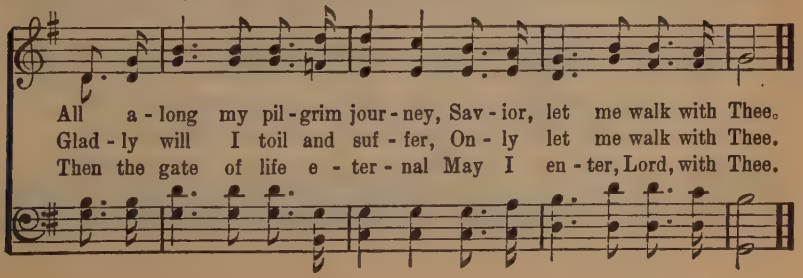
No. 152. Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.





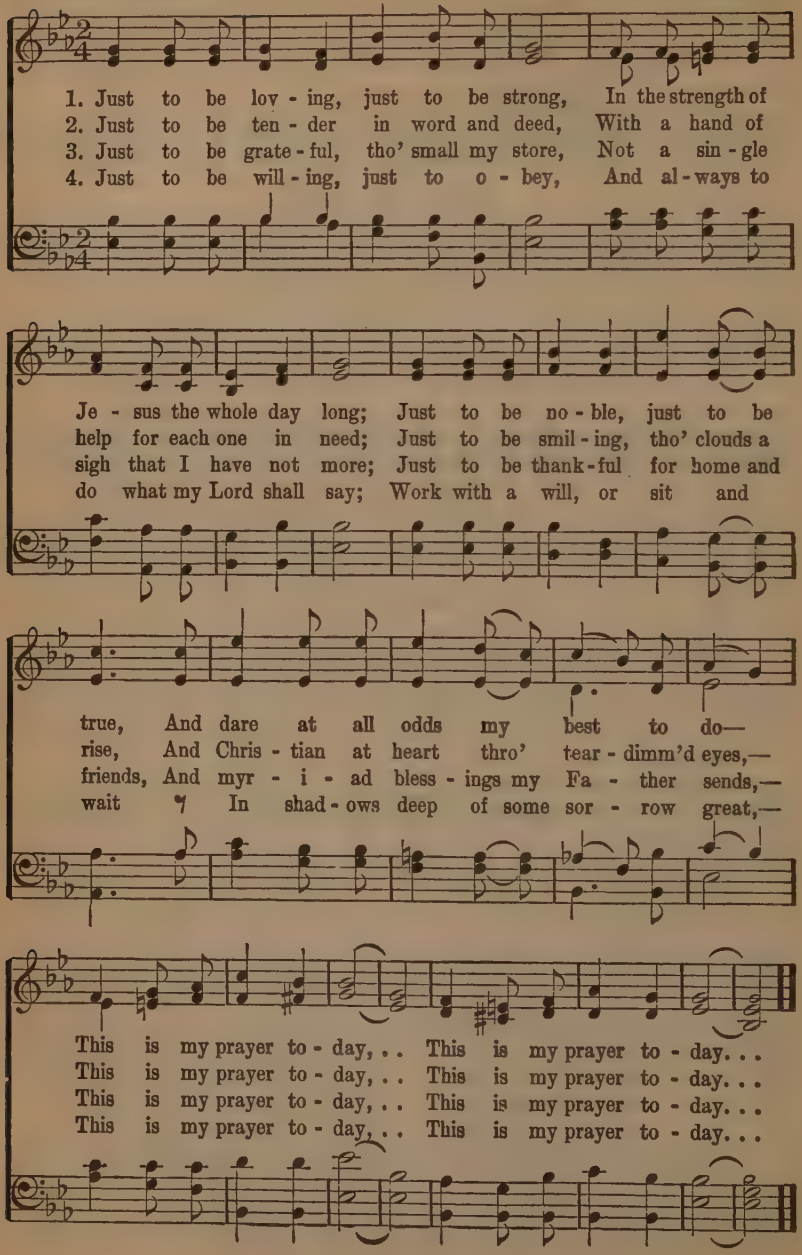




No. 153. This is My Prayer To-day.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY JOHN P. HILLIS.

John R. Clements. Charles H. Marsh.



No. 154. Home of the Soul.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips.

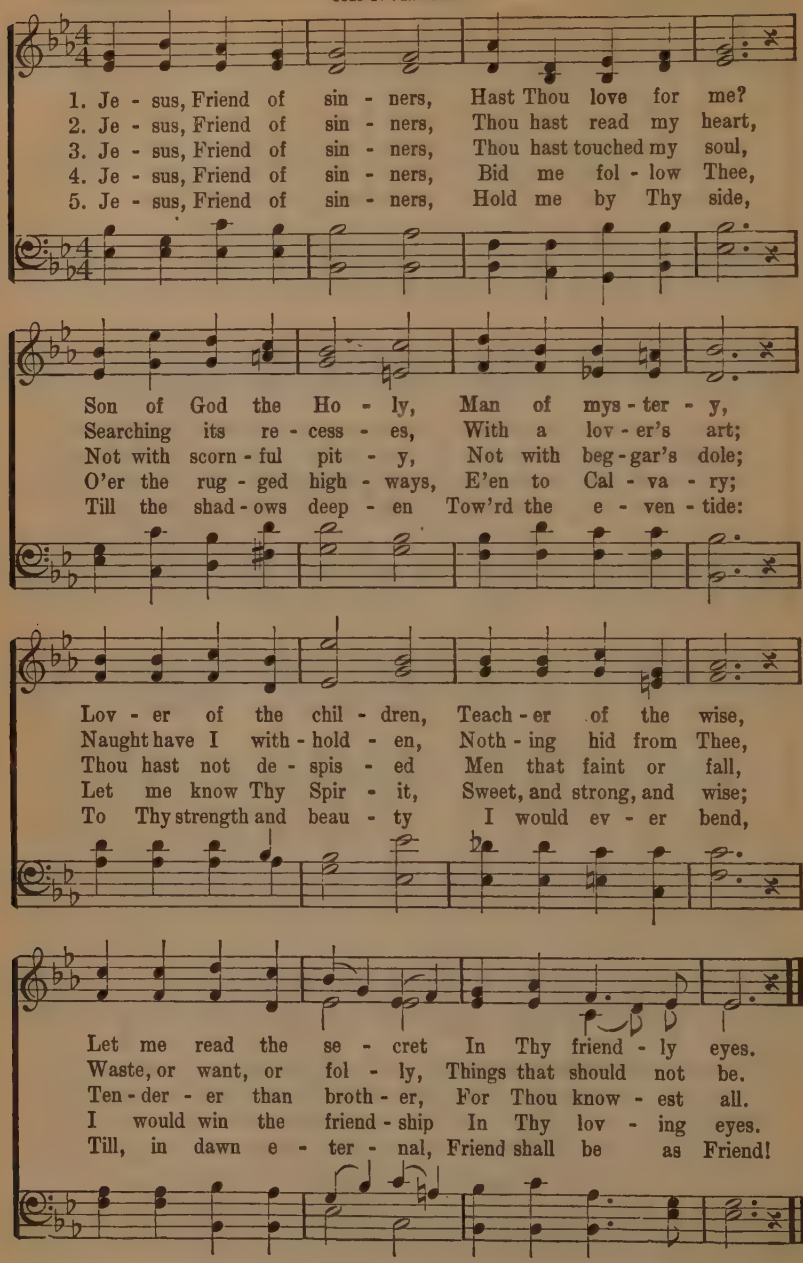
1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni - ty roll.
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vi-sions and dreams, Its bright, jasper walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter-venes Be- tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

No. 155. Jesus, Friend of Sinners.

Charles Irvin Junkin.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

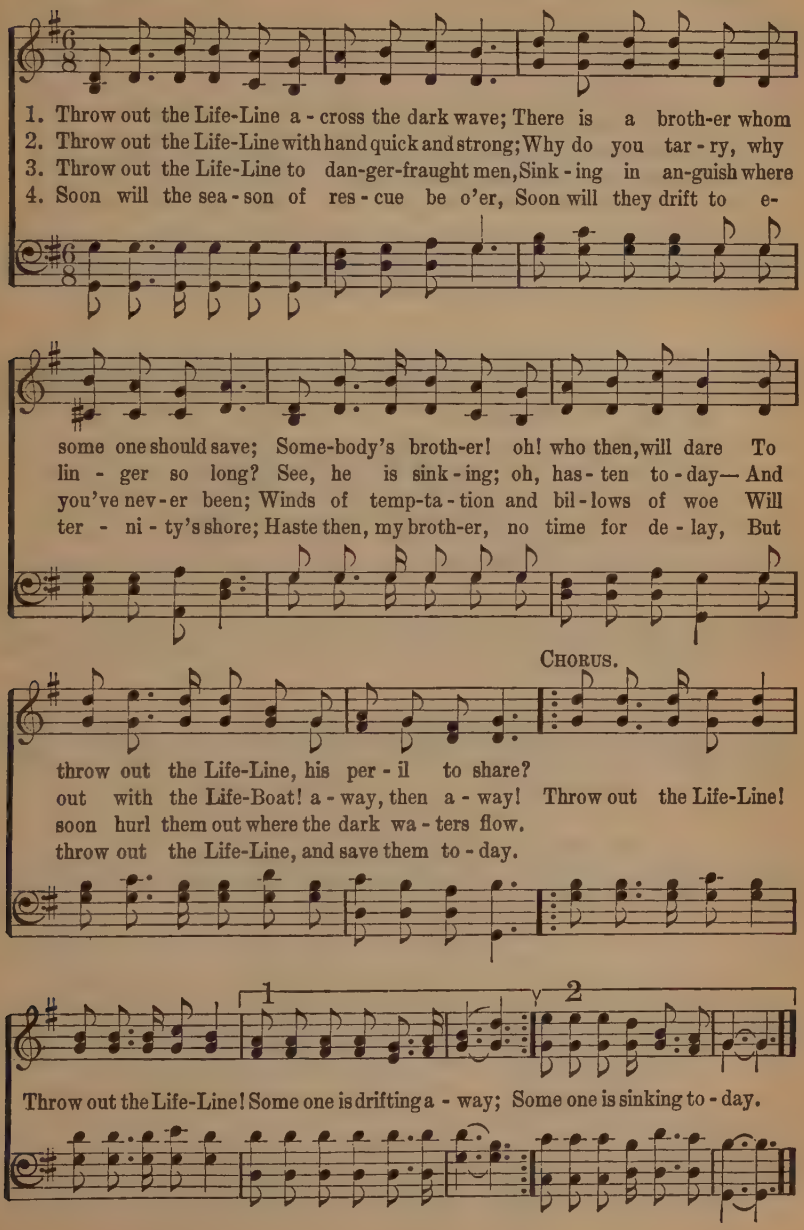
Geo. C. Stebbins.



No. 156. Throw Out the Life-Line.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. NEW YORK. USED BY PER.

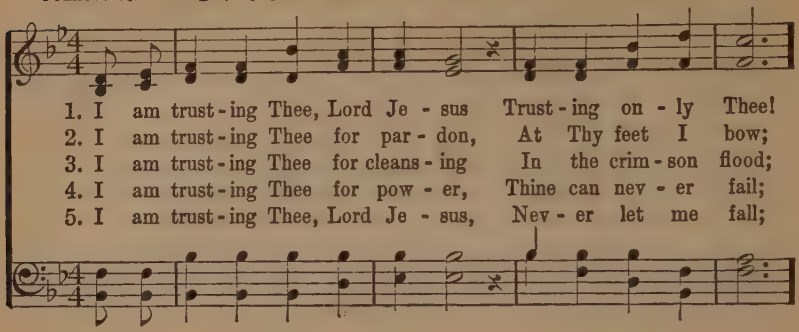
Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.



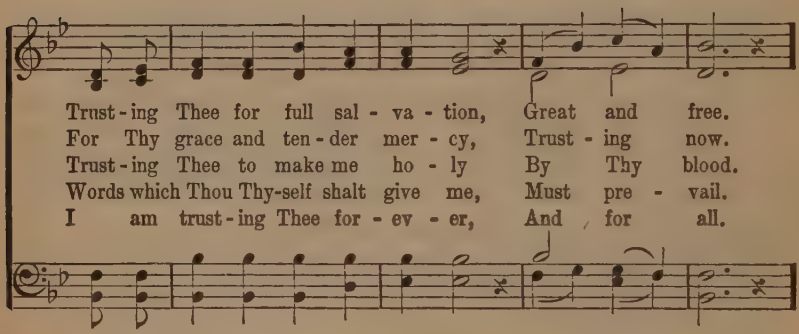
No. 157. I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Frances R. Havergal, by per. NEW YORK. USED BY PER. J. H. Burke.

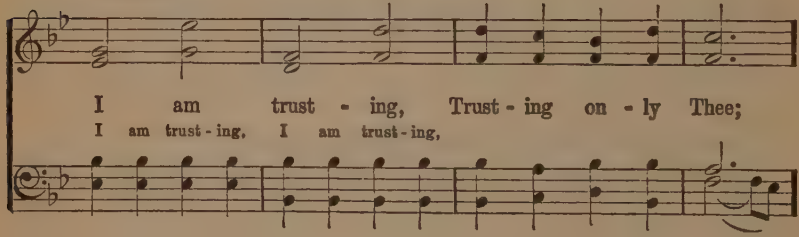


1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus Trust-ing on - ly Thee!
2. I am trust-ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow;
3. I am trust-ing Thee for cleans-ing In the crim-son flood;
4. I am trust-ing Thee for pow - er, Thine can nev - er fail;
5. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall;

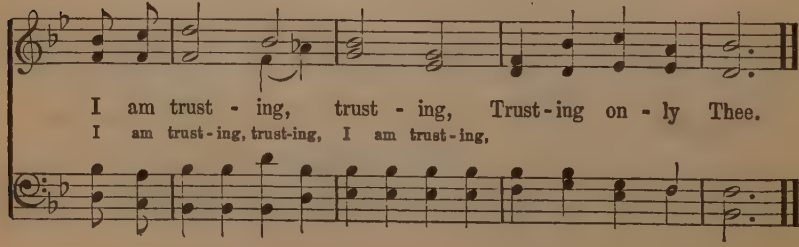


Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
Trust-ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
Words which Thou Thy-self shalt give me, Must pre - vail.
I am trust-ing Thee for - ev - er, And for all.

CHORUS.



I am trust - ing, Trust - ing on - ly Thee;
I am trust-ing, I am trust-ing,



I am trust - ing, trust - ing, Trust-ing on - ly Thee.
I am trust-ing, trust-ing, I am trust-ing,

No. 158. Open Wide the Door.

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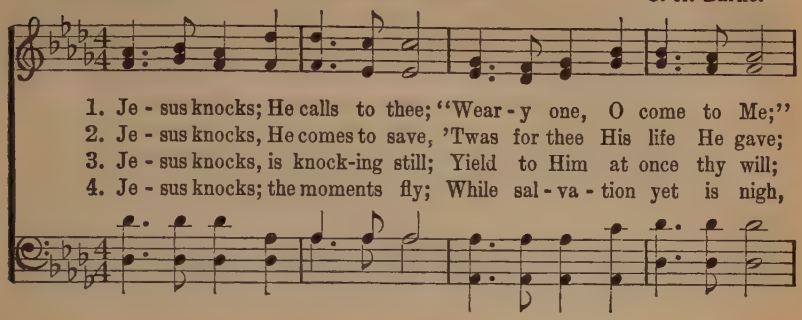
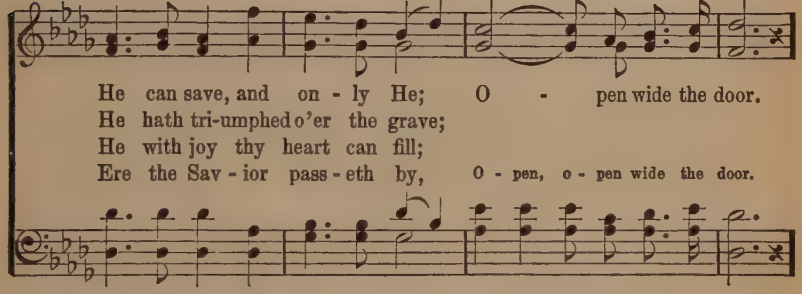
W. Kitching, arr. by S. J. H. Burke.

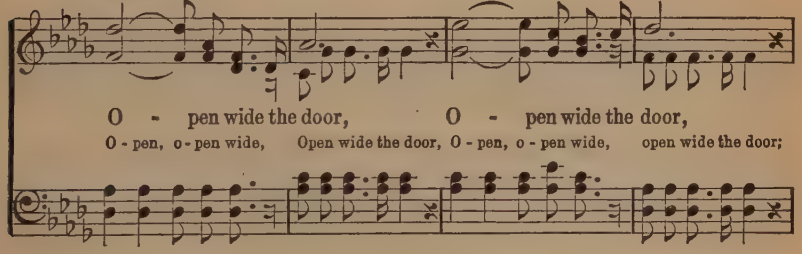


1. Je - sus knocks; He calls to thee; "Wear - y one, O come to Me;"
2. Je - sus knocks, He comes to save, 'Twas for thee His life He gave;
3. Je - sus knocks, is knock-ing still; Yield to Him at once thy will;
4. Je - sus knocks; the moments fly; While sal - va - tion yet is nigh,

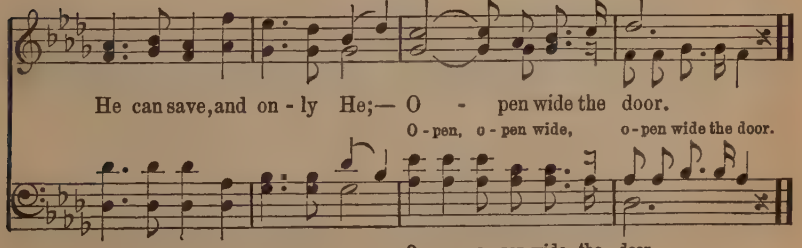


He can save, and on - ly He; O - pen wide the door.
He hath tri-umphed o'er the grave;
He with joy thy heart can fill;
Ere the Sav - ior pass - eth by, O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

CHORUS.



O - pen wide the door, O - pen wide the door,
O - pen, o - pen wide, Open wide the door, O - pen, o - pen wide, open wide the door;



He can save, and on - ly He;— O - pen wide the door.
O - pen, o - pen wide, o - pen wide the door.
O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

No. 159. Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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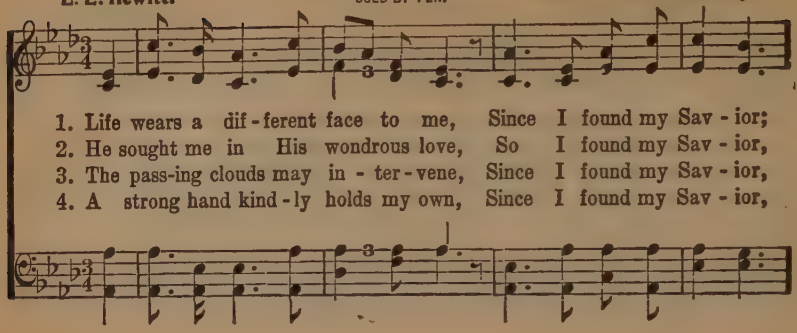
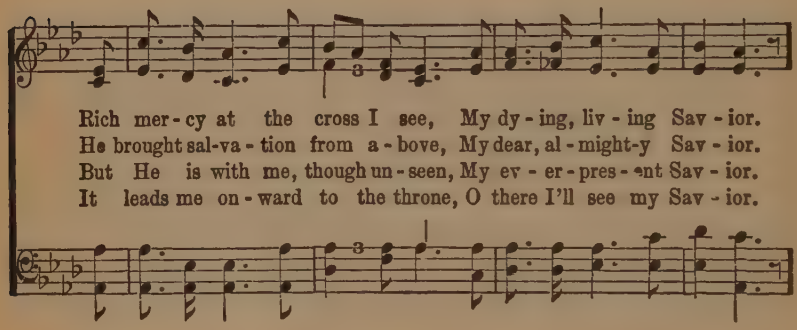
Jno. R. Sweney.

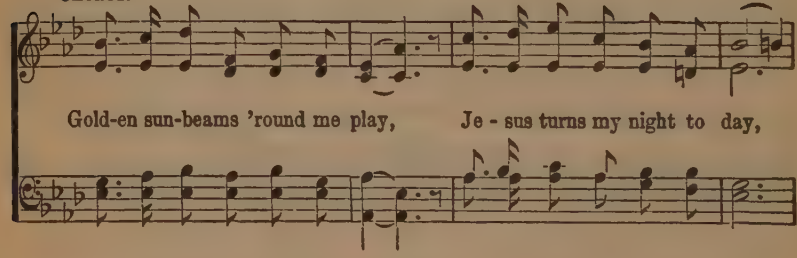


1. Life wears a dif - ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior,
3. The pass-ing clouds may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav - ior,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior,

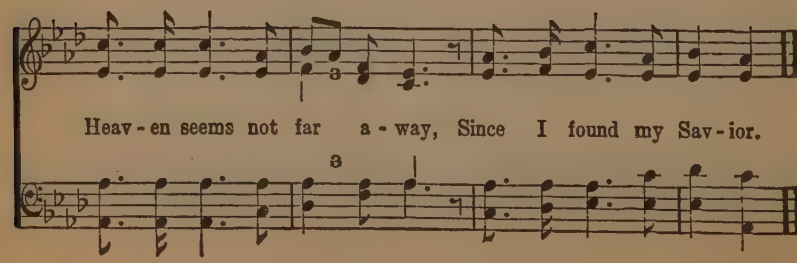


Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
He brought sal-va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al - might-y Sav - ior.
But He is with me, though un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
It leads me on - ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav - ior.

CHORUS.



Gold-en sun-beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,



Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

No. 160. No Night There.

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USED BY PER.

John R. Clements. H. P. Danks.

Solo, or Semi-chorus.

1. In the land of fade - less day Lies the "cit - y four-square;"
2. All the gates of pearl are made In the "cit - y four-square;"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To the "cit - y four-square;"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In the "cit - y four-square;"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys-tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

CHORUS.

God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;"

f

death, no pain, nor fears; And they count not
There's no death, no pain, nor fears; And they count not time

dim. *mf*

time by years, . . For there is "no night there."
by years, by years, For there is "no night . . . . there."

No. 161. Ghrist and the Ghurch.

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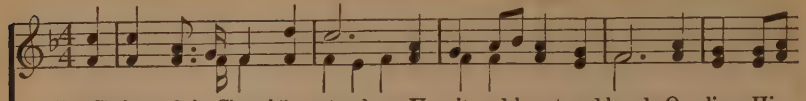
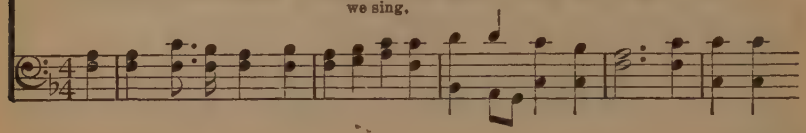
NEW YORK. USED BY PER.

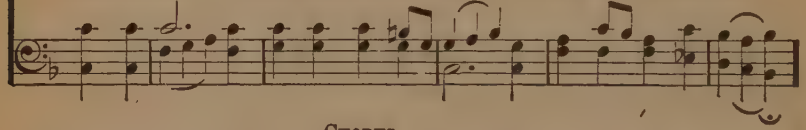
J. R. Clements. Geo. C. Stebbins.



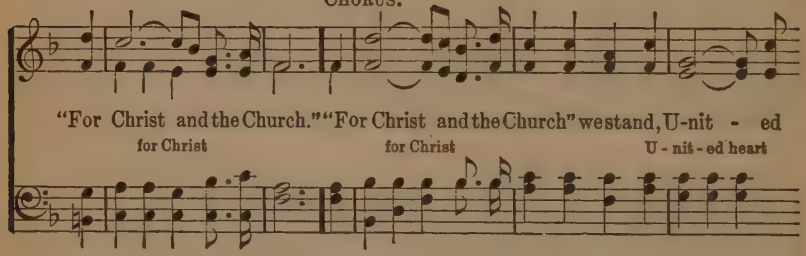
1. "For Christ and the Church" we stand, U - nit - ed heart and hand; Our lips His
2. "For Christ and the Church" we pray, And la - bor day by day; With zeal and
3. "For Christ and the Church" we sing, And glad ho - san - nas bring; Since He hath



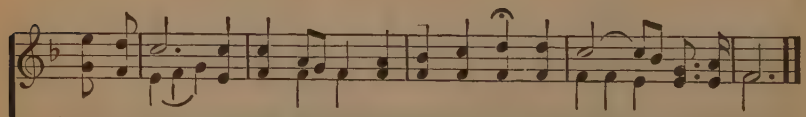
praise to speak, Our hands to help the weak; Our feet the lost to seek,
cour - age new We'll strive some work to do, And keep our covenant true,
made us free, And prom-ised vic - to - ry, Our mot - to still shall be,



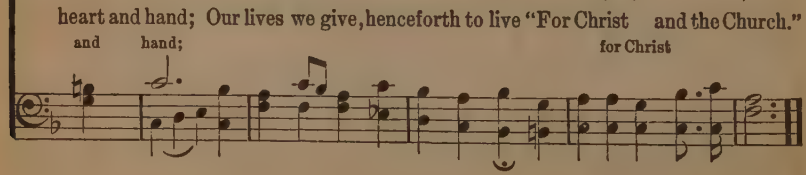
CHORUS.



"For Christ and the Church." "For Christ and the Church" we stand, U-nit - ed
for Christ for Christ U - nit - ed heart

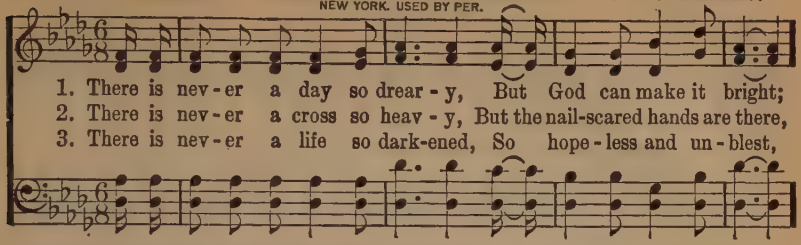


heart and hand; Our lives we give, henceforth to live "For Christ and the Church."
and hand; for Christ

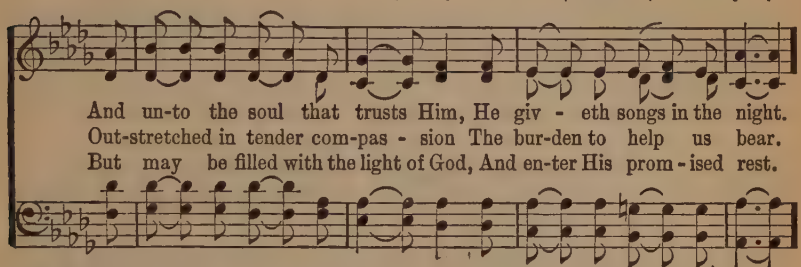


No. 162. There is Never a Day so Dreary.

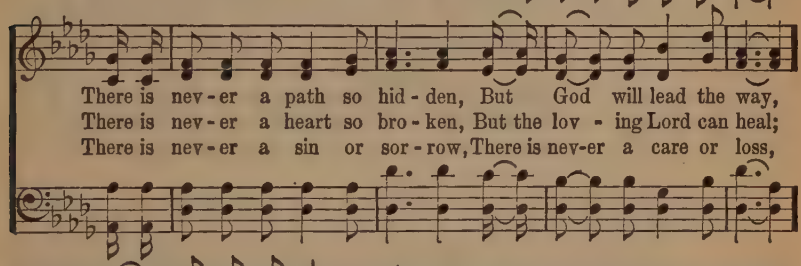
Lilla M. Alexander. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE BIGLOW & NAIN CO. NEW YORK. USED BY PER. Geo. C. Stebbins.



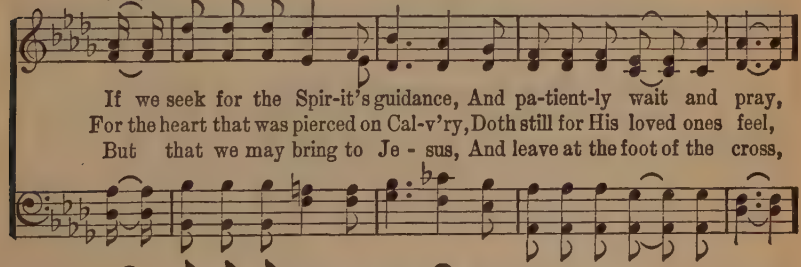
1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, But God can make it bright;
2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, But the nail-scared hands are there,
3. There is nev - er a life so dark-ened, So hope - less and un - blest,



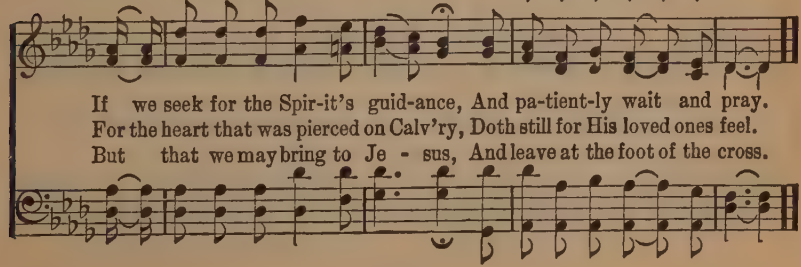
And un-to the soul that trusts Him, He giv - eth songs in the night.
Out-stretched in tender com-pas - sion The bur-den to help us bear.
But may be filled with the light of God, And en-ter His prom - ised rest.



There is nev - er a path so hid - den, But God will lead the way,
There is nev - er a heart so bro - ken, But the lov - ing Lord can heal;
There is nev - er a sin or sor - row, There is nev-er a care or loss,



If we seek for the Spir-it's guidance, And pa-tient-ly wait and pray,
For the heart that was pierced on Cal-v'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel,
But that we may bring to Je - sus, And leave at the foot of the cross,



If we seek for the Spir-it's guid-ance, And pa-tient-ly wait and pray.
For the heart that was pierced on Calv'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel.
But that we may bring to Je - sus, And leave at the foot of the cross.

No. 163. Brighten All the Way.

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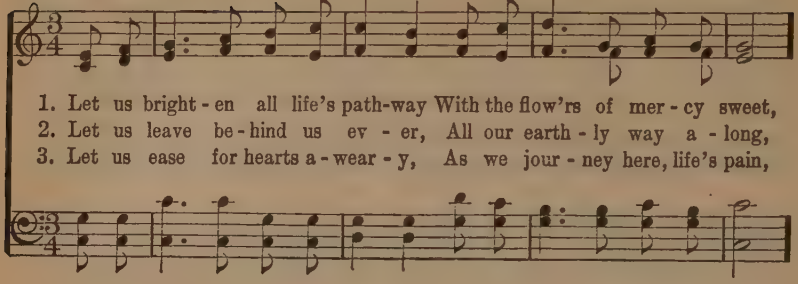
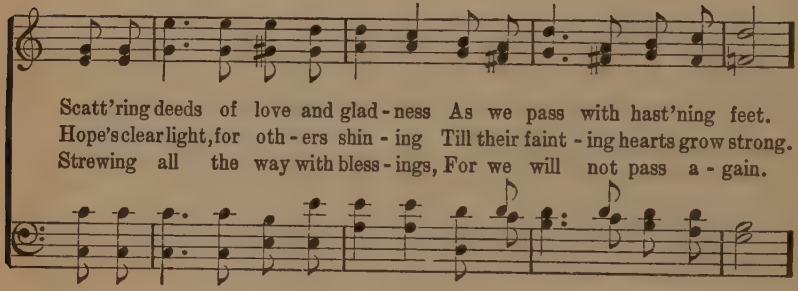
Ida L. Reed. Theo. E. Perkins.

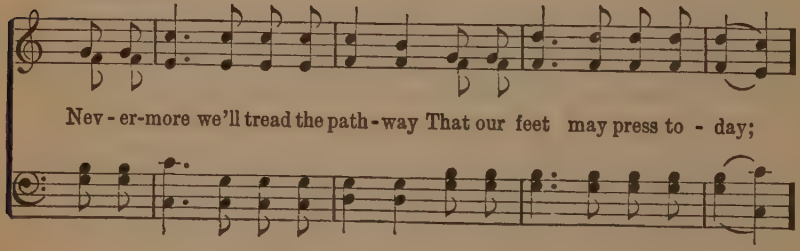


1. Let us bright - en all life's path-way With the flow'rs of mer - cy sweet,
2. Let us leave be - hind us ev - er, All our earth - ly way a - long,
3. Let us ease for hearts a - wear - y, As we jour - ney here, life's pain,

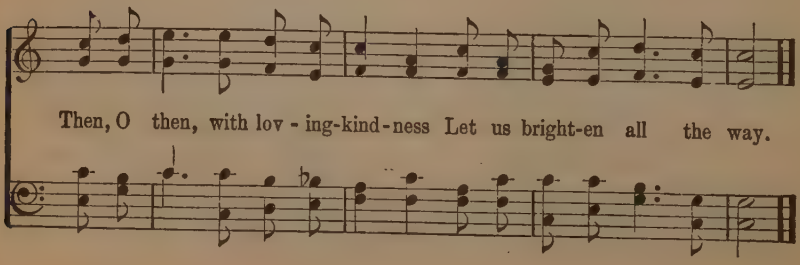


Scatt'ring deeds of love and glad - ness As we pass with hast'ning feet.
Hope's clear light, for oth - ers shin - ing Till their faint - ing hearts grow strong.
Strewing all the way with bless - ings, For we will not pass a - gain.

REFRAIN.



Nev - er-more we'll tread the path - way That our feet may press to - day;



Then, O then, with lov - ing-kind - ness Let us bright-en all the way.

No. 164. Under His Wings.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. NEW YORK. USED BY PER Ira. D. Sankey.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night
2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart
3. Un - der His wings, O what precious en - joy-ment! There will I

deep - ens and tem-pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I
yearn-ing - ly turns to its rest! Oft - en when earth has no
hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Shel - tered, pro - tect - ed, no

know He will keep me; He has redeemed me, and I am His child.
balm for my heal - ing, There I find com-fort, and there I am blest.
e - vil can harm me; Rest-ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Un-der His wings, un-der His wings, Who from His love can sev - er? . .

Un - der His wings my soul shall a - bide, Safe-ly a - bide for - ev - er.

No. 165. Jesus is Passing this Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY W. H. DOANE.

Annie L. James. W. H. Doane.

Gently.

1. Is there a heart that is wait - ing, Long-ing for par-don to - day?
2. Is there a heart that has wan-dered? Come with thy bur-den to - day;
3. Is there a heart that is bro - ken? Wear-y and sigh-ing for rest?
4. Come to thy on - ly Re-deem - er, Come to His in - fi - nite love;

rit.

Hear the glad message pro-claim - ing, Je - sus is pass-ing this way.
Mer - cy is ten-der - ly plead - ing, Je - sus is pass-ing this way.
Come to the arms of thy Sav - ior, Pil - low thy head on His breast.
Come to the gate that is lead - ing Homeward to man-sions a - bove.

CHORUS.

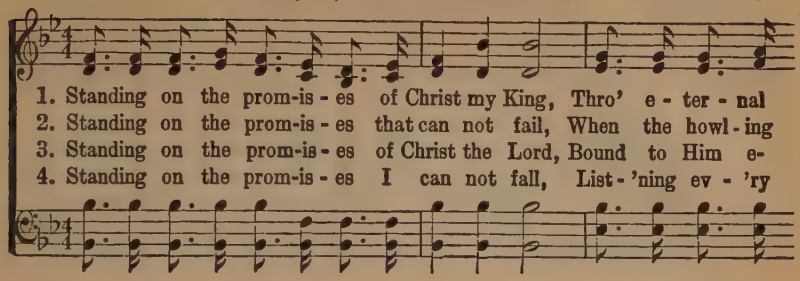
Je - sus is pass-ing this way, ... This way . . . . to - day; . . . .
Je - sus is pass - ing, is passing this way, Is passing this way, is passing to-day;

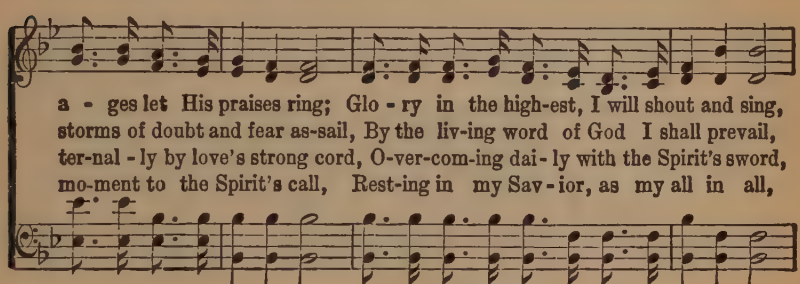
rit.

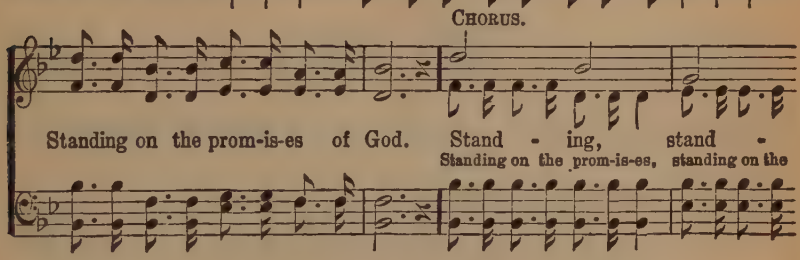
Je - sus is pass - ing this way, ... Is pass-ing this way to - day.
is passing this way,

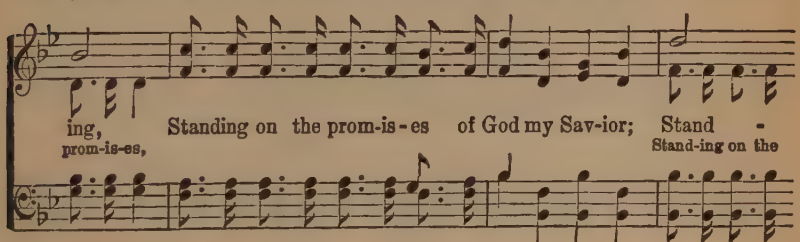
No. 166. Standing On the Promises.

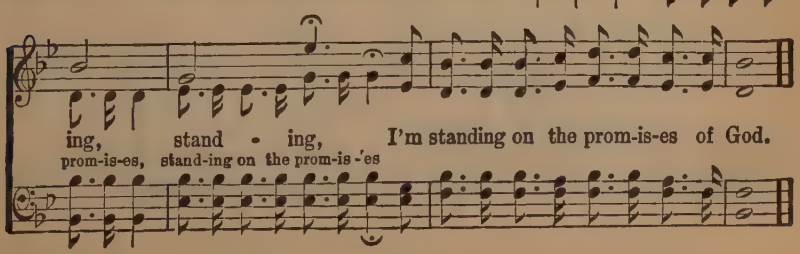
R. K. C. COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER. R. Kelso Carter.











No. 167. Benedictus.

(FOR CLOSING OF SERVICE.)

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. For this sweet hour, O heav'nly King, To Thee our thanks, our praise we bring,
2. And now, dear Sav - ior, as we part, Im-press Thy truth on ev - 'ry heart;
3. Control our tho'ts, our foot-steps guide; May peace henceforth in us a - bide;

For this sweet hour whose light has shone, With beams re-flect-ed from Thy throne.
And may this pre-cious means of grace In - spire us all to seek Thy face.
And may this ho - ly Sab - bath be A day's march nearer, Lord, to Thee.

No. 168. Tread Softly.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

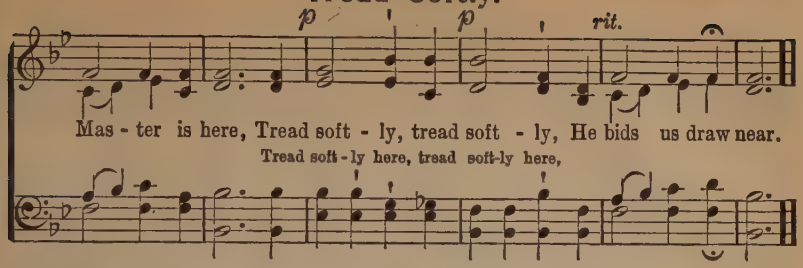
Gently. *p*

1. Be si - lent, be si - lent, A whis - per is heard, Be si - lent, and
2. Be si - lent, be si - lent, For ho - ly this place, This al - tar that
3. Be si - lent, be si - lent, Breathe humbly our prayer, A fore-taste of
4. Be si - lent, be si - lent, His mer - cy re - cord; Be si - lent, be

CHORUS.

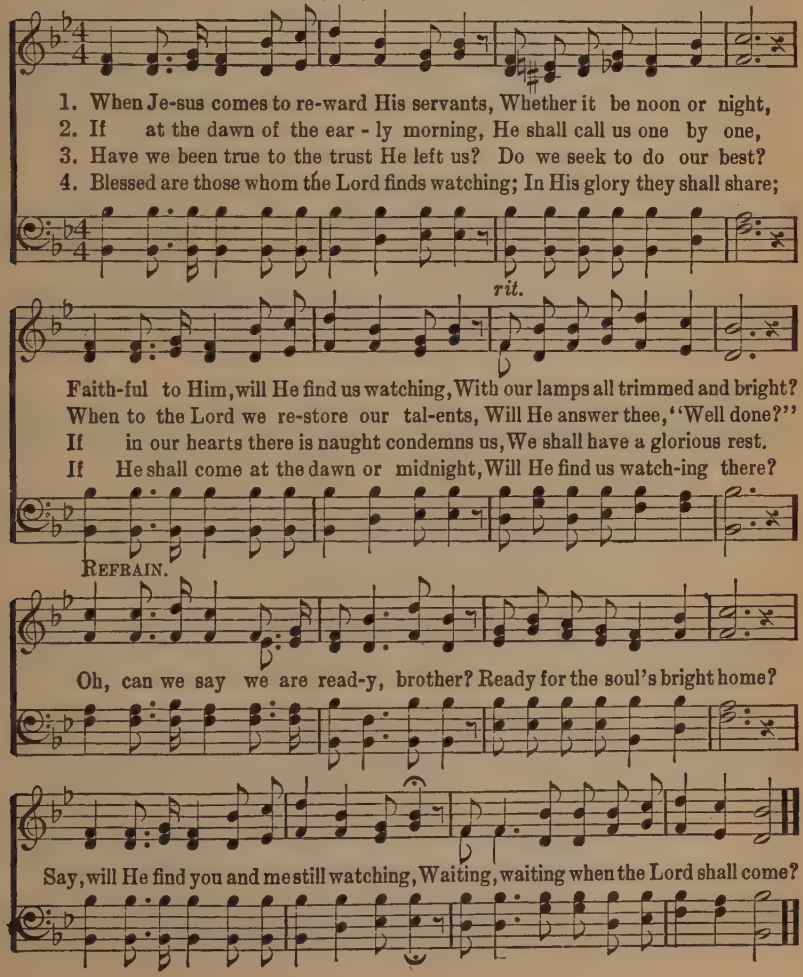
lis - ten, O treas-ure each word!
ech - oes The mes-sage of grace. Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The
E - den This mo-ment we share.
si - lent And wait on the Lord. Tread soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,

Tread Softly.



No. 169. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W. H. Doane.



No. 170. He Knows.

Mary G. Brainard.

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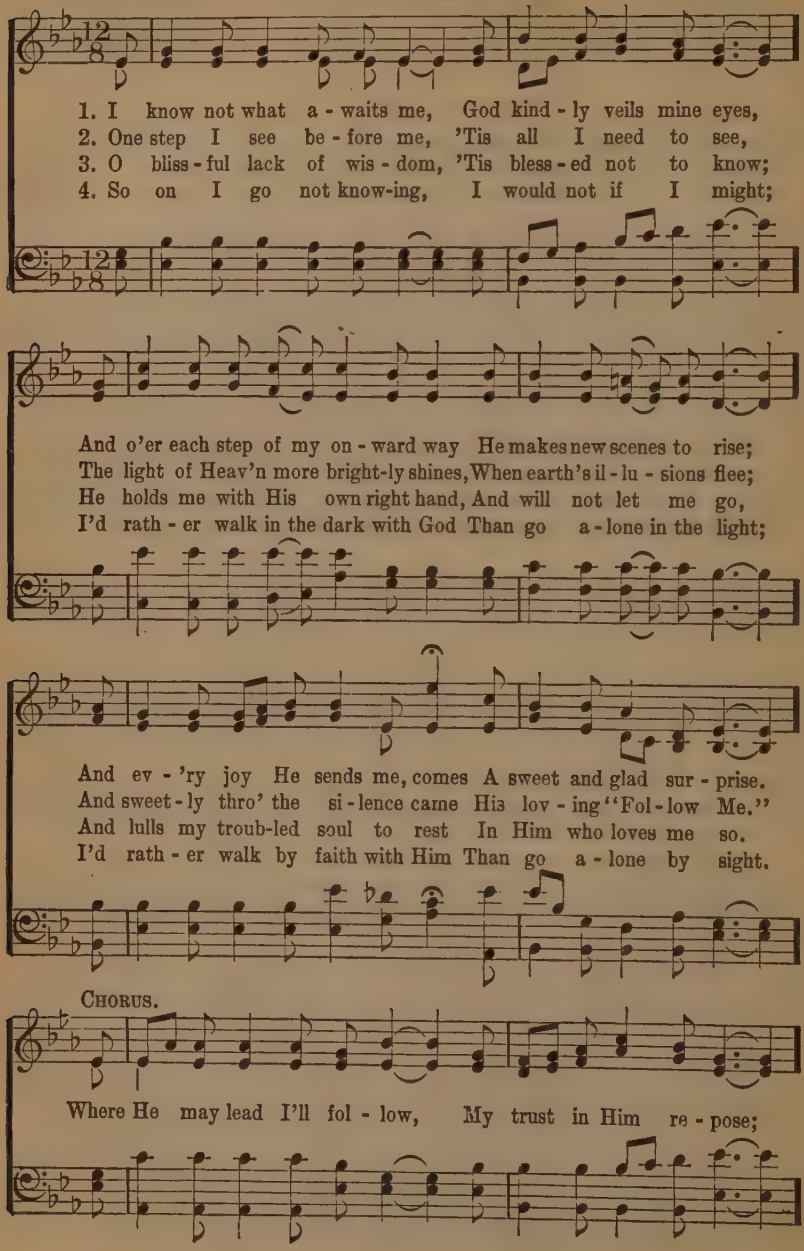
P. P. Bliss.



He Knows.

And ev - 'ry hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows;

And ev - 'ry hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows.

After last verse only.

He knows, He knows, He knows. (He knows.)

No. 171. God's Peace.

Anon. H. G. B. Hunt.

1. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God! Deep as the sound-less sea,
2. We ask not, Fa - ther, for re - pose Which comes from out-ward rest,
3. That peace which suf - fers and is strong, Trusts where it can - not see,
4. O Fa - ther, give our hearts this peace, What-e'er may out - ward be,

Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee.
If we may have thro' all life's woes Thy peace with - in our breast;—
Deems not the tri - al - way too long, But leaves the end with Thee.
Till all life's dis - ci - pline shall cease, And we go home to Thee.

No. 172. Like a River, Glorious.

Frances R. Havergal. Rev. J. Mountain.

1. Like a riv-er, glor-ious Is God's perfect peace, O-ver all vic-to-rious
2. Hid-den in the hol-low Of His bless-ed hand, Nev-er foe can fol-low,
3. Ev-'ry joy or tri-al Fall-eth from a-bove, Traced upon our di-al

In its bright in-crease; Per-fect, yet it flow-eth Full-er ev-'ry day—
Nev-er trai-tor stand; Not a surge of wor-ry, Not a shade of care,
By the Sun of Love; We may trust Him full-y, All for us to do;

D. S.—*Hearts are full-y blest;*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Per-fect, yet it grow-eth Deep-er all the way.
Not a blast of hur-ry Touch the spir-it there. Stayed upon Je-ho-vah,
They who trust Him wholly Find Him whol-ly true.

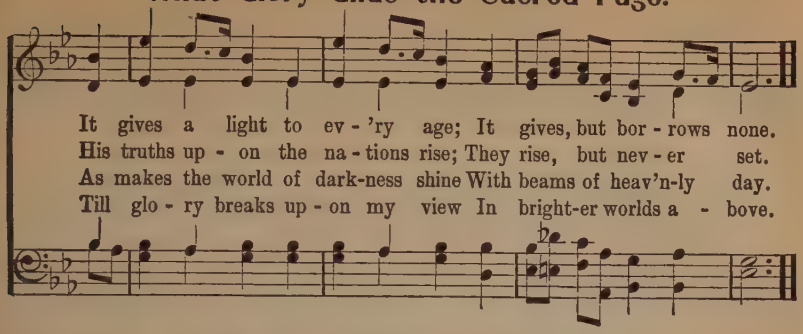
Find-ing, as He prom-ised, Per-fect peace and rest.

No. 173. What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.

William Cowper. J. F. Burrowes.

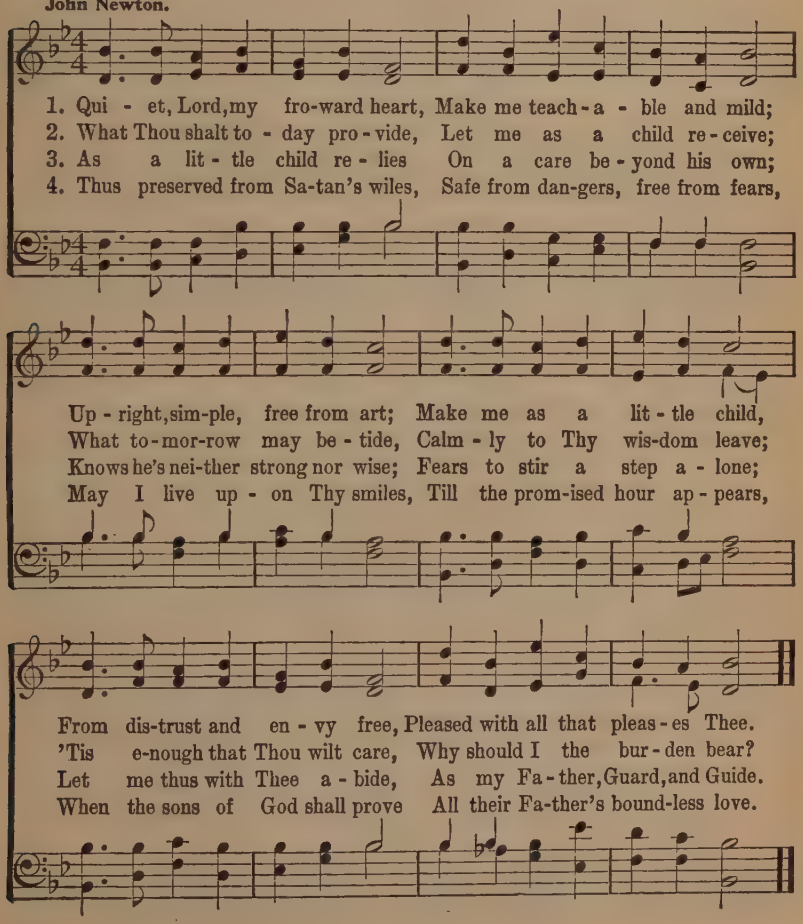
1. What glo-ry gilds the sa-cred page, Ma-jes-tic, like the sun!
2. The hand that gave it still sup-plies His gra-cious light and heat,
3. Let ev-er-last-ing thanks be Thine, For such a bright dis-play
4. My soul re-joi-ces to pur-sue The paths of truth and love.

What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.



No. 174. Quiet, Lord, My Froward Heart.

John Newton.



No. 175. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PER. J. S. Norris.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D.C.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*

D.C.

I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 176. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.

1. A-las, and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A-maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo-ries in, When Christ, the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I

CHORUS.

vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pit-y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! At the cross, at the cross where I
mighty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin.
give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

At the Cross.

first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away, (rolled away,) It was

there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

No. 177. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was l st up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—*Because He first loved me, And*

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.

purchased my sal-va - tion On Calv'ry's tree.

No. 178. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.

1. { Sav - ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
In Thy pleasant pasture feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare; }

2. { We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray; }

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray;

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 179. Jesus Loves Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

Jesus Loves Me.

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

No. 180. I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story.

Mrs. J. Luke. | Old Melody.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been

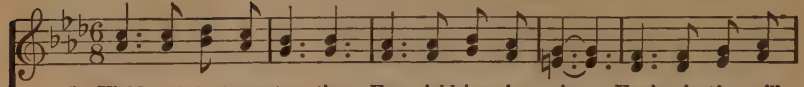
here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold,
thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,

I should like to have been with them then.
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

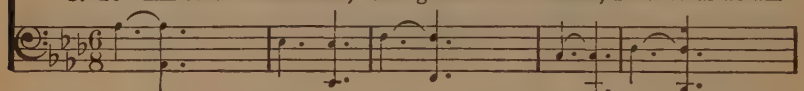
3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

No. 181. Yield Not to Temptation.

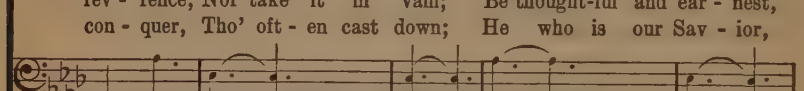
H. R. P. USED BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Dr. H. R. Palmer.



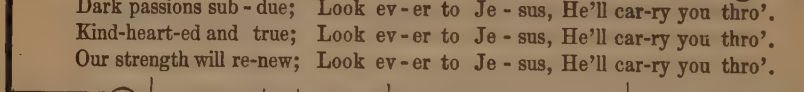
1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we will



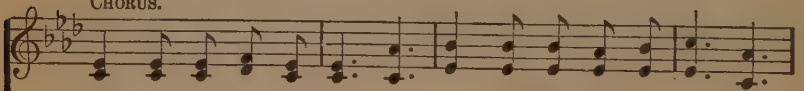
help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,



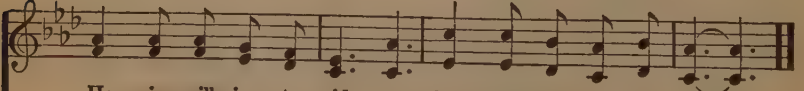
Dark passions sub - due; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.



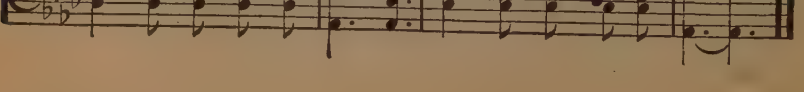
CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.



No. 182. Little Sunbeams.

Eben E. Rexford.

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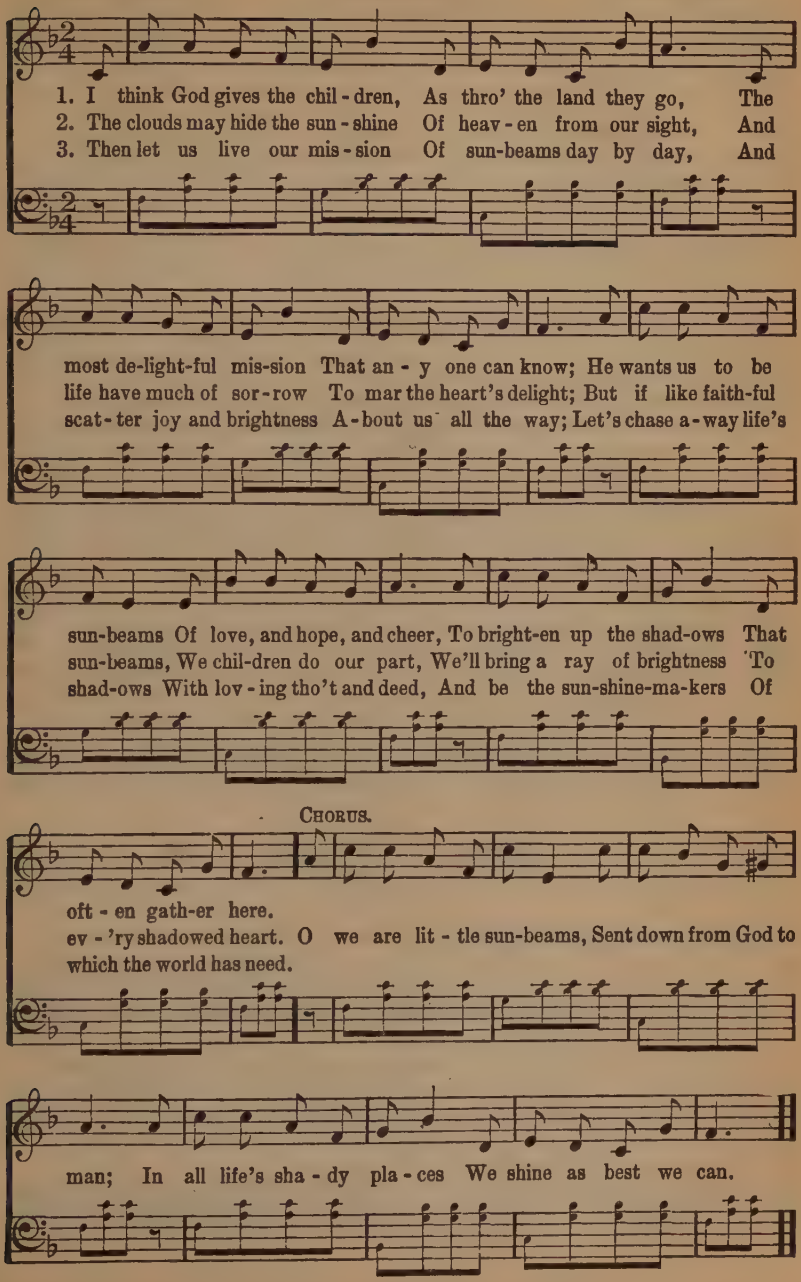
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 183. God of Life and God of Light.

John R. Clements. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY JOHN B. SUMNER John B. Sumner.

1. God of life and God of light, Robed in all Thy glo - ry might,
2. God of good and God of grace, Show a - gain Thy ra-diant face,
3. God of each and God of all, Low be - fore Thy feet we fall;
4. Thou our years of toil hast blest, Ev - er giv - en what was best;

Shed up - on us from a - bove Beams of Thine a - bid - ing love.
As in Je - sus long a - go Thou Thy - self to earth didst show.
Take the gifts of love we bring, Hear us as Thy praise we sing.
Let the fu - ture hold in store Cups of serv - ice run - ning o'er.

CHORUS.

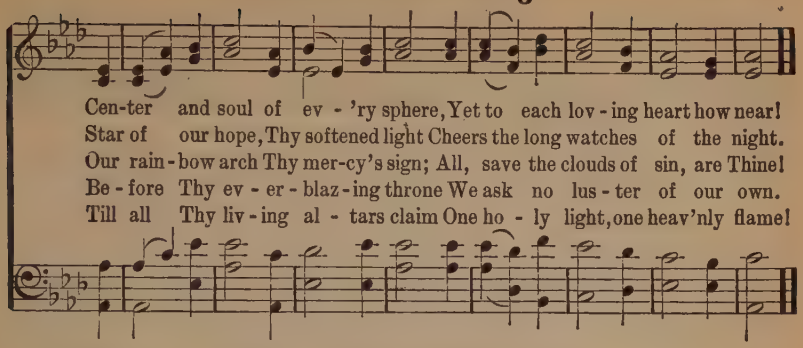
Bless, oh, bless with peace to day, While with - in Thy courts we stay.

No. 184. Lord of All Being.

O. W. Holmes. V. C. Taylor.

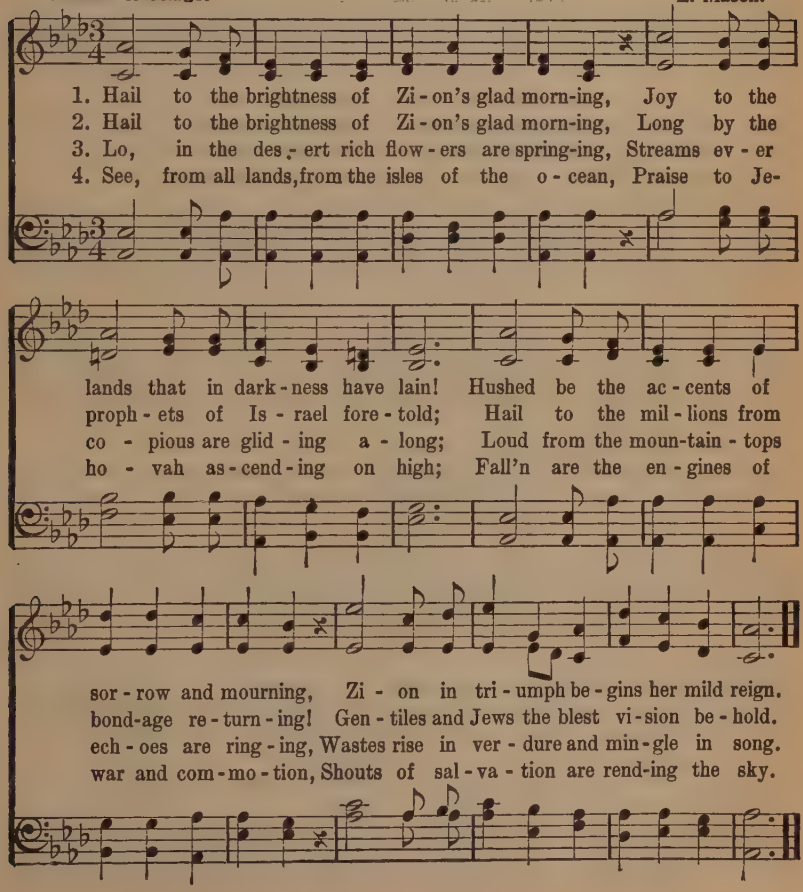
1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a-far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
2. Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. Our mid-night is Thy smile with-drawn; Our noon-tide is Thy gracious dawn;
4. Lord of all life, be - low, above, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
5. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kin-dling hearts that burn for Thee,

Lord of All Being.



No. 185. Hail to the Brightness.

Thomas Hastings. **L. Mason.**



No. 186. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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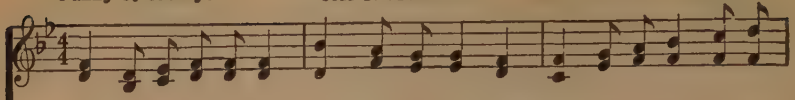
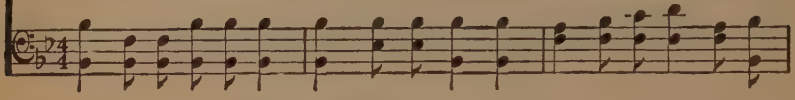
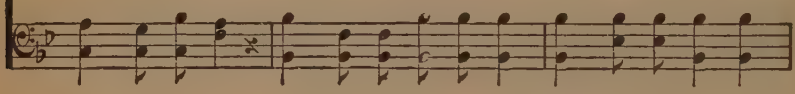
William H. Doane.



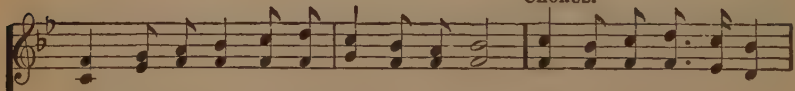
1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel-ings lie bu - ried that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



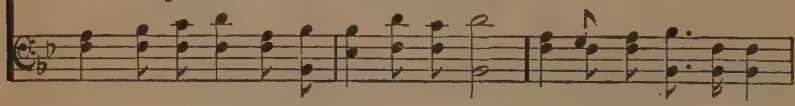
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest - ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

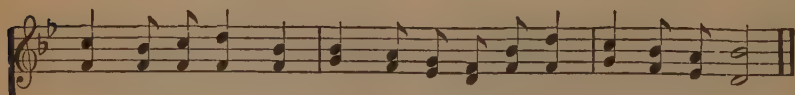


CHORUS.

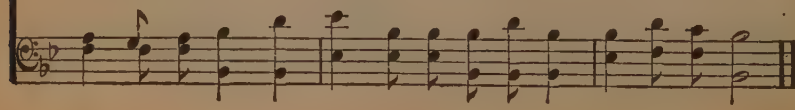


Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.





Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



No. 187. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of
2. Christ, the bless - ed One gives to all Won - der - ful words of
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of

Life; Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of
Life; Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of
Life; Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of

Life; Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
Life; All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Life; Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life.

No. 188. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

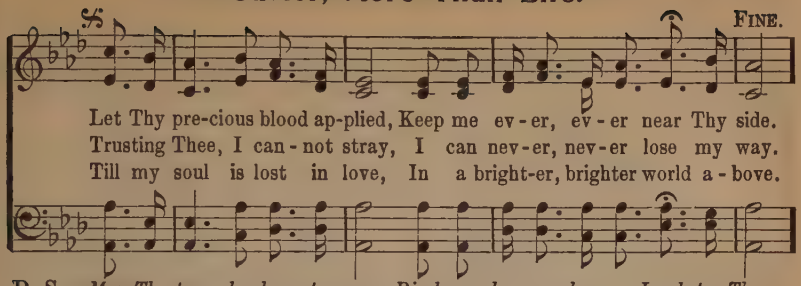
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day. Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; rest this day in Thee.
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near; May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear; Here af- ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing feast, ev - er - last - ing feast.
4. May the gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, com-fort saints; Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com-plaints; Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a-bove; join the church a - bove.

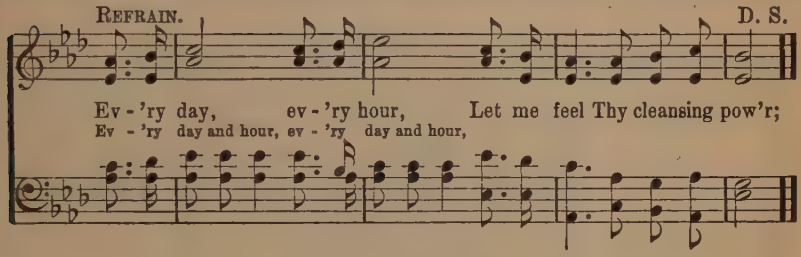
No. 189. Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleet-ing life is o'er;

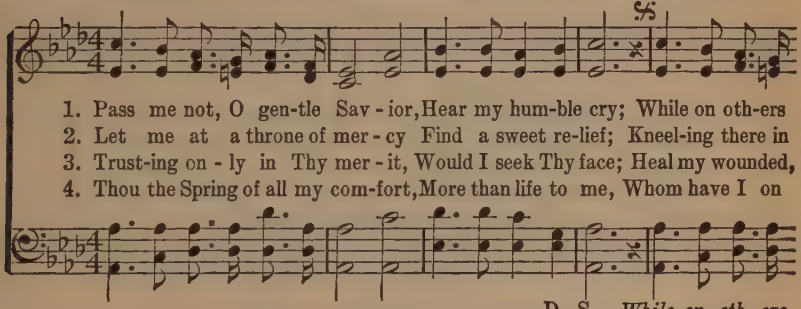
Savior, More Than Life.

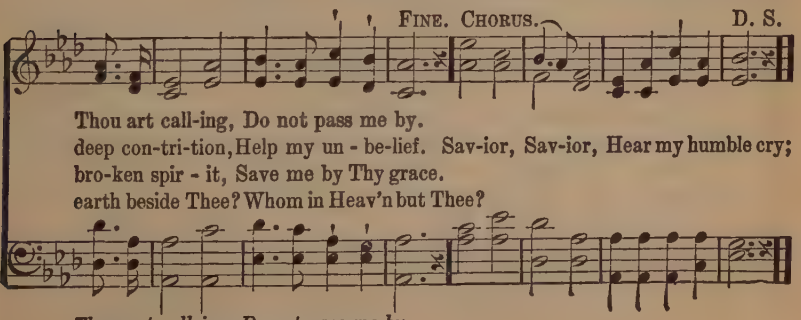




No. 190. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER. W. H. Doane.





No. 191. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

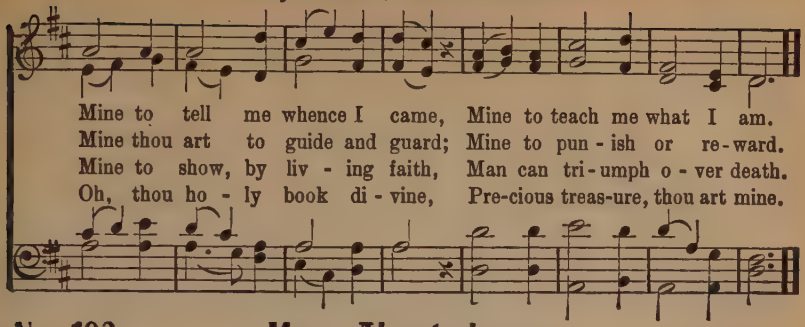
1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, full-er be.
2. O Light that fol-low'st all my way, I yield my flick-'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair-er be.
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end-less be.

No. 192. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton. From Maria Luigi Cherubini.

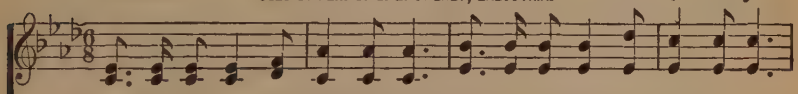
1. Ho-ly Bi-ble, book di-vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav-ior's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in dis-tress, Suf-f'ring in this wil-der-ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb-el sin-ner's doom:

Holy Bible, Book Divine.

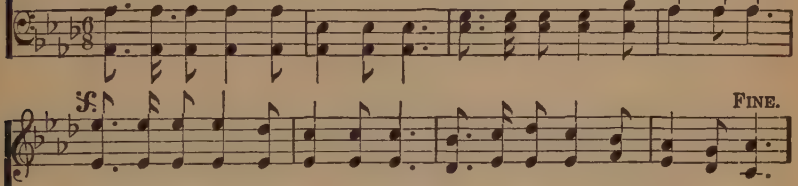


No. 193. More About Jesus.

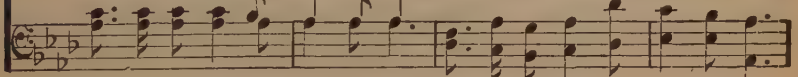
E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX. Jno. R. Sweney.



1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold - ing com - mun - ion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;

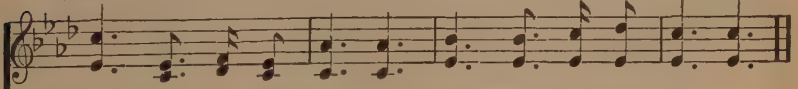


More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

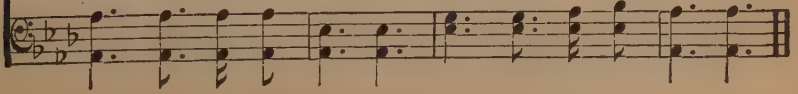


D. S.—*More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

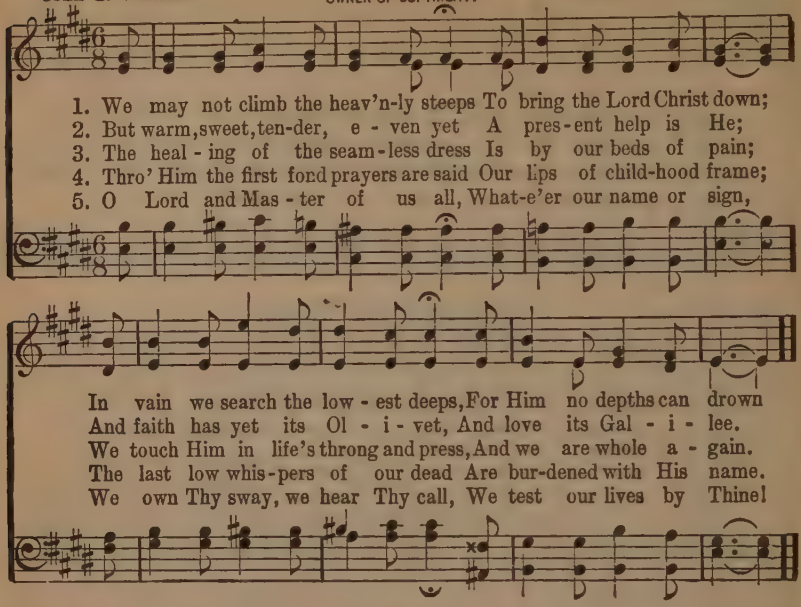


More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



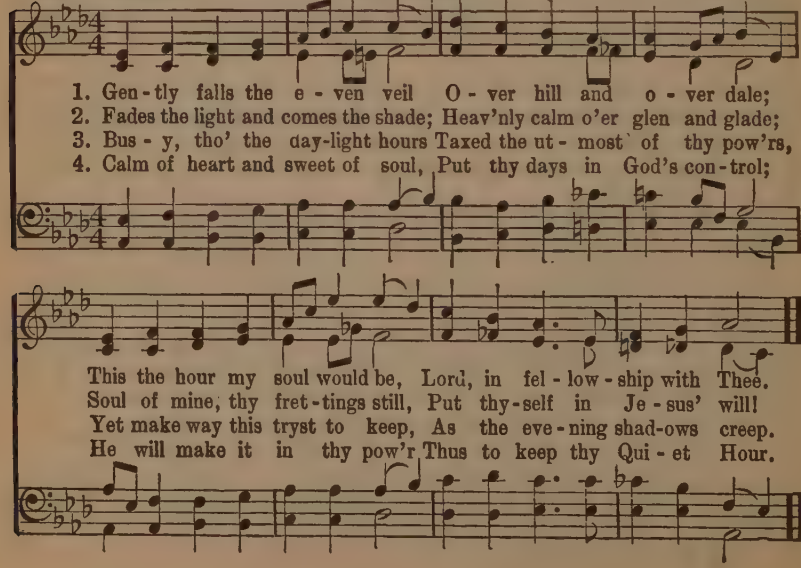
No. 194. We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

John G. Whittier. USED BY PERMISSION OF OLIVER DITSON CO., OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Arr. fr. W. V. Wallace.



No. 195. The Quiet Hour.

John R. Clements. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK. USED BY PERMISSION. I. Allan Sankey.



No. 196. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. USED BY PERMISSION.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj - es ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown . . . . . .
crown Him, crown Him;
all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!
crown . . . . Him;
. . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 197 All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo - ry and hon - or and maj - es - ty,

Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj - es - ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!

Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

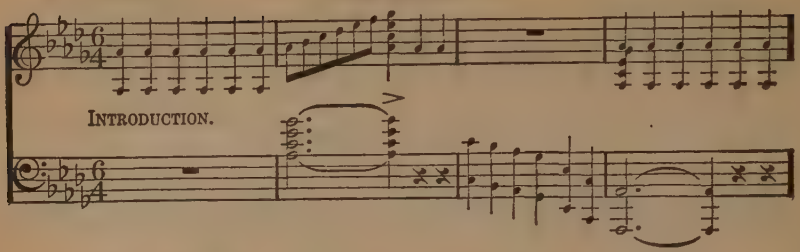
Hail! . . . . . .

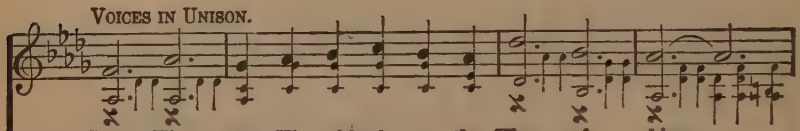
No. 198. Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

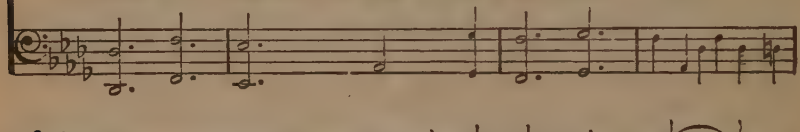
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.

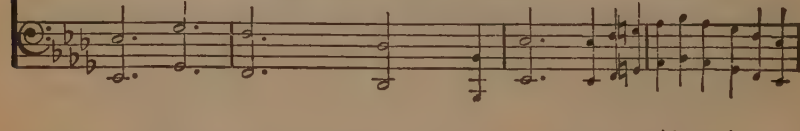




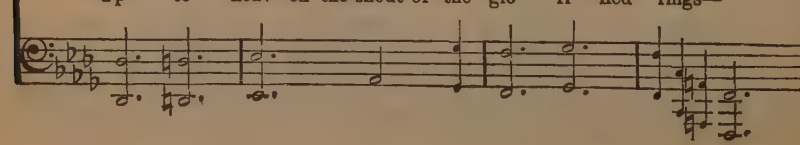
1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;



Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;



Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—



Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
Glo-ry to Je-sus who con-quers our ev-'ry foe!
Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!

CHORUS.

Sing ho-san-nas, loud let the joy-ful an-thems ring,

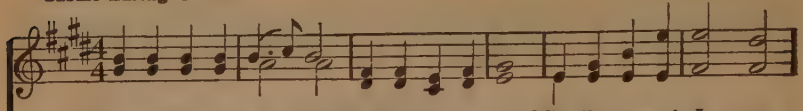
Laud and wor-ship Him whom the an-gels a-dore!

Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and King,

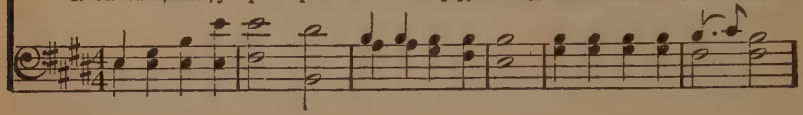
Glo-ry to God in the high-est— Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

No. 199. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

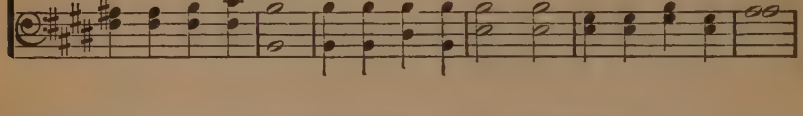
Sabine Baring-Gould. Arthur Sullivan.



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices

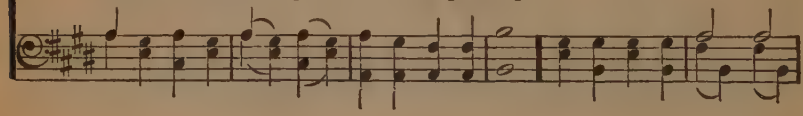


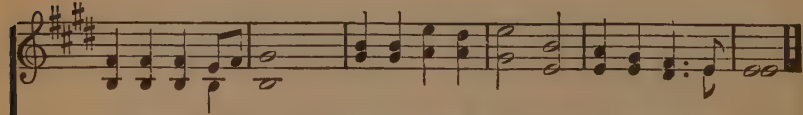
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,



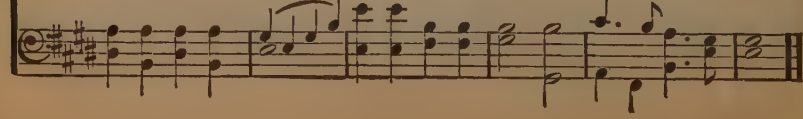
REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.



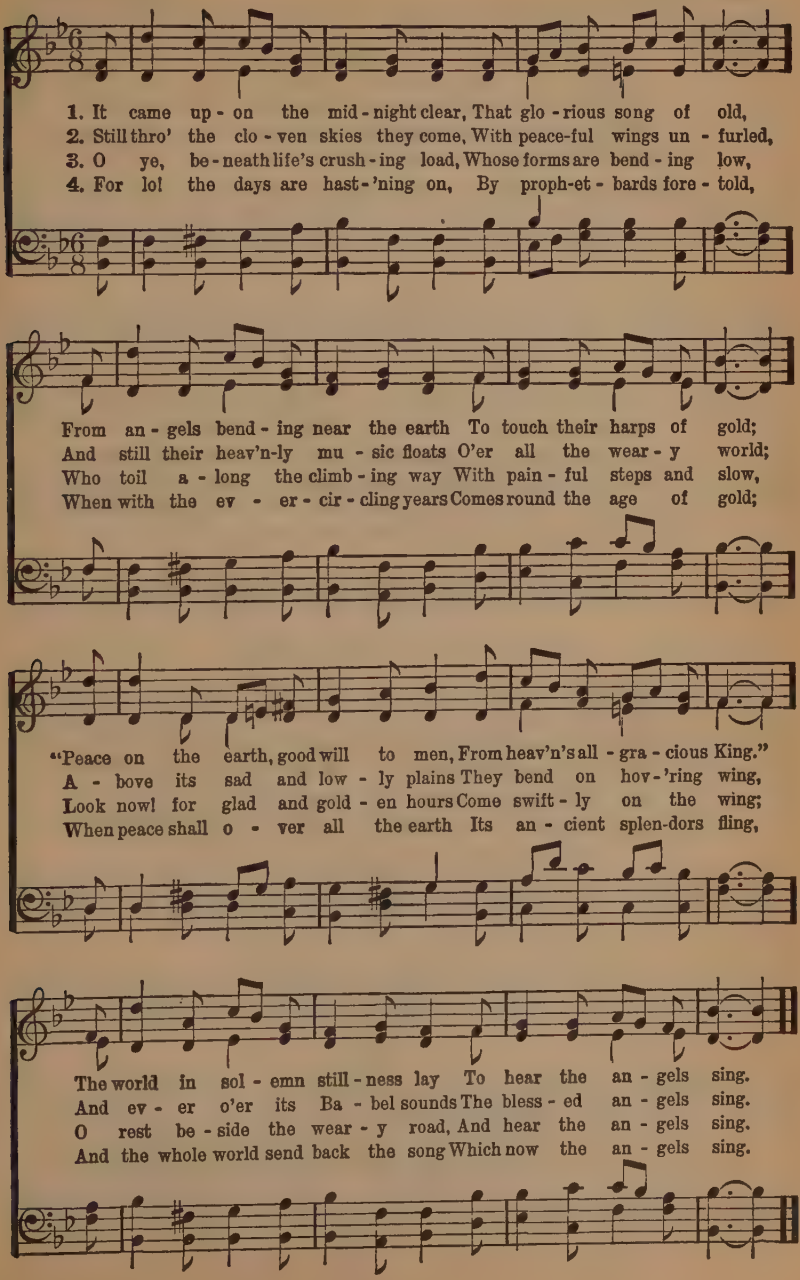


March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



No. 200. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

E. H. Sears. R. Storrs Willis.



No. 201. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re-deem-
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-

er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 202. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

FINE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land. Wear-y souls for-

D. C.—Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in darkness drear. When the storms are

D. C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

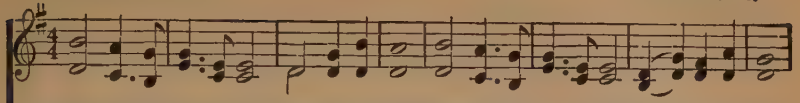
D. C.

e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,

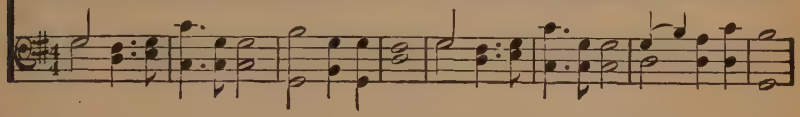
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

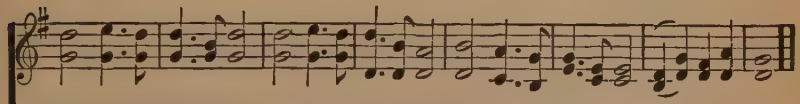
No. 203. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**

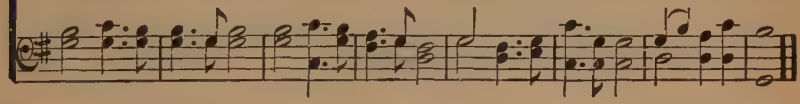


1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;



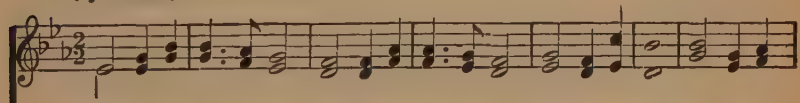


Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

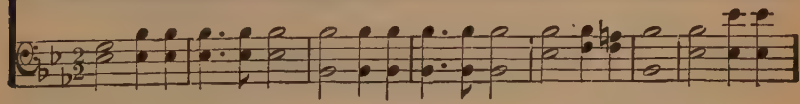


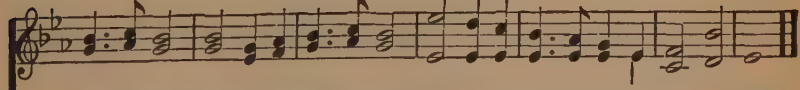
No. 204. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. **Lowell Mason.**

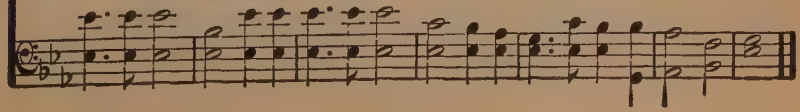


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness





while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.



No. 205. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 206. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

Benjamin Schmolke. Carl M. von Weber.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept,
fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove

Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
And sor - rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 207. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,

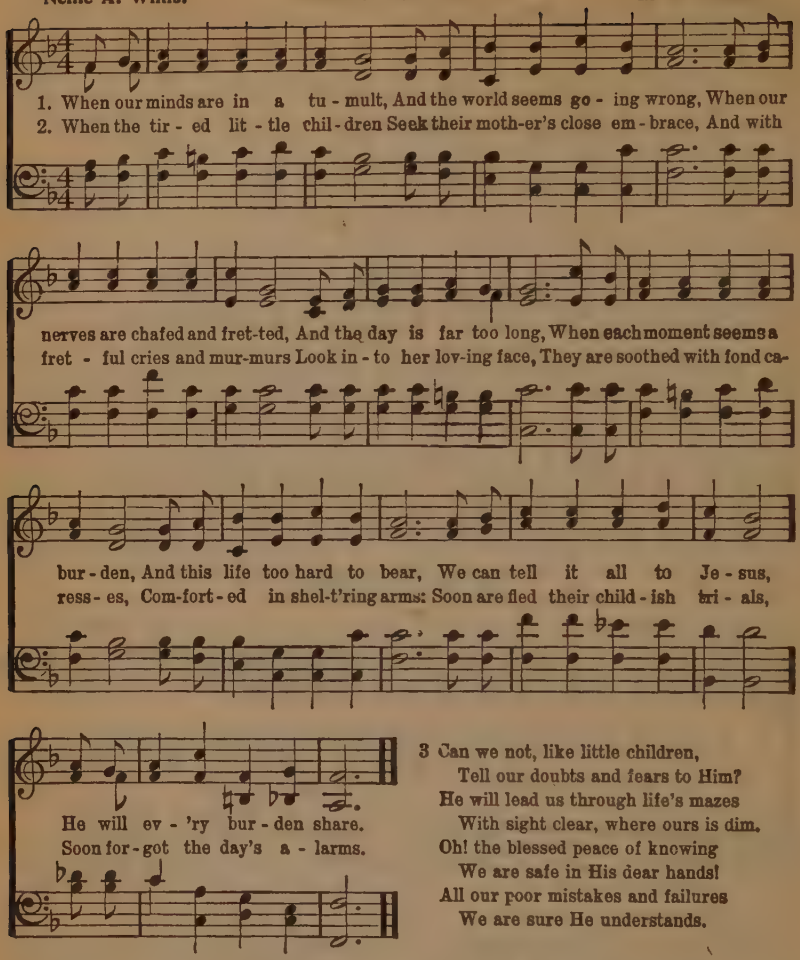
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight - ing and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 208. Solace.

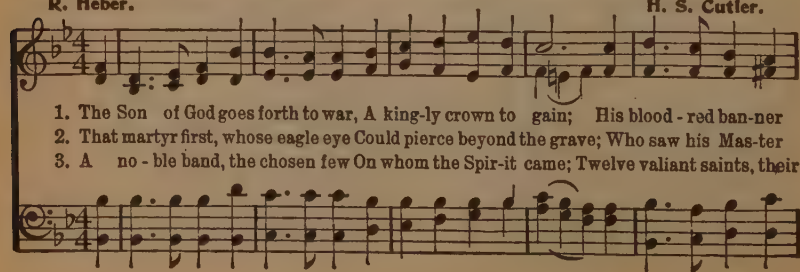
Nellie A. Willis. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY U. S. C. E. M. B. Willis.



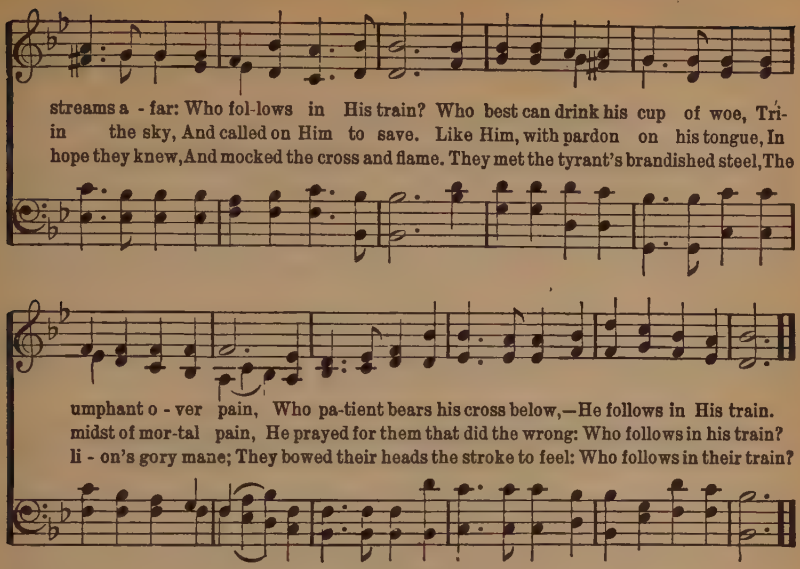
3 Can we not, like little children,
Tell our doubts and fears to Him?
He will lead us through life's mazes
With sight clear, where ours is dim.
Oh! the blessed peace of knowing
We are safe in His dear hands!
All our poor mistakes and failures
We are sure He understands.

No. 209. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. H. S. Cutler.

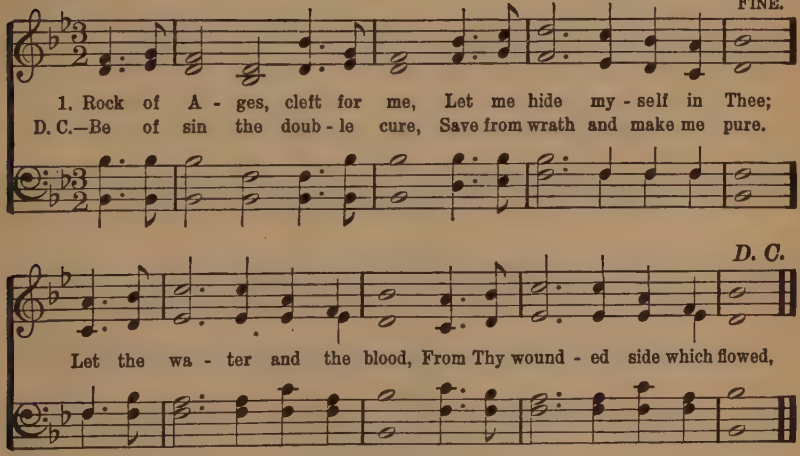


The Son of God Goes Forth to War.



No. 210. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. **Thomas Hastings.**



2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 211. Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - ery i - dol-throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

No. 212. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

FINE

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea:

D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

D. C.

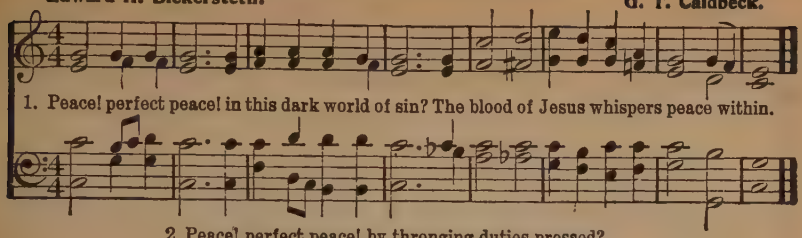
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Chart and compass came from Thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 213. Peace! Perfect Peace!

Edward H. Bickersteth. G. T. Caldbeck.



2 Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

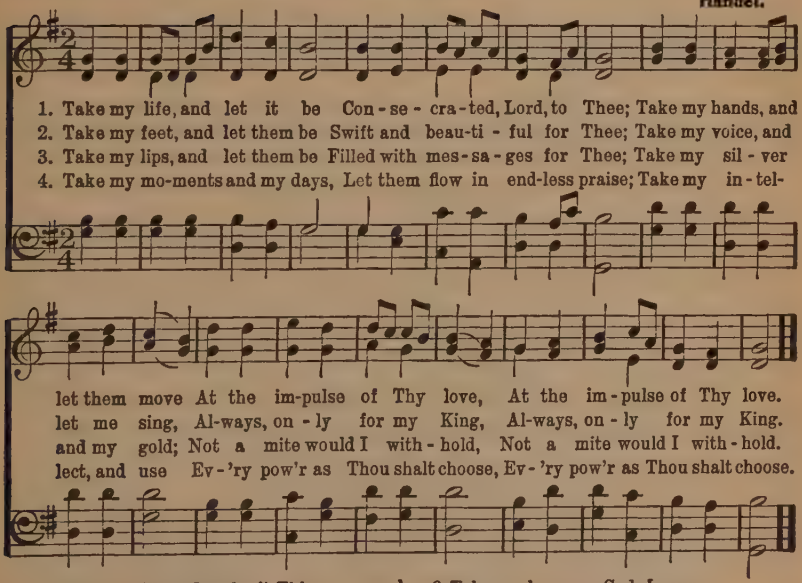
5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

No. 214. Take My Life and Let it Be.

Handel.

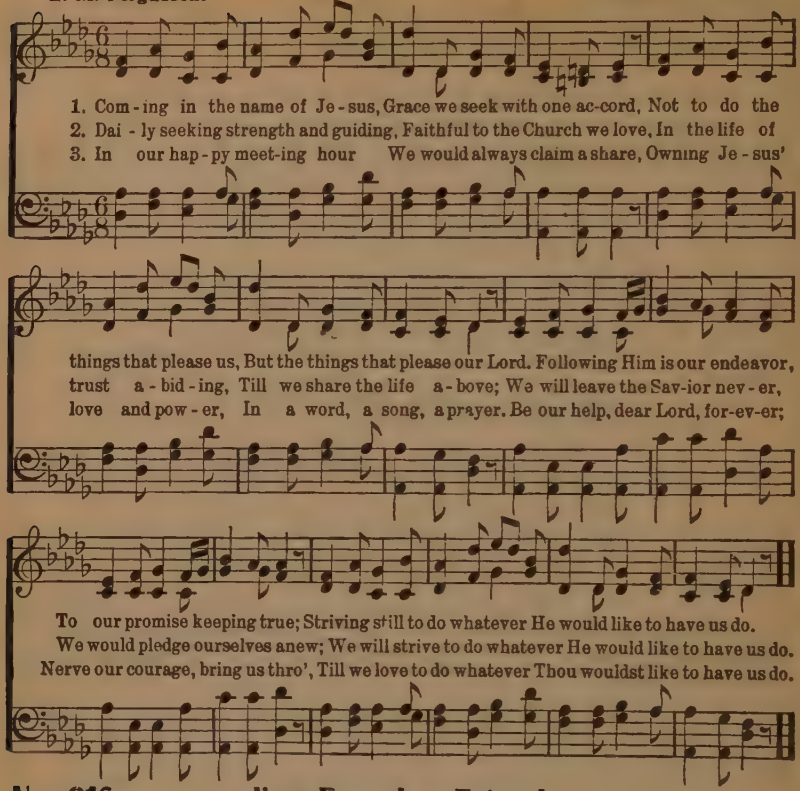


5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only. all for Thee.

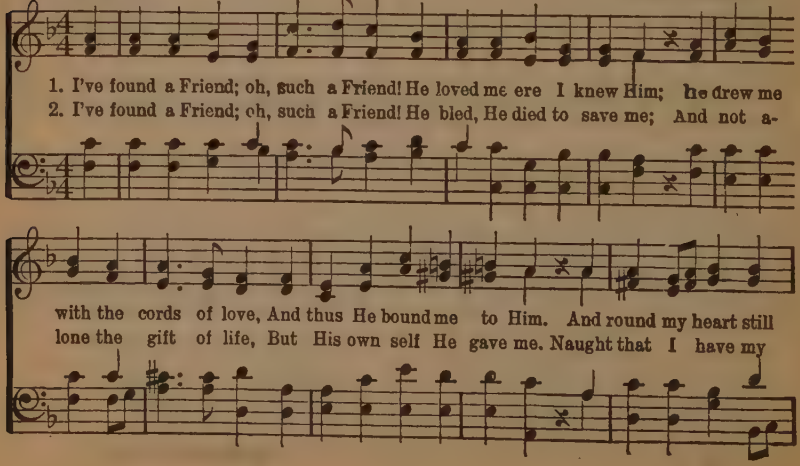
No. 215. Whatever He Would Like.

E. M. Fergusson. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY U. S. C. C. Charles S. Brown.

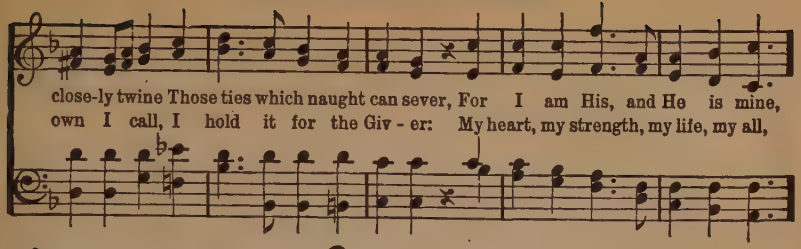


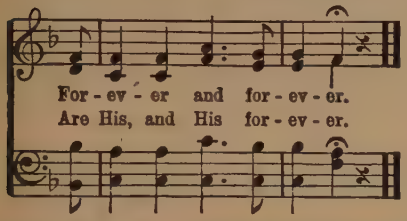
No. 216. I've Found a Friend.

J. G. Small. A. S. Sullivan.



I've Found a Friend.

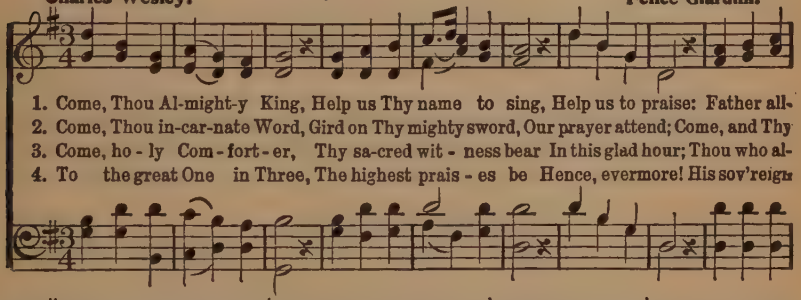


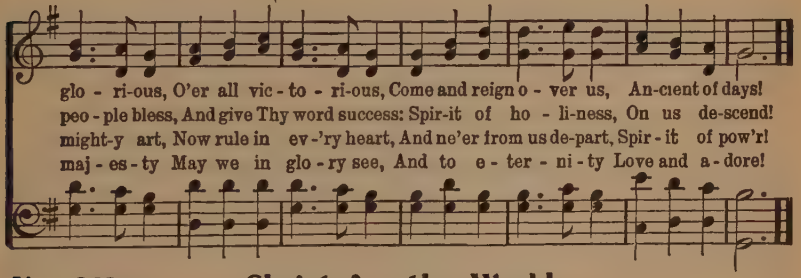


3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counselor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender.
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life?—or death?—or earth?—or hell?
No; I am His forever.

No. 217. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.





No. 218. Christ for the World.

1

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sinsick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

—*Samuel Wolcott.*

No. 219. Fling Out the Banner.

George W. Doane. J. B. Calkin.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban-ner! an-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign;
3. Fling out the ban-ner! hea-then lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
4. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls That sink and per-ish in the strife,
5. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide,

The sun, that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav-ior died.
And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
And na-tions, crowding to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in-to life.
Our glo-ry, on-ly in the cross; Our on-ly hope, the Cru-ci-fied!

No. 220. Nearer the Cross.

F. J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Chris-tian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feast-ing my
3. Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Nearer the Cross.

Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's
clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him - self for me; Near - er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
soon shall wear, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

No. 221. My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

1. { My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness; }
   { I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. }
2. { When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace; }
   { In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the veil. }

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All

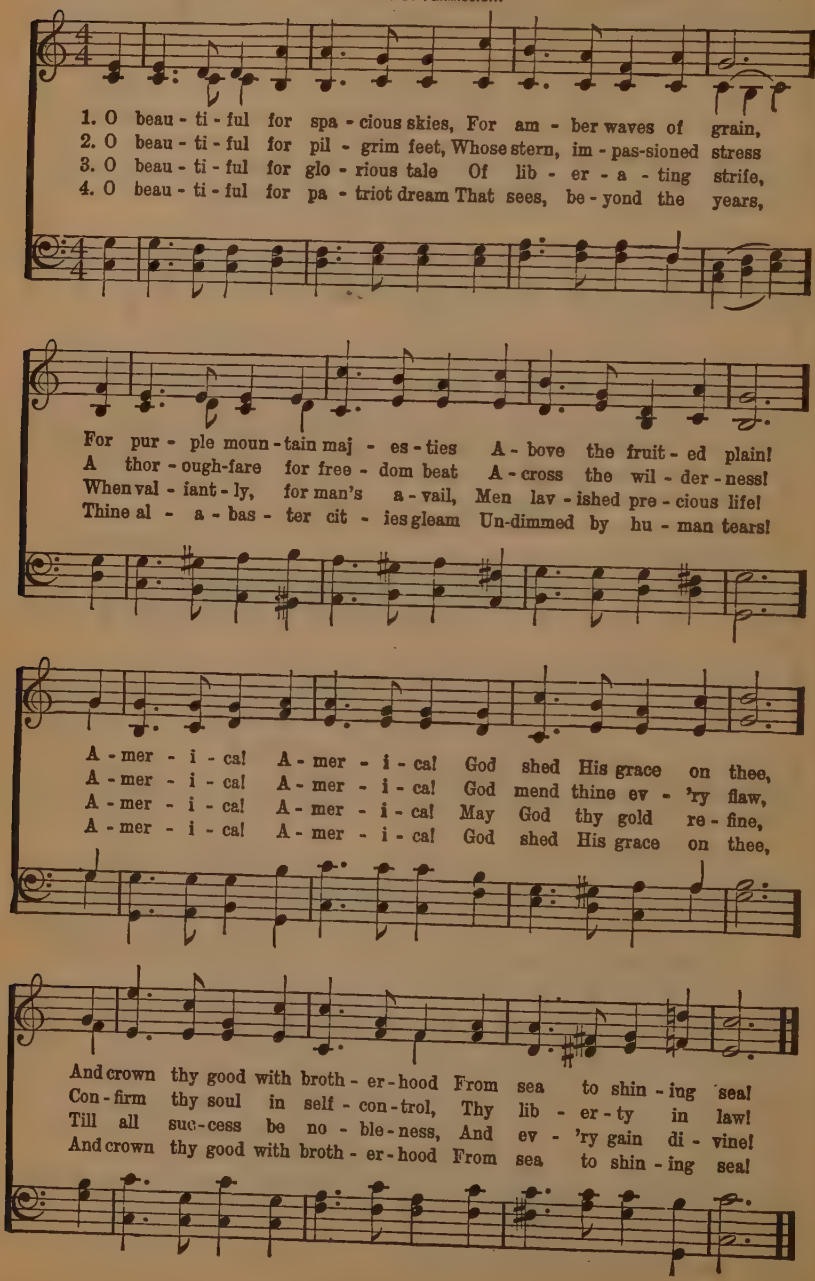
oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

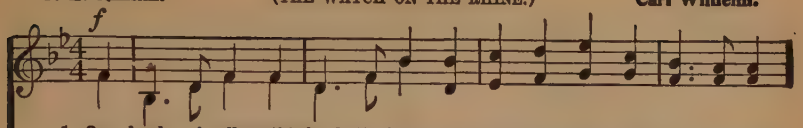
No. 222. America, the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHARLES S. BROWN. USED BY PERMISSION. Charles S. Brown.

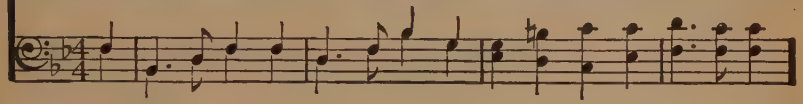


No. 223. Fair Freedom's Land.

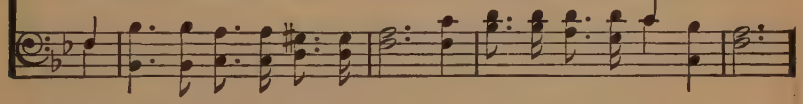
J. B. Rankin. (THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.) Carl Wilhelm.



1. O land, of all earth's lands the best, Fair Free-dom's em - pire in the west;
2. Our fa-thers came as ex - iles here, They saw our day with vi - sion clear;
3. Shall we, the sons of Pil - grim sires, Neg-lect to kin - dle fresh the fires
4. Ah, no! By faith Christ's standard goes Be - yond Si - er - ra's dis - tant snows,
5. By faith this good - ly land I see In Christ's own free - dom doub - ly free;

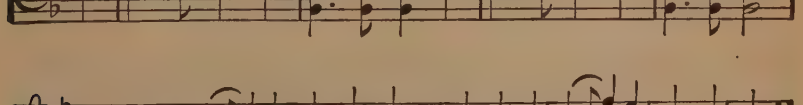


From ris - ing to the set - ting sun, All na - tions here u - nite in one.
De - spised at home the cor - ner-stones Which God, the na-tion's Build-er, owns.
They light - ed on At - lan - tic's coast, Which makes our land of lands the boast?
To where Pa - cif - ic wa - ters lie Be - neath the gold - en sun - set sky.
From north to south, from east to west, Be - neath His gen - tle scep - tre blest.

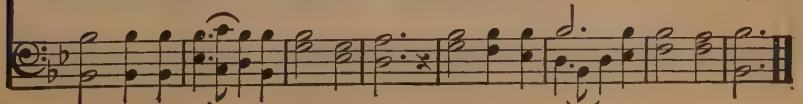


CHORUS.

Fair Free-dom's land! fair Free-dom's land! Be - girt with might, long may she stand!



And may her realm Christ's kingdom be From lake to gulf, from sea to sea.



No. 224. Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton. E. J. Hopkins.

1. Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise, With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace thro' - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord, our part - ing hymn of praise; We rise to bless Thee
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from
us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

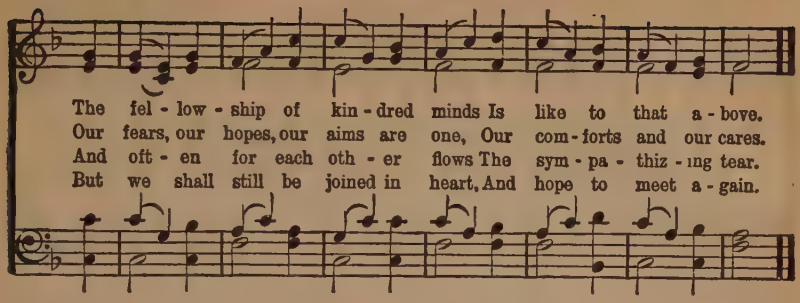
ere our wor - ship cease, And now, de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
keep Thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

No. 225. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

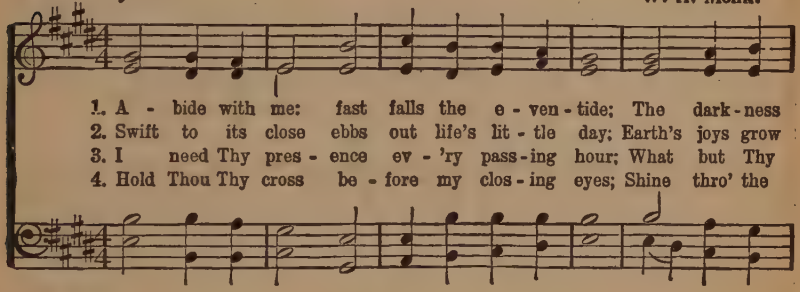
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

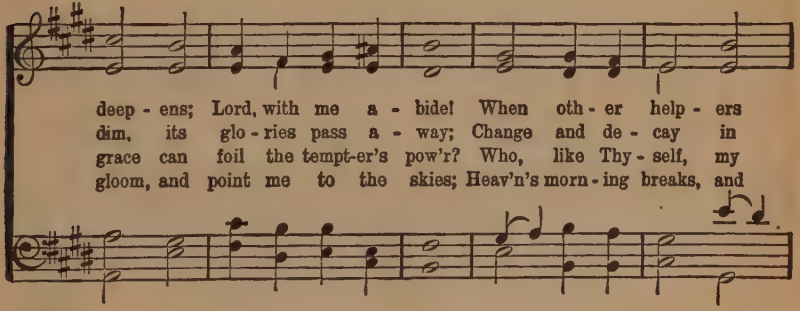
Blest Be the Tie.

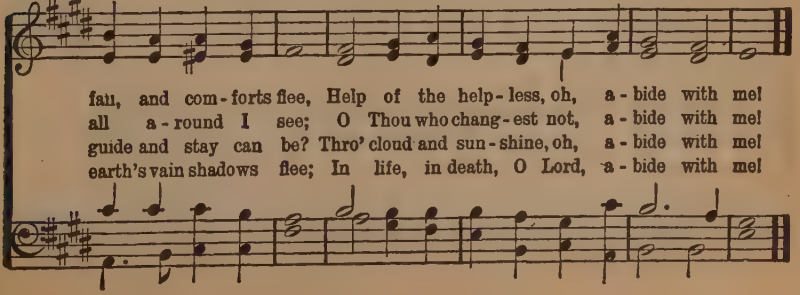


No. 226. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.







No. 227. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. Justin H. Knecht. Edw. Husband.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him standing there! pa - tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred: O love that pass-eth knowledge, So o - pen now the door; Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev-er - more!
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, my chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We

No. 228. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

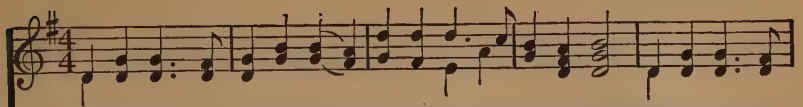
1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

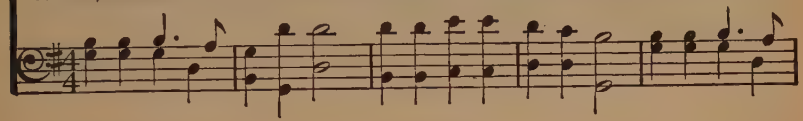
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 229. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

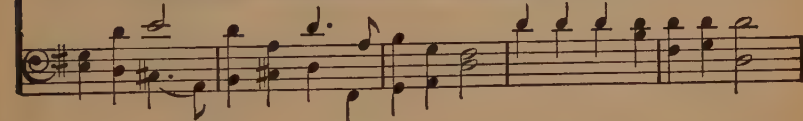
C. Wesley. Arr. from Mendelssohn.



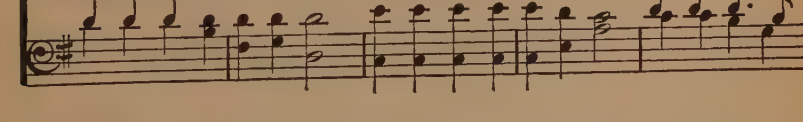
1. Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a-dored; Christ, the ev - er-last-ing Lord! Late in time be-
3. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to



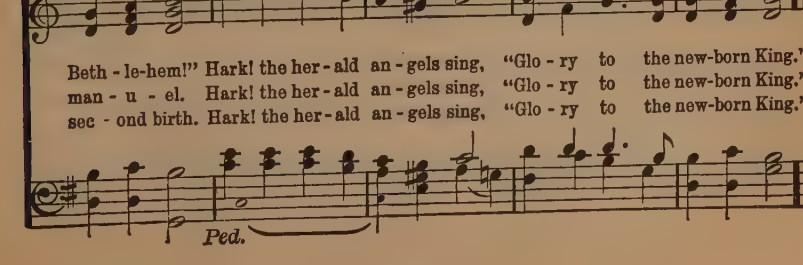
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
hold Him come, Off-spring of the Virgin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God-head see;
all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,



Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel - ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in
Hail th' In-car-nate De - i - ty, Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Em-
Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

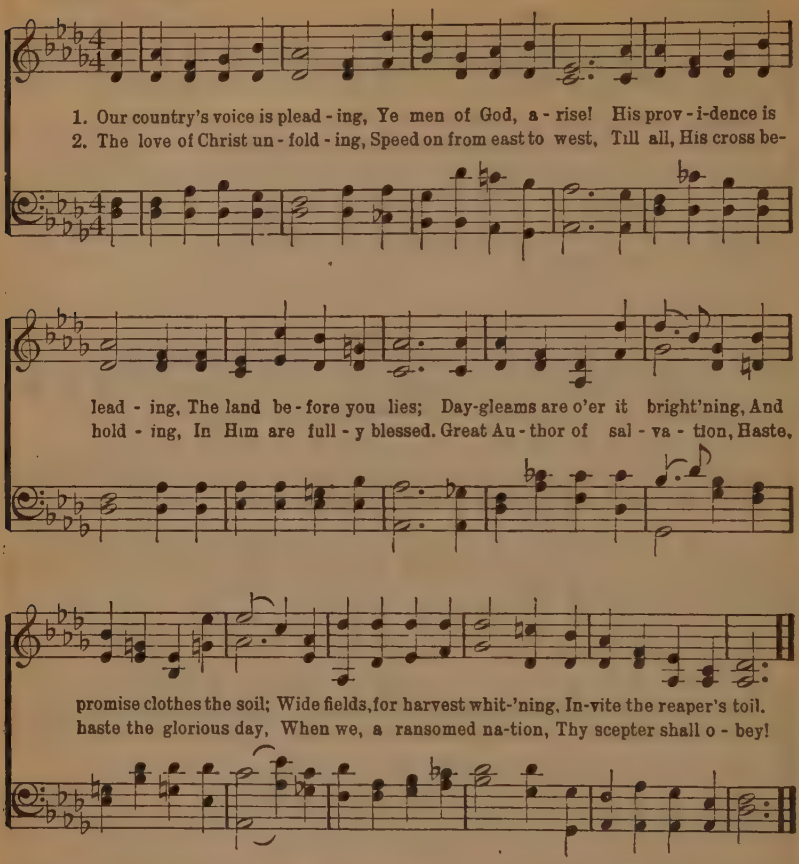


Beth - le-hem!" Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."
man - u - el. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."
sec - ond birth. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."



No. 230. Our Country's Voice is Pleading.

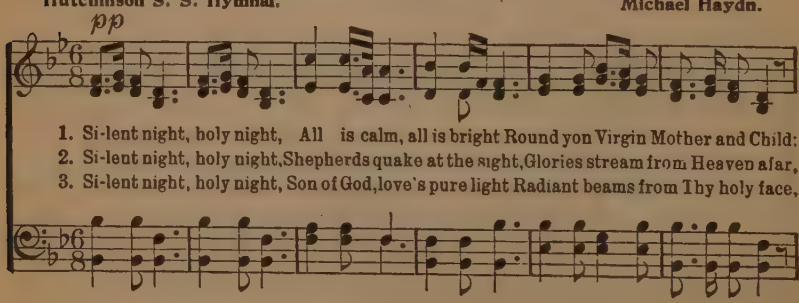
Maria F. Anderson. H. Smart.



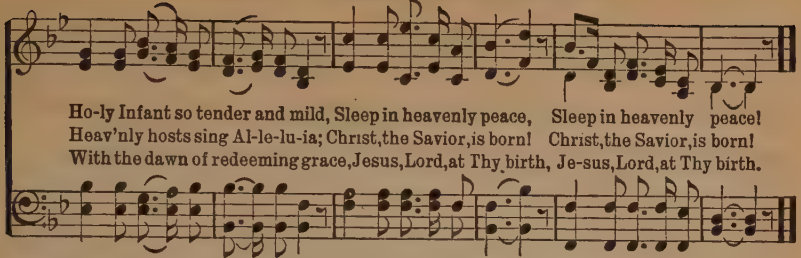
No. 231. Silent Night, Holy Night.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

Hutchinson S. S. Hymnal. Michael Haydn.

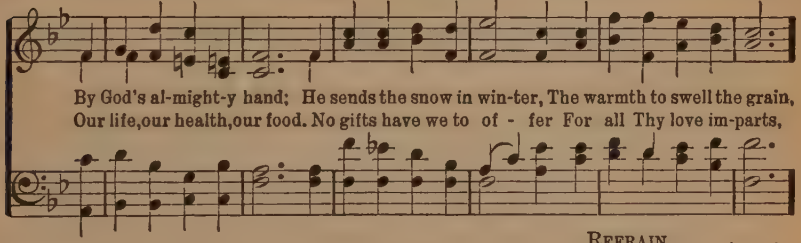


Silent Night, Holy Night.



No. 232. We Plough the Fields.

Tr. Jane M. Campbell. J. A. P. Schulz.



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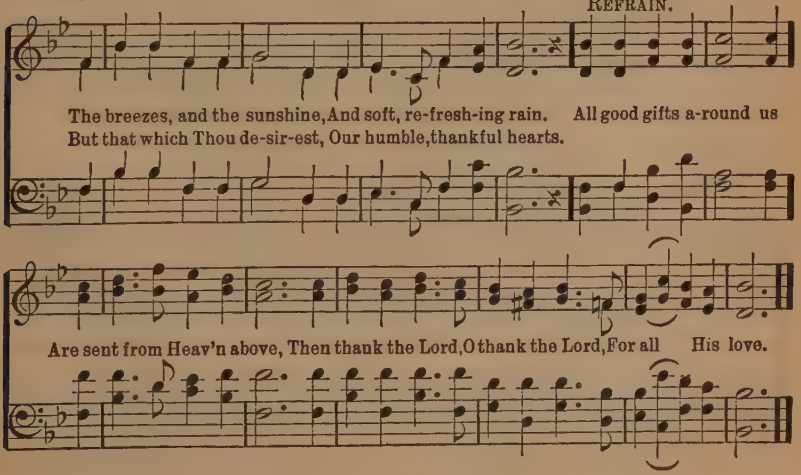


No. 233. Angel of Peace.

Keller.

1. Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long, Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love;

Come, while our voices are blending in song, Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove;
D. S.—Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,

FINE. D. S.

Fly to our ark on the wings of a dove. Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song;
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long.

2 Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee;
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea;
Meadow and mountain, and forest and sea,
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine;
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine.

3 Angels of Bethlehem answer the strain;
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full breath of the organ reply;
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,— [main!
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem echo the strain.

No. 234. Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter. Haydn.

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wan-d'rers
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts re-
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic-

REF.—*Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wan-d'rers*

Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

FINE.

on - ward To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert,
joic - ing See Thy chil - dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee,
to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe: Bid Thine an - gels shield us

on - ward To their home on high.

D. C. for Refrain.

Glad - ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en gone a - stray; Keep us, might-y Sav - ior, In the nar-row way.
When the storm-clouds lower; Par-don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.

No. 235. O God, Our Help.

I. Watts. John Randall.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come; Our shelter from the
2. Un - der the shad-ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Suf-fi-cient is Thine

storm - y blast, And our e-ter-nal home, And our e-ter-nal home, And our e-ter-nal home:—
arm a - lone, And our defense is sure, And our defense is sure, And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

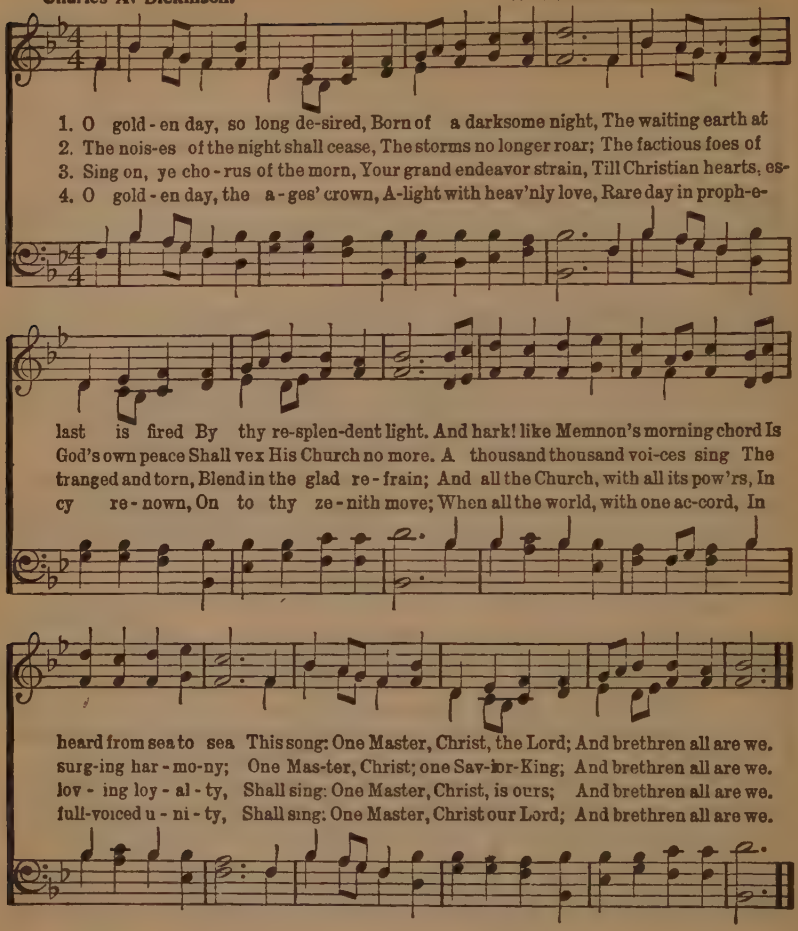
4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

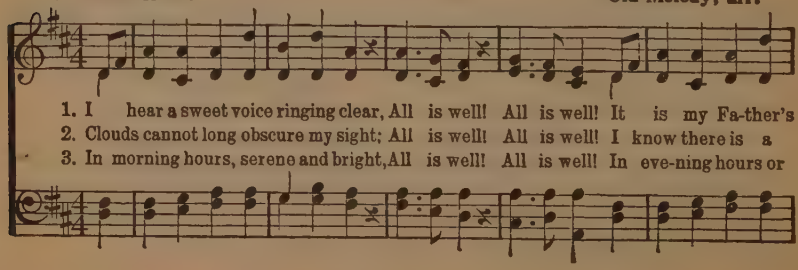
No. 236. O Golden Day.

Charles A. Dickinson. Arr. from German Chorale.



No. 237. I Hear a Sweet Voice Ringing Clear.

E. Paxton Hood. Old Melody, arr.



I Hear a Sweet Voice Ringing Clear.

voice I hear, All is well! All is well! Where'er I walk, that voice is heard: It is my
land of light; All is well! All is well! From strength to strength, from day to day, I tread a-
dark'ning night, All is well! All is well! And when to Jordan's side I come, 'Midst chilling

God, my Father's word, "Fear not, but trust; I am the Lord:" All is well! All is well!
long the world's highway; Or oft - en stop to sing or say, All is well! All is well!
waves and rag - ing foam, Oh, let me sing as I go home, All is well! All is well!

No. 238. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth. **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most brigth: } On thee, the high and lowly,

Thro' a - ges joined in tune, Sing "Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

No. 239. The Church's One Foundation.

Samuel J. Stone. **Samuel S. Wesley.**

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je-sus Christ, her Lord; She is his new cre-
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth; Her char-ter of sal-
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu-mult of her war, She waits the con-sum-

a - tion By wa - ter and the word: From Heav'n He came and sought her To
va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-
ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more; Till with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her

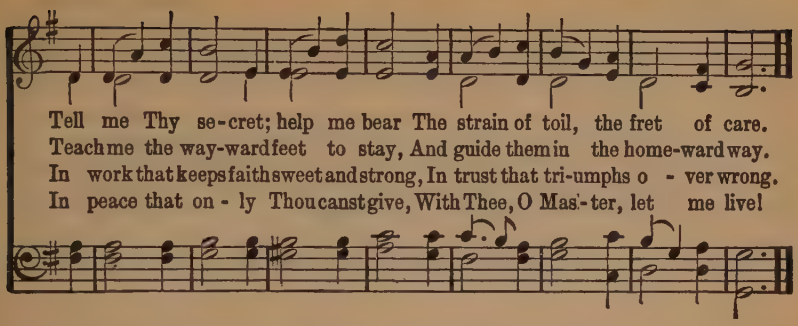
be His ho - ly bride; With His own blood He bo't her, And for her life He died.
takes one ho - ly food, And to one hope she press-es, With ev - 'ry grace en-dued.
long - ing eyes are blest, And the great Church victorious Shall be the Church at rest.

No. 240. O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Washington Gladden. **J. B. Dykes.**

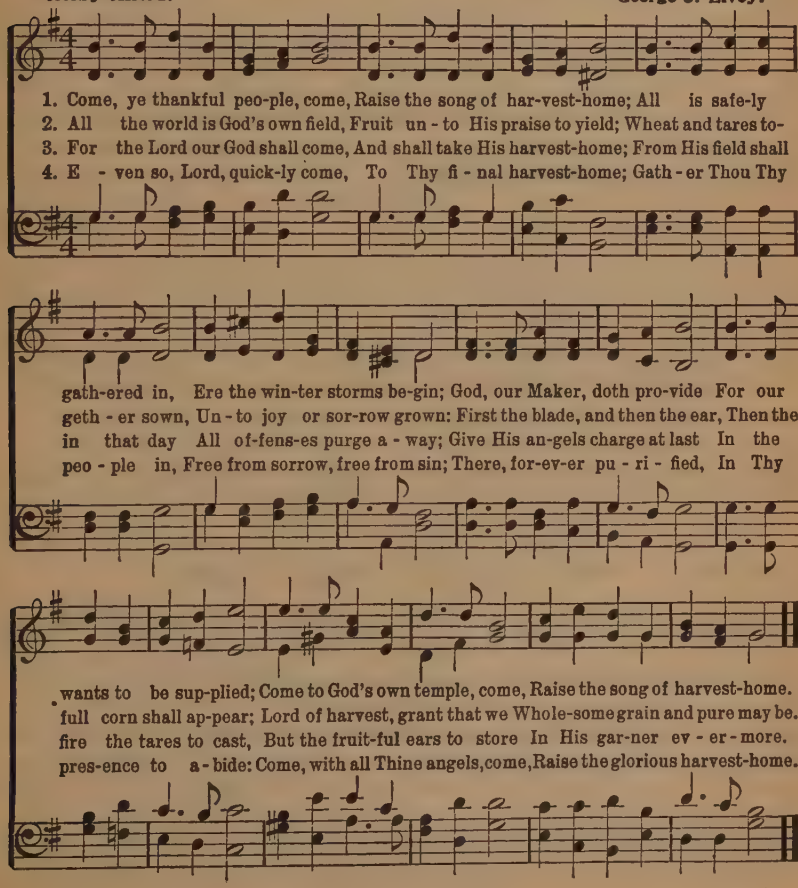
1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy pa-tience! still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broad'ning way;

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.



No. 241. Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

Henry Alford. George J. Elvey.



No. 242. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillip Brooks. **Lewis H. Redner.**

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A-bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath-ered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si - lent-ly, how si - lent - ly The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God im - parts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin and

dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro-
hu - man hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing; But
en - ter in,—Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas an - gels The

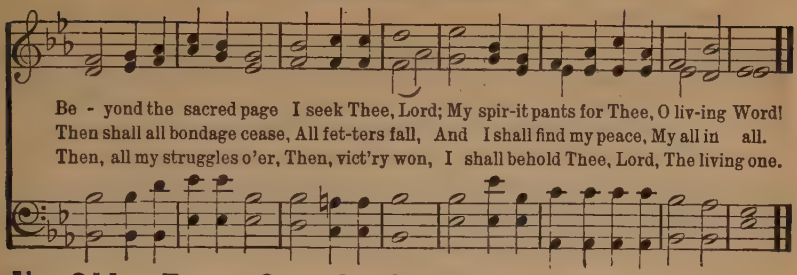
ev - er-last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
claim the ho - ly birth, And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
great glad ti-dings tell,— O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em-man - u - el.

No. 243. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. **William F. Sherwin.**

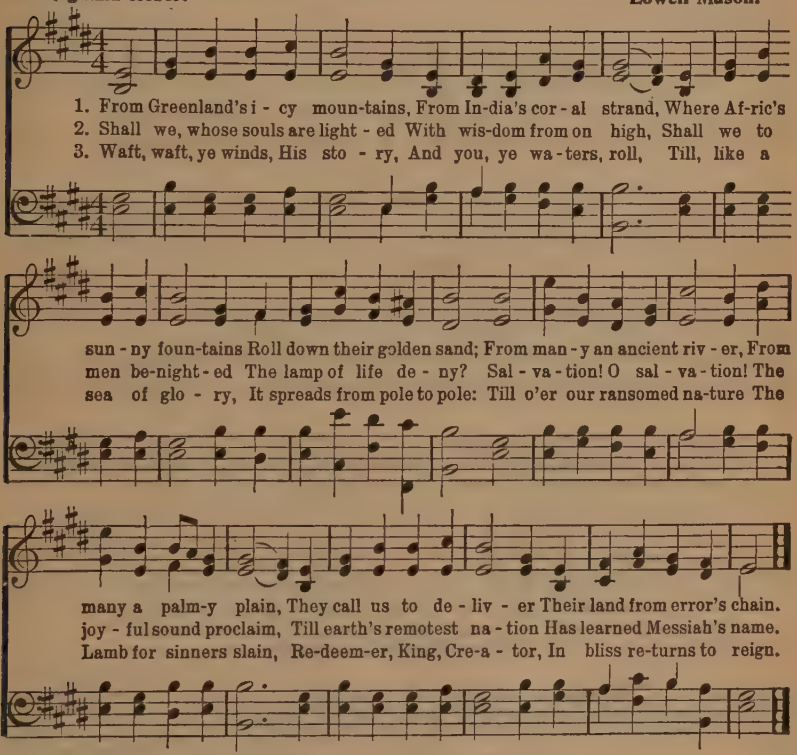
1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea.
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci-ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Break Thou the Bread of Life.



No. 244. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. **Lowell Mason.**



No. 245. O Beautiful, Our Country.

(*Tune above.*)

1 O beautiful, our country!
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair:
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door!

2 For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and pray'd;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine,
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

3 O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine be the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy scepter,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem.

No. 246. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
D.S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart!

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

No. 247. For All the Saints.

W. W. How. Joseph Barnby.

1. For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by faith be-fore the
2. O may Thy sol - diers, faith-ful, true, and bold, Fight as the saints who no-bly
3. And when the strife is fierce, the war-fare long, Steals on the ear the dis - tant
4. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, Thro' gates of pearl streams in the

For All the Saints.

world con-fest, Thy name, O Je-sus, be for-ev-er blest. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia.
fought of old, And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia.
triumph-song, And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia.
count-less host, Singing to Fa-ther, Son, and Holy Ghost. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia.

No. 248. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,

FINE.

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!
D. S.—And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

D. S.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 249. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!

D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!

FINE.

D. S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

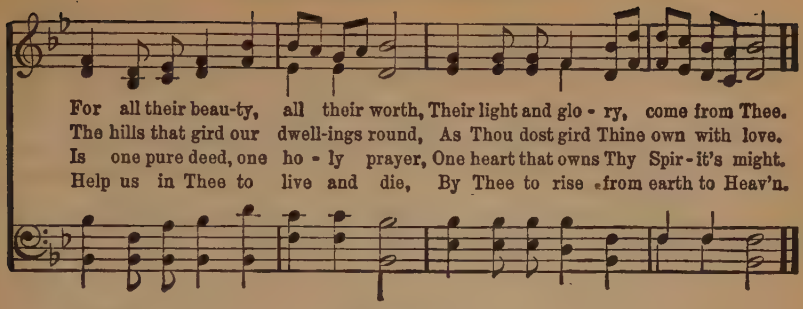
3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 250. We Thank Thee, Lord.

G. E. L. Cotton. Lowell Mason.

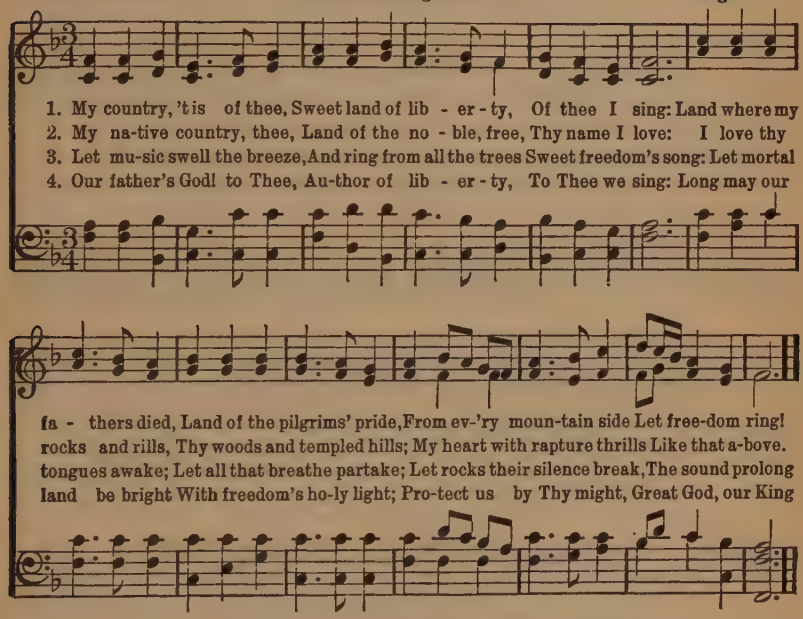
1. We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glit-t'ring sky, the sil - ver sea;
2. Thine are the flow'rs that clothe the ground, The trees that wave their arms a - bove,
3. Yet teach us still how far more fair, Thou glo-rious Fa - ther, in Thy sight
4. So while we gaze with tho't-ful eye On all the gifts Thy love has giv'n,

We Thank Thee, Lord.



No. 251. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.



No. 252. International Hymn.

(Tune: AMERICA.)

1

Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.

2

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
Let fame record.
Now, vengeful passion, cease!
Come, victories of peace!
Nor hate nor pride's caprice
Unsheathe the sword.

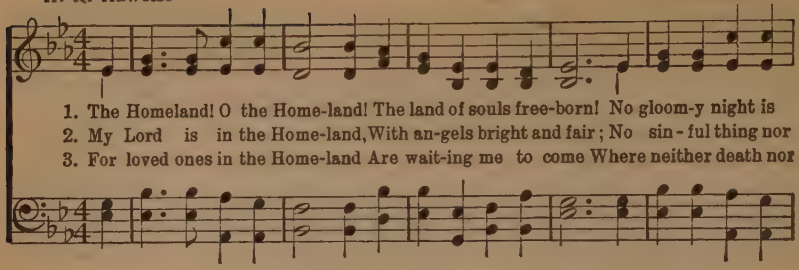
3

Now, may the God above
Guard the dear lands we love,
Or East or West:
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,—
Blessing and blest.

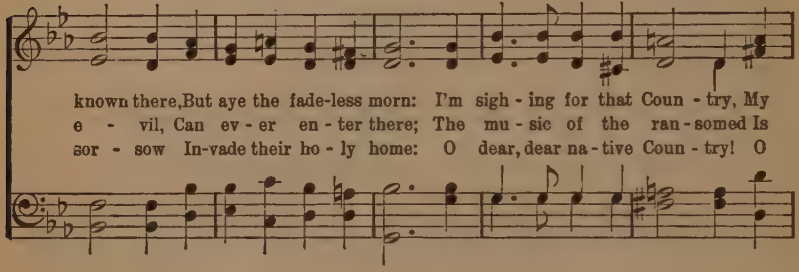
—*Prof. George Huntington.*

No. 253. The Homeland.

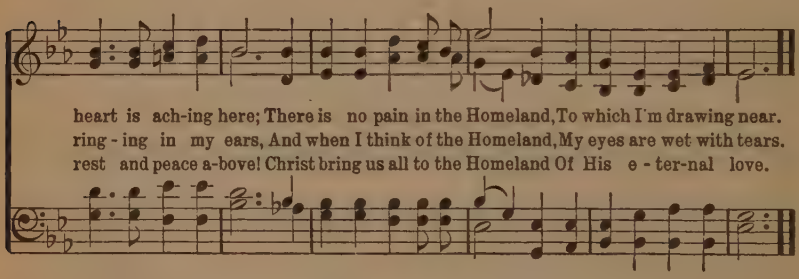
H. R. Hawels. Arthur Sullivan.



1. The Homeland! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born! No gloom-y night is
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair; No sin-ful thing nor
3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come Where neither death nor



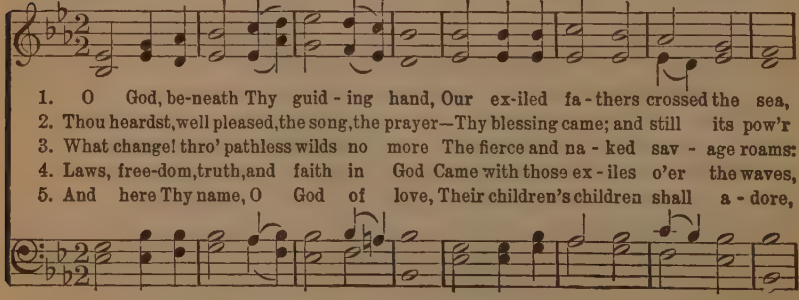
known there, But aye the fade-less morn: I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My
e - vil, Can ev-er en-ter there; The mu-sic of the ran-somed Is
sor - sow In-vade their ho-ly home: O dear, dear na-tive Coun-try! O



heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Homeland, To which I'm drawing near.
ring-ing in my ears, And when I think of the Homeland, My eyes are wet with tears.
rest and peace a-bove! Christ bring us all to the Homeland Of His e-ter-nal love.

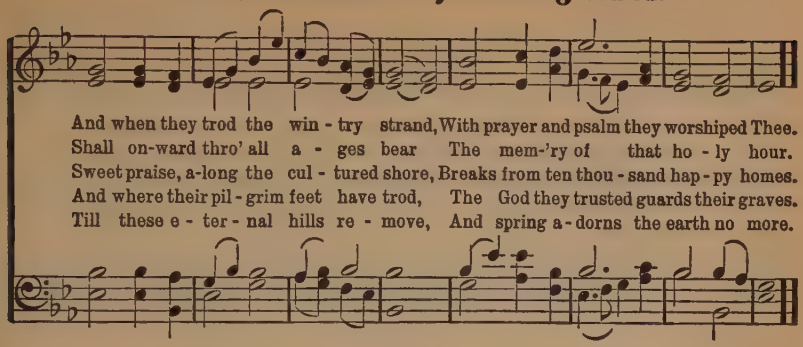
No. 254. O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand.

Leonard Bacon. J. Hatton.



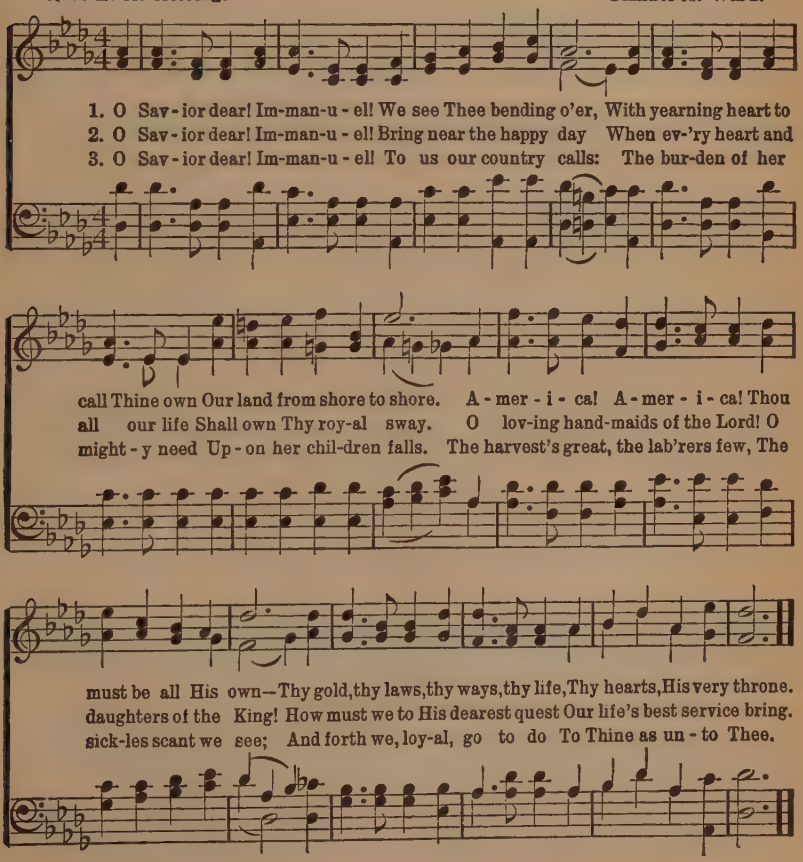
1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand, Our ex-iled fa-thers crossed the sea,
2. Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer—Thy blessing came; and still its pow'r
3. What change! thro' pathless wilds no more The fierce and na-ked sav-age roams:
4. Laws, free-dom, truth, and faith in God Came with those ex-iles o'er the waves,
5. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's children shall a-dore,

O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand.



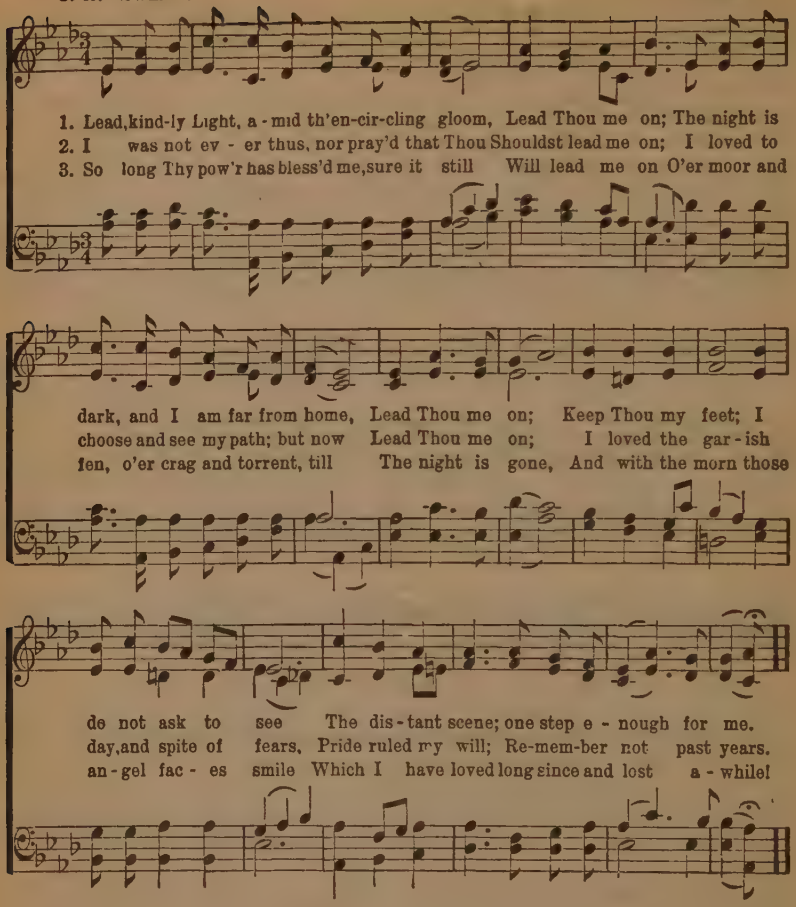
No. 255. O Savior Dear! Immanuel.

Rev. E. A. Herring. Samuel A. Ward.



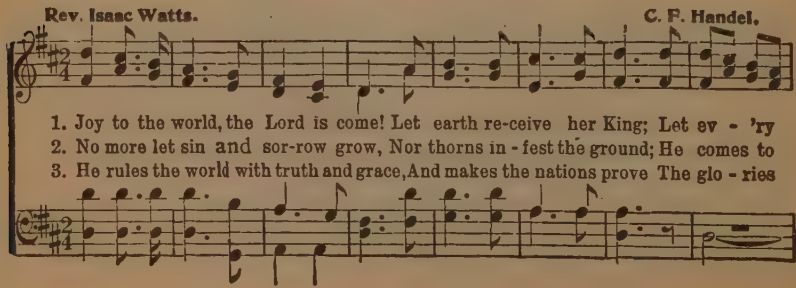
No. 256. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.



No. 257. Joy to the World.

Rev. Isaac Watts. C. F. Handel.



Joy to the World.

heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
make His bless - ing flow Far as the curse is found, Far
of His right - eous - ness, And won-ders of His love, And

And heav'n and na - ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won - ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

No. 258. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

1. { Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid springing
D. C.-Work for the night is com - ing, When man's work is

FINE. D. C.

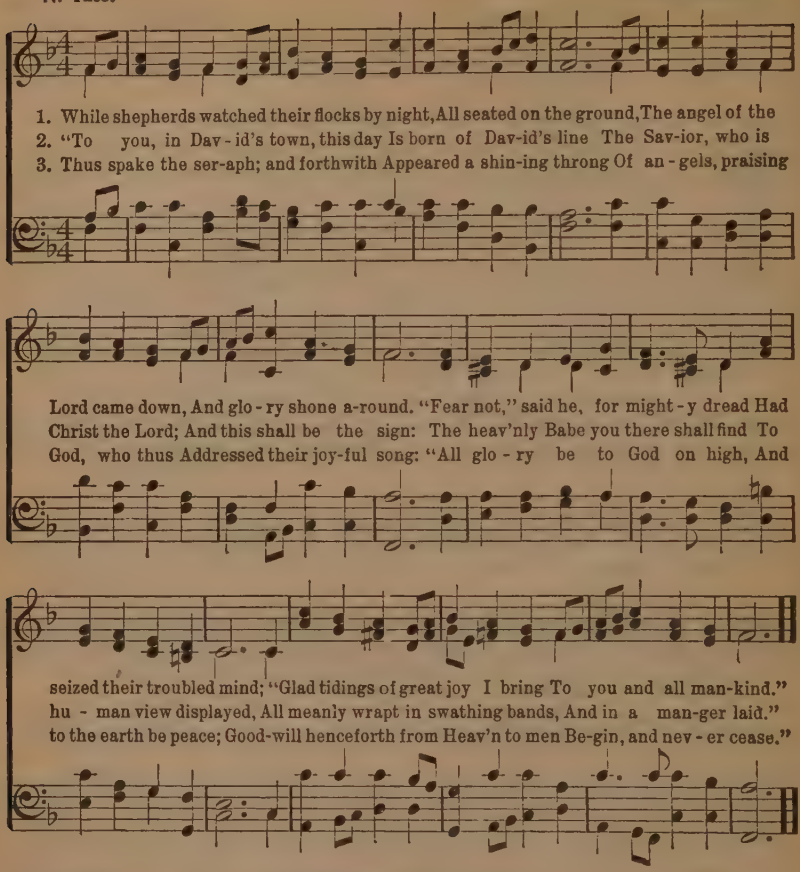
flow'rs. Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

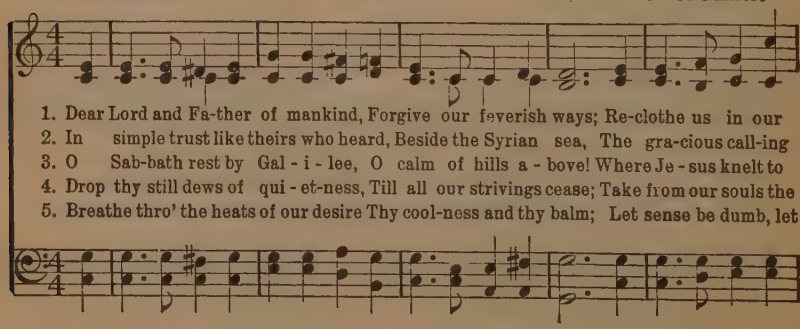
No. 259. While Shepherds Watched.

N. Tate. Arr. Arthur Sullivan.

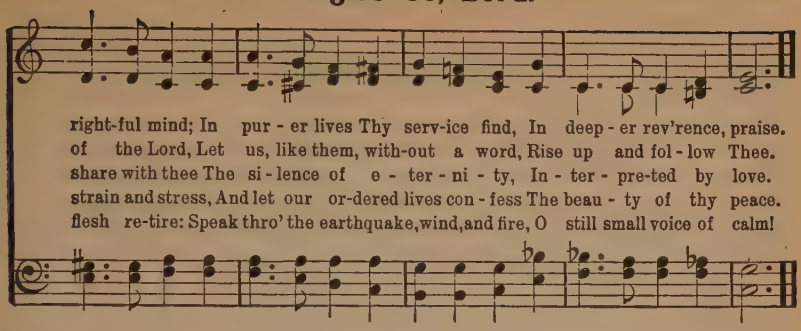


No. 260. Forgive Us, Lord.

J. G. Whittier. F. C. Maker.

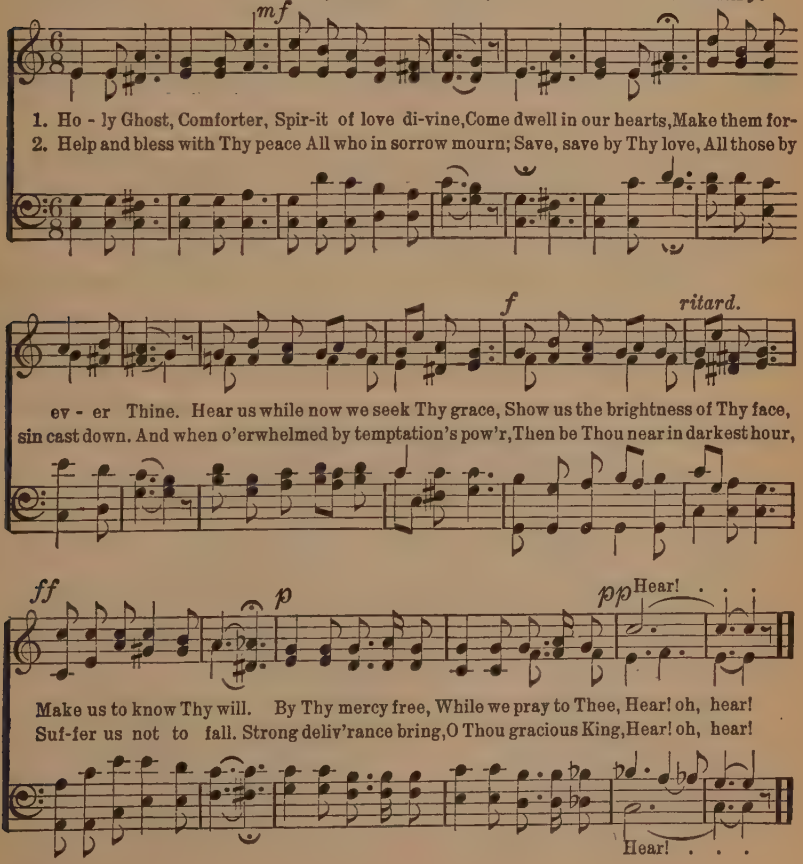


Forgive Us, Lord.



No. 261. Spirit of Love Divine.

Anon. (SWEET AND LOW.) **J. Barnby.**



No. 262. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.

1. The morn-ing light is break - ing, The darkness dis-ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far, Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.
2. See hea-then na-tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love, And thousand hearts as- cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sinners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel's call o - bey, And seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur-sue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri- umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 263. Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

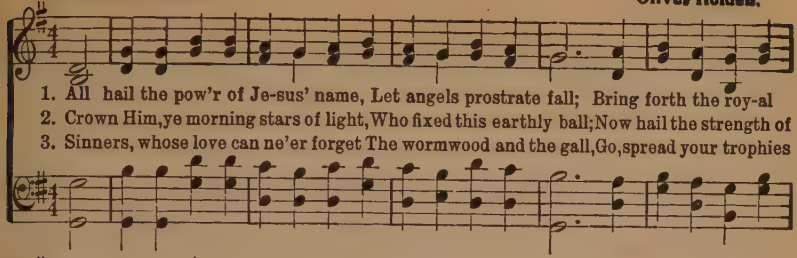
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

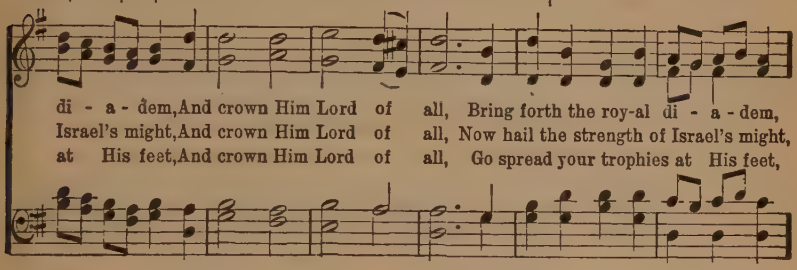
—George Duffield.

No. 264. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

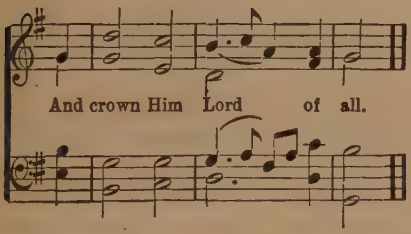
Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies



di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all, Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all, Go spread your trophies at His feet,



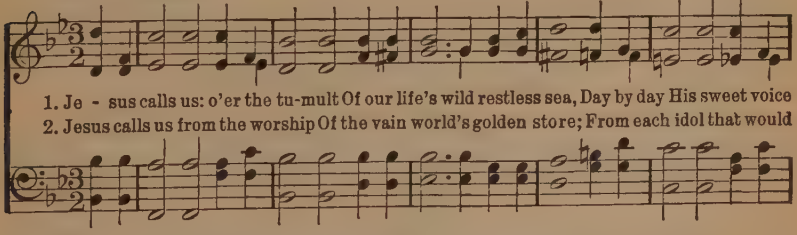
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

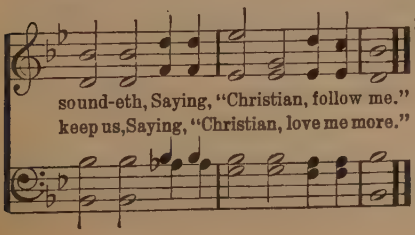
5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 265. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild restless sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden store; From each idol that would



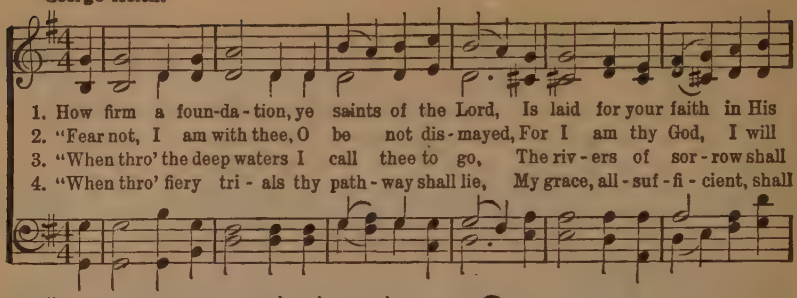
sound-eth, Saying, "Christian, follow me."
keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

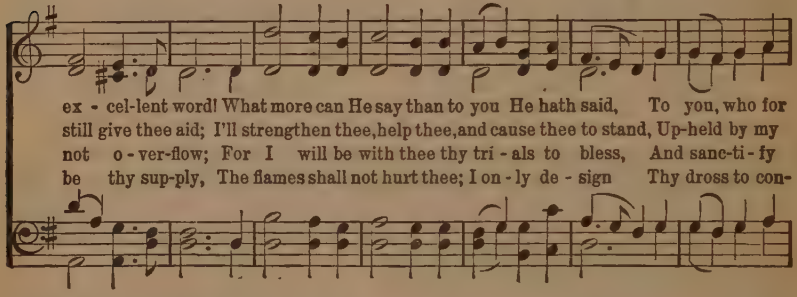
4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 266. How Firm a Foundation.

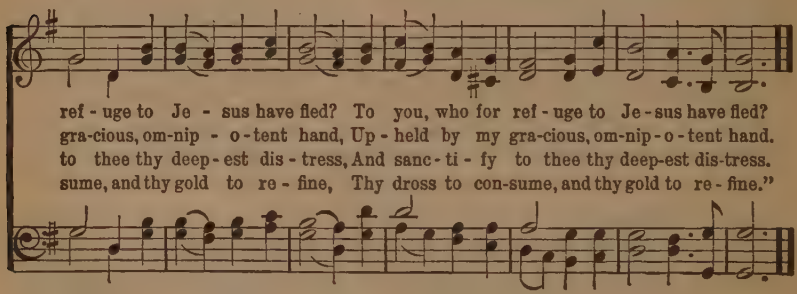
George Keith. Unknown.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall



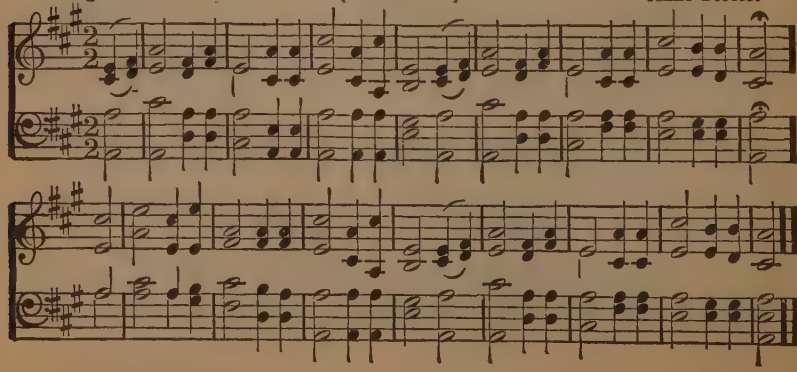
ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-



ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."

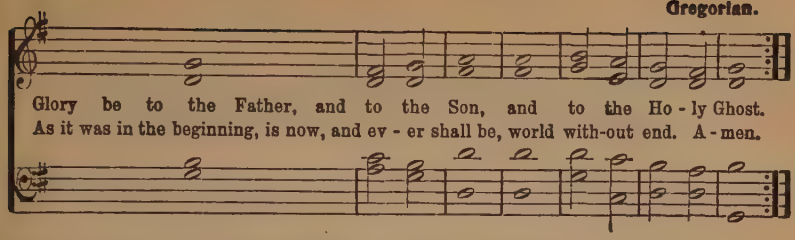
No. 267. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. (*Second tune.*) Anne Steele.



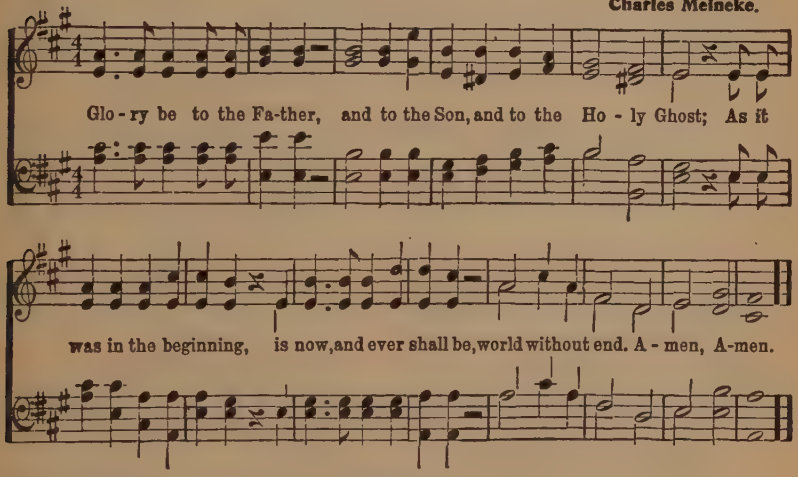
No. 268. Gloria Patri. No. I.

Gregorian.



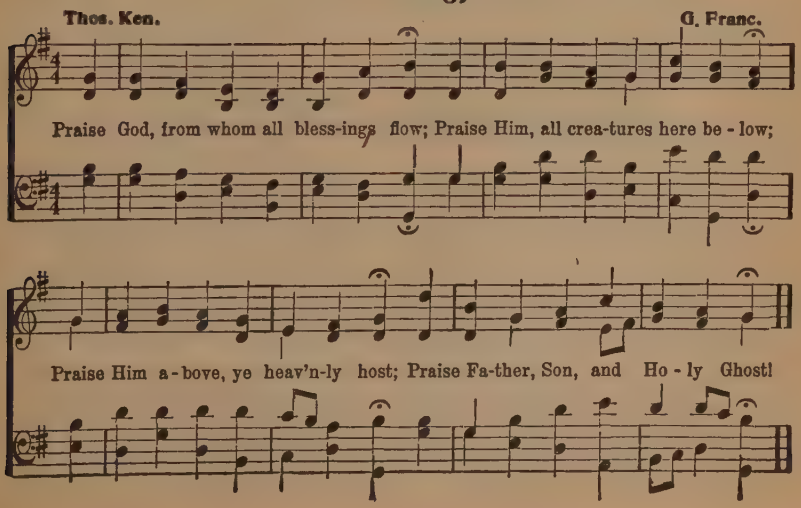
No. 269. Gloria Patri, No, 2.

Charles Meineke.



No. 270. Doxology.

Thos. Ken. G. Franc.



Responsive Readings

Selection 1

A Scriptural Opening

LEADER—O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

RESPONSE—For he is our God; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him;

To all that call upon him in truth.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?

(All)—He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; he that walketh uprightly, and worketh righeousness, and speaketh truth in his heart. He that slandereth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his friend, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. He shall receive a blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

(All)—O God, I acknowledge my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

He is faithful that hath promised. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

(All)—Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.

Selection 2

The Shepherd Psalm.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 **He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.**

3 He restoreth my soul:

4 **He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.**

5 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:

6 **For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.**

7 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

8 **Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.**

9 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;

10 **And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.**

Selection 3

Righteousness

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 **But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.**

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;

4 **His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.**

5 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

(over)

6 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
7 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:
8 But the way of the ungodly shall shall perish.
9 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
10 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.
11 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.
12 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord.
13 He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.
14 He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Selection 4

Salvation

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.
3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.
4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.
9 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?
10 The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?
11 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.
12 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.
13 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,
14 To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

Selection 5

Hope

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.
2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?
3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day.
5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?
6 Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.
7 O my God, my soul is cast down within me:
8 Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.
9 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:
10 All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
11 Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime,
12 And in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.
13 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

14 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?
15 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?
16 Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Selection 6

God's Law

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.
2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.
3 There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.
4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.
5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:
8 The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
9 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
10 The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
11 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
12 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
13 Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
14 And in keeping of them there is great reward.
15 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.
16 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:
17 Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
18 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Selection 7

Confession

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness:
2 According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
3 Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.
4 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.
5 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight:
6 That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.
7 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.
8 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
9 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
10 Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
11 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
12 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.
13 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
14 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.
15 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.
16 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee. (over)

17 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness,
O God, thou God of my salva-
tion:
18 And my tongue shall sing aloud
of thy righteousness.
19 O Lord, open thou my lips;
20 And my mouth shall show forth
thy praise.
21 For thou desirest not sacrifice;
else would I give it: thou de-
lightest not in burnt offering.
22 The sacrifices of God are a broken
spirit: a broken and a contrite
heart, O God, thou wilt not
despise.
23 Do good in thy good pleasure
unto Zion: build thou the walls
of Jerusalem.
24 Then shalt thou be pleased with
the sacrifices of righteousness,
with burnt offering and whole
burnt offering: then shall they
offer bullocks upon thine altar.

Selection 8

Confidence

HE that dwelleth in the secret
place of the Most High shall
abide under the shadow of the
Almighty.
2 I will say of the Lord, He is my
refuge and my fortress: my
God; in him will I trust.
3 Surely he shall deliver thee from
the snare of the fowler, and
from the noisome pestilence.
4 He shall cover thee with his
feathers, and under his wings
shalt thou trust: his truth
shall be thy shield and buckler.
5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the
terror by night; nor for the
arrow that flieth by day;
6 Nor for the pestilence that walk-
eth in darkness; nor for the
destruction that wasteth at
noonday.
7 A thousand shall fall at thy side,
and ten thousand at thy right
hand; but it shall not come
nigh thee.
8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou
behold and see the reward of
the wicked.
9 Because thou hast made the Lord,
which is my refuge, even the
Most High, thy habitation;
there shall no evil befall thee,
neither shall any plague come
nigh thy dwelling.
10 For he shall give his angels
charge over thee, to keep thee
in all thy ways.
11 They shall bear thee up in their
hands, lest thou dash thy foot
against a stone.
12 Thou shalt tread upon the lion
and adder: the young lion and
the dragon shalt thou trample
under feet.
13 Because he hath set his love upon
me, therefore will I deliver
him:
14 I will set him on high, because
he hath known my name.
13 He shall call upon me, and I will
answer him: I will be with
him in trouble; I will deliver
him, and honor him.
14 With long life will I satisfy him,
and show him my salvation.

Selection 9

Obedience

I WAITED patiently for the
Lord; and he inclined unto
me, and heard my cry.
2 He brought me up also out of an
horrible pit, out of the miry
clay, and set my feet upon a
rock, and established my goings.
3 And he hath put a new song in
my mouth, even praise unto our
God: many shall see it, and
fear, and shall trust in the
Lord.
4 Blessed is that man that maketh
the Lord his trust, and respect-
eth not the proud, nor such as
turn aside to lies.
5 Many, O Lord my God, are thy
wonderful works which thou
hast done, and thy thoughts
which are to us-ward:
6 They cannot be reckoned up in
order unto thee: if I would
declare and speak of them, they
are more than can be num-
bered.
7 Sacrifice and offering thou didst
not desire; mine ears hast thou
opened:
8 Burnt offering and sin offering
hast thou not required.
9 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the
volume of the book it is writ-
ten of me:

10 I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.
11 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation:
12 Lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.
13 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation:
14 I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.
15 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord:
16 Let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.
17 For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.
18 Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me.
19 Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it;
20 Let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.
21 Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.
22 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.
23 But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me:
24 Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

Selection 10

Refuge

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.
2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
4 Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
5 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
6 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.
7 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.
8 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.
9 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.
10 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.
11 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.
12 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Selection 11

Dominion

WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?
2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.
3 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.
4 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.
5 I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.
6 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

(over)

7 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;
8 **Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.**
9 Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
10 **Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.**
11 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little.
12 **Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.**

Selection 12

Mercy

BLESS the Lord, O my soul;
2 **And all that is within me, bless his holy name.**
3 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:
4 **Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;**
5 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;
6 **Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.**
7 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.
8 **He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.**
9 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
10 **He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.**
11 He hath not dealt with us after our sins;
12 **Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.**
13 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
14 **As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.**
15 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
16 **For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.**
17 As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
18 **For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.**
19 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;
20 **To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.**
21 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens;
22 **And his kingdom ruleth over all.**
23 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.
24 **Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.**
25 Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion:
26 **Bless the Lord, O my soul.**

Selection 13

Judgment

O SING unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
2 **Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.**
3 Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.
4 **For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.**
5 For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.
6 **Honor and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.**
7 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.
8 **Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.**

9 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; fear before him, all the earth.
10 Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.
11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.
12 Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord:
13 For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth:
14 He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

Selection 14

Trust

O TASTE and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
2 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.
3 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:
4 But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.
5 Come, ye children; hearken unto me:
6 I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
7 What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?
8 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile: depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.
9 The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.
10 The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
11 The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.
12 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
13 Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
14 He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.
15 Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.
14 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

Selection 15

Christmas

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field,
2 Keeping watch over their flock by night.
3 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them:
4 And they were sore afraid.
5 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.
6 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
7 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,
8 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.
9 Now lettest thou thy servant depart, Lord, according to thy word, in peace;
10 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;
11 A light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.
12 Now unto the King eternal, incorruptible, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Selection 16

Easter

THE Lord is risen!
2 The Lord is risen indeed!
(To be read by all in unison.)
3 In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.
4 And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.
5 His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.
6 And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.
7 He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.
8 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.
9 And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.
10 Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.
11 But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.
12 Ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead.
13 If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.
14 Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.
15 Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

Selection 17

The Lord's Day

REMEMBER the sabbath day to keep it holy.
2 Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work.
3 But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God:
4 In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates.
5 For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day:
6 Wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it.
7 If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words:
8 Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.
9 (All)—Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.
10 This is the day which the Lord hath made.
11 We will rejoice and be glad in it.

(over)

12 Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths.
13 **I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. I went with them to the house of God with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day.**
14 Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together. Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts: I will go also.
15 **O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.**
16 (All)—**Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever.**

Selection 18

Missionary

GOD so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.
2 **For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.**
3 The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.
4 **Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us.**
5 He is the propitiation for our sins:
6 **And not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.**
7 Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.
8 **This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.**

9 **Lord of all power and might,**
Father of love and light,
Speed on thy word:
O let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found:
God speed his word,

10 **Hail, blessed jubilee:**
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From thee the work began;
Away with praise of man,
Glory to God!

11 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:
12 **Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.**
13 (All)—**Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.**
14 **I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.**
15 **Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.**

Selection 19

Stewardship

SPEAK unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering: of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering.
2 **For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath.**
3 Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give.
4 **Not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.**
5 Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.
6 **Freely ye have received, freely give.**
7 All the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's; it is holy unto the Lord.
8 **Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.**
9 We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

10 May we thy bounties thus,
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

11 Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

12 Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

13 Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase.

14 So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

Selection 20

Fellowship

ONE is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.

2 Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.

See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently.

3 As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ.

4 Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it.

5 Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.

6 I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.

7 With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love;

8 Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

9 There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling.

10 One Lord, one faith, one baptism.

11 One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.

12 Then they that gladly received his word were baptized; and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.

13 And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.

14 And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles.

15 And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need.

16 (All)—And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God and having favor with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.

Selection 21

Citizenship

PRAISE the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

2 For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee:

3 He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

4 He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

5 He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

6 He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

7 He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

8 He showeth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

(over)

9 He hath not dealt so with any nation: and as for his judgments, they have not known them.

10 Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thine excellency!

11 O God, beneath thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee.

12 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

13 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

14 (All)—Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man: for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not? But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Show me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Cæsar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's.

America

(A prayer-hymn to be sung with devotional feeling.)

1 God bless our native land
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the state.

Selection 22

Temperance

WHO hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

2 They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

3 (All)—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

4 Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

5 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

6 (All)—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

7 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

8 Let us not judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

9 The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

10 He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

11 Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

12 For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

Selection 23

Love

IF I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love,
2 I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.
3 And if I have the gift of prophecy,
And know all mysteries and all knowledge;
And if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains.
4 But have not love, I am nothing.
5 And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
And if I give my body to be burned,
6 But have not love, it profiteth me nothing.
7 Love suffereth long and is kind;
8 Love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;
9 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own;
10 Is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;
11 Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness,
But rejoiceth with the truth;
12 Beareth all things, believeth all things,
Hopeth all things, endureth all things.
13 Love never faileth:
14 But whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away;
15 Whether there be tongues, they shall cease;
16 Whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.
17 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part;
18 But when that which is perfect is come,
That which is in part shall be done away.
19 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child:
20 Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.
21 For now we see in a mirror, darkly;
22 But then face to face:
23 Now I know in part,
24 But then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.
25 But now, abideth faith, hope, love, these three;
26 But the greatest of these is love.

Selection 24

The Christian Standard

BEHOLD, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,
2 That we should be called the sons of God.
3 Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be:
4 But we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.
5 And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.
6 Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous.
7 In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.
8 For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.
9 We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.
10 And this is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment.
11 And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him.
And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.
12 And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

Selection 25

The Beatitudes

AND seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,
Blessed are the poor in spirit:
2 For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
3 Blessed are they that mourn:
4 For they shall be comforted.
5 Blessed are the meek:
6 For they shall inherit the earth.
7 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
8 For they shall be filled.
9 Blessed are the merciful:
10 For they shall obtain mercy.
11 Blessed are the pure in heart:
12 For they shall see God.
13 Blessed are the peacemakers:
14 For they shall be called the children of God.
15 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
16 For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
17 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
18 Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Benedictions 26.

Aaronic Benediction.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Jude 24, 25.

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

I Timothy 1:17.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Mizpah. Genesis 31:49.

The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.

Ephesians 3:20, 21.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

A Prayer 27.

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Our Father in heaven, bless us who unite in this prayer to thee, and our Christian Endeavor brothers and sisters in every land.

Enlarge our fellowship; increase our faithfulness; make us more useful in thy church. Move our hearts, not only to pray, but to give as thou hast prospered us, for this and every good cause. Bring young people who know thee not to thyself. Bless, we pray thee, the Juniors, that the boys and girls may be thine.

For the Christian Endeavor brotherhood in all denominations and in all the world we thank thee. Make us worthy of large blessings, and able to receive them. For the sake of Jesus Christ, our only Lord and Savior. Amen.

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